JAMES NORMAN HALL *has made his home in the South Seas since 1920. Together with his dearest friend, Charles Nordhoff, both veterans of the Lafayette Escadrille, he migrated to Tahiti in search of a quiet place to write, and there their literary partnership took root and flourished. As he learned the language and came to know the natives, Hall's imagination was challenged by these questions: Where did the Polynesians come from? How, in the dawn of history, had they ever traversed the enormous spaces of the Pacific to find these remote and peaceful atolls? From the legends and folklore and from his thirty years' experience in Papeete, Hall has re-created this great adventure in a novel, the main episodes of which are to be serialized in the* Atlantic.

THE FAR LANDS

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

In the austral summer of the year 1921, I was voyaging in a sixty-ton trading schooner amongst "The Cloud of Islands," more commonly known as the Tuamotu Archipelago: seventy-four lagoon islands scattered over a thousand miles of the eastern Pacific below the equator; the most distant from any continent of all the islands on the globe. I was then a newcomer in the Pacific and fell under an island enchantment that remains to this day.

On the occasion mentioned it was my good fortune to be traveling with Captain Winnie Brander, whose father's establishment, the House of Brander, had once been the only important commercial and trading company in the eastern Pacific, with interests extending as far as Rapa-Nui, the Easter Island of the mysterious stone images.

"Captain Winnie," as everyone called him, was a true Polynesian in character, although in appearance he looked more like a European than an islander. He must have received a greater share of his mother's island blood: that of the old *ariki*, the class of chiefs and kings. The remnants of the Brander fortune had long since vanished and he earned a modest living as an independent trader whose home was the broad-beamed, weather-beaten little vessel in which I was traveling.

On this particular afternoon we were beating up against a fresh southeast wind toward a lagoon island, the tops of its coconut palms barely visible above the horizon. The schooner was equipped with an ancient Fairbanks-Morse engine, but Captain Winnie was compelled to be frugal with gasoline and the engine was used only for entering or leaving the lagoons of those islands that had a passage to the sea, or for standing off and on beyond the reefs of those which had not. The island we were approaching had such a pass, but Winnie told me that because of several coral shoals above the surface of the water it was a difficult one to enter at night. "But they will have seen us coming," he added. "The chief will have men alongshore to light us in."

The breeze died away after sunset when we were still some distance out, and as we closed with the land, the passage could be clearly seen — a wide strip of starlit water. A moment later came bursts of flame from either side, revealing men, naked save for their loincloths, holding flares of dry palm fronds above their heads. The ruddy light was reflected with spectacular effect from the surf piling over the reefs, the quiet water of the passage, and from their brown bodies which stood out in clear relief against the dark background of the land. No hail was given either from the schooner or the men on shore as we entered the passage, and as

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soon as we were safely through, the torches were extinguished and the men holding them vanished, as though they had been given reality for the moment only, and for that particular service.

The thunder of the surf along the outer reefs seemed only to deepen the silence which the land enclosed; it could not disturb the peace within them, as flawless as the surface of the lagoon, bright with the reflections of the stars. The anchor — at the end of a rope, not a chain — splashed into the lagoon and the ripples moved outward in circles of white fire. A moment later the deck chair alongside my own creaked faintly as Captain Winnie lowered himself into it with a sigh of content. Barefoot, he moved as silently as a shadow about the decks of his little ship; often the slight creaking of his chair gave me the first intimation of his presence.

"All snug, now," he remarked. "I love this place. I don't care how long we lie here."

Presently the stillness of the night was broken by a clear lonely call that seemed to come from horizons beyond horizons. The peace and beauty of mid-ocean had been given a human voice . . . But no; it seemed rather to be that of some wandering spirit of the sea itself, giving a listener, if there should be one, a means to measure infinite silence by. It sent little shivers running up and down my spine.

I turned to the captain. "What in the world was that?" I asked.

"Some fisherman out there," he replied. "He's made a good catch, very likely."

"What was it?"

"The fish?" said Winnie. "How should I know?"

"Not that," I replied. "The call. What's the meaning of it?"

Winnie sat up in his chair, turned to peer briefly at me, and leaned back once more without replying. Then he said: "Hall, many thanks."

"For what?" I asked.

"For having been stirred by the call we heard just now. For giving me a whiff of the emotion I used to feel upon hearing it years ago. I shouldn't wonder if it's as old as the Polynesian race," he continued. "One still hears it in some of the songs handed down from the times of their remote ancestors. It may have been heard all of a thousand years ago when they were making their great voyages eastward, pushing farther and farther into the Pacific in search for new lands."

"Where did the Polynesians come from in the first place?" I asked.

Winnie was silent for some time. Presently he said: "I've spent many a day on many an island dreaming out for myself the history, in its barest outlines, of the Polynesians of centuries ago. I begin to see them, to my own satisfaction at least, as a hardy, intelligent, adventurous folk who, having been landsmen, eventually become seamen. I picture them as they first venture out from the Asiatic mainland, and hear the slow ticking of the centuries as they pass through and beyond the archipelagos and island continents of the western Pacific — the crude little craft of their ancestors are in the process of becoming the great outrigger and double-hulled sailing ships, miscalled 'canoes,' in which they push farther and farther eastward into the unknown sea. I see them in clans and fragments of clans — men, women, and children crowded into the ships together, with their pigs and fowls and dogs, with food-bearing plants and young trees carefully preserved to be set out in lands they hope to find. I hear them singing their ancient songs to give them heart and hope as they 'lift up the sky' horizon beyond horizon. Some find the empty sea before them . . . until the last one has perished. Others reach lands where they remain, for greater or lesser periods — building up their numbers once more, leaving scattered colonies of their blood behind them, but the more hardy and adventurous still sailing on in the direction of the rising sun. Guided by the sun by day, the moon and the stars at night — sailing close-hauled when needs must, or running free before the westerly winds that blow during the austral summer — they pass far beyond the limits of the world known to men of their time; until, centuries before Magellan was born, they had discovered and peopled the remotest islands and archipelagos of the eastern Pacific."

Captain Winnie was deeply stirred while telling me this.

"What men they must have been!" I said. "What splendid seamen!"

"Perhaps I should not say this, being half Polynesian myself," Winnie replied; "but in my opinion they were the greatest race of seafaring folk known in the long annals of the sea. If given their due, Pacific would be called by one of their own ancient names for it: *Te-Moana-Nui-a-Kiwa*, perhaps — the Great Sea of Kiwa. It was their sea long before it was ours."

"What could have impelled them to make such voyages?" I asked. "The mere hope of finding lands? Or did war have something to do with it?"

"Undoubtedly," said Winnie. "The ancient Polynesians were akin to other races in their love of war. Powerful clans amongst them worshiped the god of war in one form or another. Among these was Koro, or Oro, so powerful throughout eastern Polynesia when the islands were discovered by Europeans. And then, aside from war but often the cause of it, was the smallness of many of the lands found and the resulting scarcity of food for increasing populations. Some were compelled to go elsewhere in search for new lands, and it was not always or necessarily the weaker. As I have said, they were a great seafaring folk; the love of exploration was in their bones and blood."

Captain Winnie fell silent for a time. Presently

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he said: "Once, while trying to piece together some shards, so to speak, of our ancient history, I caught a glimpse through the mists that stirred me profoundly. It was a saying, or proverb; it might well have been a fragment of ancient belief: 'Life is sacred to Tané. Men shall not kill.'"

"I don't wonder that you were stirred," I said. "Do you think it possible that some of the ancient Polynesians were lovers of peace?"

"Why not?" Winnie replied. "In every age there have been men who loathed war. The Polynesians could not have been exceptional in this respect. I believe that some of their great voyages eastward over the Sea of Kiwa were led by men who, with their followers, were lovers of peace, searching for lands where they and their descendants might live, forever beyond the reach of Koro and of those who worshiped him. Unlike the search for peace in our day in a world completely known and exploited, their quest would have been one in terms of space, for the Great Sea of Kiwa was supposed to be measureless."

"That is a fascinating possibility," I said. "If there were such lovers of peace do you think it possible that some of them could have reached lands where they were able to enjoy it in complete security, and their descendants after them?"

"I will tell you the story of such a clan," Winnie replied. "But you are not to question me too closely as to how I succeeded in piecing together the fragments of legend and folklore to make a connected tale of them. Imagine that you are hearing the tale from some present-day descendant of the clan concerned in it. For anything I know to the contrary I may be one. I belong to the Teva Clan, but I will call these folk the Tongans."

2

As far back as memory goes the Tongans had sailed in the direction of the rising sun, searching for the Far Lands of Maui; for they were lovers of peace and those lands had been promised them by Tané, the god whom they worshiped. At the time of this story the search had brought them to the Land of Kurapo. Of the voyage which ended there nothing is known except that they sailed from a land far to the west, in nine ships carrying more than eight hundred persons. Three of these ships were lost on the voyage. Two others, whether lost or not, became separated from the fleet and were seen no more. In the four ships that reached Kurapo were four hundred and twenty persons.

These few in the four ships approached the land but could not reach it because their last strength was gone. Not a score of them could stand and they, half crazed by thirst, doubted that land was there. It is told how Téaro, high chief of the Tongans, clung to the mast of his ship to view the faint blue outlines against the eastern horizon; then, even as he looked, the land blurred and faded before his eyes.

Téaro remembered nothing more until it was deep night. The land heaved and rocked beneath him, but it was land, not the sea. He lay on a mat and his people near him, many at the point of death, and some of the weakest did not live through the night. By the light of fires on the beach and torches that seemed to be moving of themselves from place to place, Téaro saw his ships riding at anchor in the lagoon. A great crowd was gathered there; he heard the murmur of voices and felt cool sweet water poured between his lips and spilling over his bare chest. When once more he opened his eyes it was the afternoon of the following day.

So it was that these Tongans reached Kurapo, as their ancestors, sailing eastward over the Sea of Kiwa, had found other lands; and here, as had happened before, they were not the first to reach it. The people of Kurapo were a clan called the Koros because they worshiped Koro, the god of war. Their numbers were above three thousand; they had lived long in this land, and their villages were in two valleys that opened upon the lagoons of the western side. Vaitangi was their high chief, and the priest of Koro was named Puaka.

The Tongan chiefs who lived to reach Kurapo were Téaro, the high chief; Rata, his brother; Métua, the priest of Tané; and three others. Maéva, wife of Téaro, survived, but they had lost two of their children; there remained Tauhéré, a daughter of eight years, and their small son, Maui. Maui was an infant of two years, and, with his mother, was near to death when the ships were brought to land by the Koros. His life was saved by the daughter-in-law of Vaitangi, high chief of the Koros: she suckled Maui with an infant daughter of her own, then three months old. This child was named Hina.

Ten days passed while the Tongans recovered their strength. They were lodged in the House of Strangers, and Vaitangi showed them nothing but kindness. Thanks to the care of Hina's mother, who had fed him at her breast, Maui was soon strong and full of health; but his own mother recovered slowly. The Tongans were deeply grateful, but their hearts were troubled, not knowing how matters would go with them when the time came for telling who they were.

Now came the meeting of ceremony between Vaitangi and Téaro, when the first questions are asked of strangers and the answers given. The assembly ground of the Koros lay by the river. It was three hundred paces long by one hundred wide. The council house of the *ariki* was there, but this meeting was held in the open. Vaitangi, with Puaka, priest of Koro, and all the lesser chiefs of the Koros, awaited the coming of Téaro.

Vaitangi was sixty years old at this time. He was a man of great dignity, courteous in manner

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and slow to anger. Puaka was forty-five; huge in stature, with an evil face, and the arrogance common to priests of Koro whose power is great by reason of their office, sometimes exceeding that of the high chief himself. The older chiefs of the Koros were loyal to Vaitangi, but the younger ones, the warriors, looked to Puaka for leadership. Around three sides of the assembly ground thronged the people of the Koro Clan. At the far end stood the Tongans, so small a group in that great company.

Now came Téaro with Métua, priest of Tané, and the four lesser chiefs of the Tongans. They walked the full length of the assembly ground, while the Koros enclosing it looked on in silence. They halted before the Koro chiefs, and when the greetings were ended Vaitangi rose from his seat and stood facing Téaro. He said: "Whence do you come? What is your lineage, and where is the *marae* of your ancestors?"

Then Téaro spoke. Step by step, generation by generation, he followed the road back to the far source of his blood. Long was the telling, but Vaitangi and his chiefs listened with deep attention; for when clans of our race chanced to meet after long separation from the time when we became a scattered people, it was a matter of great importance to know from what ancestors their chiefs were descended.

Then Vaitangi said: "Long has it been since any word has come of the Tongans. It was believed that the last of your clan had perished."

Téaro said: "We Tongans shall never perish."

"And you still seek the Far Lands of Maui?"

"We do," said Téaro.

Vaitangi let his glance rest upon Métua. "This chief and no other must be your priest of Tané." Métua inclined his head, without speaking. He was even then an old man, but with undiminished vigor of body and mind. He was tall and spare of frame, and in the sunlight his white hair seemed to radiate a faint light. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been priests of Tané, leaders and teachers of the Tongans — men of serene courage and unshakable faith.

"You seem to me a brave but foolish people who learn nothing by experience," said Vaitangi. "What would you do now?"

"If there is room for us we would gladly stay in this land," Téaro replied. "We would build up our strength and our numbers before proceeding once more on our quest."

"We have land here and to spare," said Vaitangi.

Puaka, priest of Koro, now spoke. "We have land in good measure, but none for the worshipers of Tané."

Vaitangi glanced quietly at his priest. "Do you think Koro so weak that he need fear Tané and these few who worship him? They shall stay here as I have said."

"Then they shall first acknowledge that the power of Tané is nothing, compared with that of Koro," said Puaka.

"That we cannot do," Téaro said, and now was the moment he feared, for this was a bold and trouble-stirring thing to have said. A murmur of anger was heard among the younger of the Koro chiefs; but as no one spoke, Téaro added: "If you tell us that we must go, we ask only that we may be allowed to go peaceably, with time given us to repair and provision our ships."

"You would sail on eastward?" Vaitangi asked.

"If we must go — yes."

"There are no lands eastward," said Vaitangi. "We ourselves have sailed six days in that direction and found only the empty sea."

"A short way was that to the distance we shall go," said Téaro.

Puaka sprang to his feet, grasping the haft of his great war club. "Then go you shall, and quickly!" he thundered, harshly. "For food you shall have such shellfish as you find for yourselves on the reefs! If more is needed beg Tané for it! You shall have none from us!"

As though Puaka had not spoken, Vaitangi rose and with great courtesy dismissed the Tongan chiefs, thus quietly shaming the priest of Koro before them all for his breach of the sacred law of hospitality. He then went with his *ariki* to the council house, where they spoke further of this matter. The younger *ariki* sided with Puaka because Téaro had refused to acknowledge the greater power of Koro, but the older ones agreed with the high chief.

Vaitangi said: "To us who know Koro's greater power what does it matter that this handful of wanderers hold fast to their own belief? They would be less than men if they did not. Furthermore, we can make use of them. You have seen their ships; they are the work of master craftsmen. We have no such shipwrights among ourselves. Though lovers of peace, they shall build our war canoes in payment for the land we shall give for their use." It was then decided that the Tongans should stay. Puaka held out against this for a time, but at last he too agreed, though sullenly.

3

VAITANGI went to the House of Strangers where the Tongans waited to learn their fate.

"You shall stay here on these terms," he said to Téaro. "First, the ships in which you came here shall be converted to war canoes for our use, and as long as you remain on Kurapo your shipwrights shall build and keep in repair the vessels of our war fleet."

This was a hard condition for the Tongans but they were forced to accept it. "There are few of us left," said Téaro, "but we will do what we can. You have enemies hereabout?"

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Vaitangi then told him that at a distance of five days' sail to the north were two islands whose people worshiped a god of war that was opposed to Koro and his followers. The Koros were the stronger but they had not been able to conquer those people, though they raided them often, bringing home prisoners who were used for sacrifice.

"The second term is this," said Vaitangi. "Our valleys on the western side of Kurapo shall be *tabu* to your people. I make this condition for your own sakes, lest some small trouble grow to a great one and you suffer heavily for it."

"To this I gladly agree," said Téaro.

They waited for the third condition which they feared was now to be told. The worship of Koro required many human sacrifices throughout the year. In other lands where they had lived the Tongans were forced to pay this endless tribute of blood and they expected no less a condition on Kurapo. But Vaitangi told them that, as a return for building the war canoes, no Tongan man would be taken for sacrifice as long as the Koros were able to secure victims from their enemies on the islands to the north. "This promise I shall hold fast to," said Vaitangi; "but if any of your people break the *tabu* spoken of, then it shall fall."

Then followed a time of deep content for the Tongans. They cleared the jungle, planting as they cleared and leaving many of the trees cherished for their fruits and fragrant blossoms, and those most ancient ones that dappled the river with their shade. Through the lower part of the valley, one third of the distance from the lagoon to the head wall, the river flowed quietly; canoes could ascend it to the place where Téaro's dwelling and the council house of the *ariki* were built. Here too was the assembly ground, like that of the Koros though not so large. Some of the houses bordered the river; others lay up the slopes and paths led down from them to the main path, which followed the river for the most part, from the lagoon beach inland.

When the valley had been cleared and the people settled in their dwellings, they were required to widen and improve the path leading to the valleys of the Koros. In loops and turns it climbed the head wall of the Tongan valley to the open lands above. It followed fern-covered ridges, crossed grassy plateaus, and entered the forests farther inland. In some places it skirted deep shadow-filled gorges where tree ferns of great beauty throve in the cool moist air; at others it lay along the brink of towering cliffs that fell sheer to the sea along the northern coast of the land. From there it turned inland once more, descending the long slopes that led to the main valley of the Koros. A sturdy man, taking no rest, could leave the valley of the Tongans at dawn and reach that of the Koros by midafternoon.

When the Tongans had finished work on the path the *tabu* was established. A great tree bordering the path was marked by the *tabu* sign. The Tongans could go no farther, but the Koro chiefs were free to come and go as they chose, though few among them visited the Tongans save Vaitangi, who came often to watch the shipwrights building canoes for his war fleet. He held them fast to their agreement, nor did he fail in his promise that no man of the Tongans should be taken for sacrifice. Never did Puaka come with him on these visits. Téaro and his chiefs well knew his ill will toward them, but as he never displayed it openly their minds became easier as time passed. The lives of the Tongans were so little troubled that many of them thought no more of the quest for the Far Lands of Maui.

4

Maui, son of Téaro, now in his tenth year, was a lad of great promise, sturdy of body and showing early those qualities of mind and spirit expected of the son of the high chief. But he was a boy first of all, quick of temper and impatient of restraint, and the time had come when the freedom of childhood was to be curbed a little. With other sons of chiefs he was required to attend the priest's school to begin the long and tedious study required only of the sons of *ariki*.

The story tells of a day at the school when Maui was given the coral pebble to suck. He would have gone into the hills with two of his friends, Ru and Ma'o, to hunt for wild cocks, but when morning came he remembered that it was a day for school and Hapai, the master, gathered him in with the others. Maui told him of the plans he had made for the day and begged his freedom. Hapai would not consent, and Maui watched with a bitter heart as Ru and Ma'o set off for the hills without him.

The schoolhouse stood near the temple of Tané; it was a pleasant airy house open at the sides and surrounded by a balustrade of plaited bamboo. Hapai was the teacher of the small sons of the chiefs; the older ones were under Métua, the priest. They were taught to repeat the genealogies of the *ariki*, the chants and rituals connected with the building of ships, the gathering of food, fishing, and all the sacred ceremonies held at the *marae*. It was tedious heavy work for small boys, but this was the price they paid for being the sons of chiefs.

The lessons began and Maui was asked to recite one of the chants spoken at the temple after the birth of the son of a high chief. Maui knew this well, but in his anger at being compelled to go to school that day he purposely made mistake after mistake. Hapai halted him and called upon Pohi, the son of Rata. Pohi recited without fault and Maui was again called upon. The errors he made were even more than at first.

"You are not trying," the master said. "You will be given another chance later. When I call upon you again, see that you behave like the son of your father."

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Hapai went on hearing the lessons of the other boys. It was his custom to sit with his eyes closed as he listened, for his full attention was required that he might detect the slightest error in these recitations. Maui kept his eyes fixed upon Hapai, and thinking he had a chance to escape he got slowly to his feet and was climbing over the balustrade when the master saw him.

"Maui!" he called.

The other boys grinned with delight as he motioned Maui to come forward. On the mat beside him was a carved wooden bowl filled with stones of various sizes. From it he took a smooth coral pebble, perfectly round and of a golden color. Maui knelt before him and opened his mouth. Hapai placed the pebble in it; then he said: "Confess your shame."

The pebble was so large that he could scarcely close his lips over it, but he was compelled to say as best he could: "I, Maui, son of Téaro, am deeply at fault and I willingly suck this pebble." The attempt to speak was so ludicrous that the other boys shouted with laughter. The master indulged them for a moment, then he sternly commanded: "Silence!" . . . "Return to your place," he said to Maui, and the lessons continued. Half an hour later the other boys were excused. "You will remain here," said Hapai; then he, too, left.

Maui was long in the schoolhouse. His jaws ached, and he was still angry because he had not been allowed to do as he pleased. Presently he saw Métua, priest of Tané, coming along the path from the *marae*.

The Tongans loved and venerated their priest. The power of his spirit was so great that it could be felt at once by those in his presence. He had the gift of foreknowledge and this increased the awe with which he was regarded by the people.

Métua entered the schoolhouse, but Maui dared not look up; he could see only the priest's feet and the hem of his mantle of tapa cloth. Métua sat facing him saying nothing. Presently he lifted the boy's chin so that he was compelled to look into his face. Maui was frightened by the stern expression he saw there. Métua held out his hand and Maui placed the pebble in it. It was a great relief to have it out of his mouth.

"Who are you?" the priest demanded.

The boy glanced up and quickly lowered his eyes again. "Maui," he said.

"Son of whom?"

"Téaro."

"Son of whom?" the priest repeated, sternly.

"Of Téaro-a-Ataranga, high chief of the Tongans."

"Named for whom?"

"The great hero, Maui-the-Peaceful."

The story tells of the talk the priest then had with Maui, one which the boy never forgot. He was made to understand for the first time the sacredness of the knowledge handed on from generation to generation. The chiefs and the priests were the bearers of this knowledge, and the sons of chiefs must so train their memories that they could carry it on in turn to their own children.

Métua returned the coral pebble to Maui and the boy said: "What shall I do with it?"

"Make a little net for it of bark thread," said the priest, "and hang it around your neck for this day. Before evening comes hide it in a secret place."

5

Maui made the net and hung the pebble around his neck. The morning was then only half gone and he hurried up the valley hoping to find Ru and Ma'o and to catch a wild cock for himself. He was both angry and ashamed, but as he climbed the path up the head wall of the valley he forgot the pebble and thought only of finding his friends.

He left the path and went into the forest lands where he flushed a cock so beautiful that he was bound to have it; but it was strong in flight and led him on and on for a great distance. At last he came to the highest part of the land, where the path began to descend toward the valleys of the Koros. At that spot was a tall tree standing alone. From a lower limb stretching across the path was hung a streamer of tapa cloth marked with a design sacred to the family of Vaitangi, high chief of the Koros: three broad lines of red, crossed diagonally by one of blue. It was the *tabu* placed there by Vaitangi's orders. People of the Tongan Clan could go no farther.

Maui stood looking at this sign. He had heard of it all through childhood and now he saw it for the first time. He glanced around hastily, then boldly walked past the *tabu* tree and stood on the forbidden land of the Koros. Their valleys were hidden below the hills, but he could see the lagoons along the western coast. He went back to walk a second time into the Koro lands, glancing defiantly at the *tabu* sign as he did so. When a dozen paces beyond it he looked quickly over his shoulder, but the streamer hung limp above the path, swaying gently in the light breeze. He returned and stood with his arms folded, gazing up at it.

"I am Maui, son of Téaro," he said. "I will come here whenever I please and do it again." Then he started homeward.

Well within the Tongan lands, on the eastern side of the central mountain, was a small lake, rarely visited, which lay directly below two high crags whose weathered pinnacles were nesting places for tropic birds and *itatae*, the small white ghost terns, most beautiful of seafowl. Maui passed that way in chase of another wild cock, which escaped him by flying across the lake. Determined to follow, the boy flung off his waistcloth and plunged into the lake, but as he swam toward the

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far side the cool water was so refreshing that he gave up the pursuit to lie at ease, on his back, watching the seafowl soaring high over the crags. Then he swam lazily, face down in the water, along the farther side where he could see the bases of the crags falling steeply toward the bottom of the lake.

While swimming slowly along he came to a place where a patch of deep shadow marked a break in the wall about two fathoms down. He would have passed on, but as he looked a misty radiance appeared at that spot, growing steadily brighter. It was sunlight; it could be nothing else. Glancing up he saw that the sun was now hidden by the crags above him; the light was coming through some opening on the western side. Breathing deeply for a moment the boy dived toward the place where this light emerged. The walls of a passageway were now clearly seen. Without pausing to reflect he entered it and was all but famished for breath when his head broke water in a cavern that appeared to be under the crag itself. The sunlight was streaming through an opening in the vaulted roof. A ledge of rock a little above the surface of the water bordered the far side. Maui drew himself up on it, his body trembling from the excitement of the risk he had taken. As he sat there recovering his breath the light slowly faded, for the sun had passed the opening. Presently he seemed to be in complete darkness, but as his eyes became accustomed to it he could see the passage through which he had come dimly outlined in the faint light that came from the lake. Thus assured that he could find his way out again, he tasted the happiness that comes to a boy who has discovered by chance, and at the risk of life, a secret place known only to himself. Of a sudden he remembered the coral pebble hanging around his neck. Métua had told him to hide it, and what better place could be found? Perhaps the priest had directed him. Taking the pebble in its bark net from around his neck the boy groped along the wall until he found a niche where he placed it. He was full of courage now, feeling that it was, indeed, Métua who had guided him to this place. Breathing slowly and deeply for a moment he dived toward the entrance to the cavern and came out once more on the surface of the lake.

The shadows of the mountains stretched far down the eastern slopes as he made his way across them toward the path leading to the Tongan valley. When halfway there he heard the startled clucking of a wild cock from somewhere below; then he saw the bird take to the air and fly directly toward him. Crouching in the fern he watched its flight which ended so near to him that he had it in his grasp the moment it touched the ground. It was a beautiful bird; he could scarcely believe his luck. Far below he caught sight of Ru and Ma'o. Giving a shrill hail he started at a run through waist-high fern, but the land sloped steeply down and he leaped over the highest clumps.

"Aué, Maui!" said Ru. "You caught him, and we were chasing him for you!" Each of his friends had a cock of his own.

"He flew straight into my arms," said Maui. "I flushed two fine cocks but both got away. I searched for you everywhere."

"Where did you go?" Ma'o asked.

Maui told them of his visit to the lake but said nothing of the secret cavern.

6

When Maui was twelve the Koro war fleet sailed on a new expedition against their enemies on the islands to the north. Not long after they had gone, the Tongans prepared for the marriage of Tauhéré, Maui's sister, with Nihau, one of the younger chiefs, the son of Tavaké. Tauhéré was now a beautiful girl of eighteen; she was to be married at the same time with several other daughters of the Tongan *ariki* and great preparations were made for this event. An invitation to attend the ceremonies was sent to Vaitangi and whatever other Koro chiefs he might wish to bring with him.

Many pigs and fowls were killed; great quantities of fish were caught, and on the night before Vaitangi's arrival the lagoon was lighted far and wide by torches along the reef where women and children were gathering shellfish to be added to the feast to come. The earth ovens were prepared and the fires in them lighted to burn through the night so that the logs beneath the stones would be reduced to beds of coals and the stones white-hot and ready for the cooking of the food.

On the morning of that day Téaro and his *ariki* were on the beach surrounded by their people, awaiting the arrival of Vaitangi. He came in his pleasure ship built for him by the Tongans. It was double-hulled, the high prows and sterns decorated with banners and streamers. There was a platform across the hulls, forward of the mast, protected by a roof of pandanus leaf thatch supported on slender posts, beautifully carved, of *tou* wood. Beneath it sat Vaitangi; his son's wife, with Hina, her daughter; and Uri, who was the nephew of Puaka, priest of Koro. Hina was a child of ten years at this time, and Uri was fourteen. Vaitangi also brought with him some of the older Koro chiefs who had not gone with Puaka and his warriors. With the household servants and the paddlers the ship carried sixty persons. It approached far out on the lagoon and when opposite the place where the Tongans waited a sweeping turn was made. The ship came seething in and the bows slid well up the beach where Téaro and his *ariki* stood to welcome their guests.

While the greetings of ceremony between Téaro and Vaitangi were taking place, Rata, Maui's uncle, came to Maui who stood with a group of his friends near Vaitangi's ship.

"Maui," he said, "the young chief yonder is Uri,

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nephew of Puaka. Never before has he come to our valley. Go to him and greet him well in your father's name."

Maui had little liking for this task but did as directed. Uri stood apart, his arms folded, looking around him with an air of pride, of insolence, as though he considered the Tongans not worthy of his notice. Maui approached him and said: "I am Maui, son of Téaro. I have been asked to welcome you here in my father's name."

Uri looked him up and down without replying. He then turned his back and spoke to the boat steerer of Vaitangi's ship who stood in front of it. The paddlers stood in the shallows on either side. "Carry the ship up the beach into the shade," he commanded. "Quickly!"

Rollers had been placed near-by for that purpose and the boatmen sprang to obey. Maui waited for a moment, but as Uri paid no further attention he turned and left, hot with anger at this insult. He was joined by other young sons of the chiefs, who had witnessed it. Rata observed them walking away from Uri and halted them. "Maui, you dare behave in this manner to the nephew of Puaka and our guest?" he said.

"He would not speak to me," Maui replied.

"Let him be *your* guest, Rata," one of the boys said. "*We* will have nothing to do with him after the shame he has put upon Maui!" — and the boys went on into the valley.

Near the river, on the opposite side of the assembly ground from Téaro's dwelling, was the house reserved for Vaitangi's use during his visits to the Tongan valley. The floor was deeply covered with sweet fern overlaid with mats. Vaitangi was now seated here with Téaro and Métua; he leaned back against a great roll of tapa cloth provided for his comfort. Servants brought refreshments: green drinking coconuts, fruits, and the greatest delicacies in the way of shellfish prepared in various ways, meant to stay the appetite; or, rather, to sharpen it in preparation for the feast to be held at midday. Vaitangi, whose huge body required a store of food, ate with keen relish, but at last he leaned back, shaking his head reluctantly as more food was urged upon him.

"*Paia vau*," he said. "Room must be left for what is to come. I shall be fit for nothing but sleep when the feast is ended." Servants then brought bowls of water and the napkins with which the chiefs rinsed and dried their lips and fingers. "Téaro, you make me feel at home here. I look forward to these visits."

"Why should you not feel at home in your own lands?" Téaro replied. "We repay as best we can a little of the hospitality bestowed upon us since the day when you gave us refuge here. It is beyond anything we had reason to expect."

Vaitangi smiled. "From the high chief of a Koro-worshiping clan?" he said. "Even one of these may have moments of forgetfulness and show humanity in spite of himself."

Métua said: "It is a long moment that extends itself to ten years."

"Métua, there has been no strangeness between us in all that time," Vaitangi replied. "How is this to be explained?"

"Because you remember the time long past when your own forefathers were lovers of peace," said the priest. "Because you are half Tongan at heart. Would that we might make you a whole one!"

"That you may do when Tané is able to change human nature," Vaitangi replied. "I have great respect for you, my friend, but none whatever for your belief. As for the Far Lands of Maui . . ." He shook his head. "How is it possible to hold such faith generation after generation in the face of endless disappointment, in view of all that has happened to your people? In proportion to your numbers, far more lives are lost on this quest for a Homeland than with us who are followers of Koro and lovers of war! Well, you must go to your doom, which is certain."

"Whether to our doom or not, we would go in peace," said Métua. He was silent for a moment and then added: "Vaitangi, both of our clans are fast increasing in numbers. The time may come within this generation when the valleys on this side of Kurapo will be needed for your own people."

"That is more than likely," Vaitangi replied. "You may then go in peace insofar as I am concerned."

"We have no ships," said Téaro.

"But great skill in building them," Vaitangi replied.

"That would be permitted?" Métua asked.

Vaitangi gave him a steady glance. "Métua, neither of us is young. Who can say when our time will come? When I am gone my son, Tomai, will reign in my stead . . ."

"He is a stranger to us, as you know," said Téaro. "We would gladly have welcomed him here but he has never come. What is his feeling toward us?"

"It is one of neither good will nor ill will," Vaitangi replied. "If I may say so without offense, it is, rather, one of surprise and contempt that you should be lovers of peace. His time and interest are wholly given to the training and leading of our young warriors now with Puaka. If I should die and my son be killed in battle . . ."

"A woeful day that would be for us Tongans," said Téaro, grimly.

"You say nothing but truth," Vaitangi replied; "so look to yourselves in good times. Lay your plans well in advance against the hazards of the future." Vaitangi laid a hand on Téaro's knee. "What kind of talk is this for a day of festival? Tell me now what sports and games I am to see."

The midday feast was long in progress. Vaitangi

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and his chiefs sat with the Tongan *ariki*, and at a little distance were the sons of the chiefs, each with his food baskets arranged before him. Rata, knowing how matters stood between Maui and Uri, had assigned his son, Pohi, to sit with the latter. Pohi, in part because of the awe he felt in the presence of the nephew of the dreaded priest of Koro, in part because of the commands of his father, treated Uri with great deference, which added to Uri's self-esteem and the mean opinion he held of the Tongans. He spoke loudly so that the others might hear, boasting of the skill of the Koro youth in all games and sports; of his own leadership in such games, and of the great strength of his uncle, Puaka, whose war club was so huge that none but himself could wield it. Pohi encouraged him in this talk, for his father was watching from a distance.

Vaitangi had eaten so well at the feast that he spent the rest of the afternoon in sleep. At dusk his servants wakened him. He bathed and refreshed himself in the river and as night came on Téaro arrived to conduct him to the assembly ground. The people were already gathered there, waiting in the darkness. Upon the arrival of the chiefs, torches held by young men stationed around three sides of the assembly ground were set aflame, lighting the full extent of it and sending streamers of light through the gloom of the groves beyond. A pavilion beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers had been erected for the stately ceremonies connected with the marriage rites. When the chiefs were seated, these began.

Three young daughters of chiefs were to be married at the same time as Tauhéré, Téaro's daughter. They now appeared together, and, in the presence of the bridegrooms, performed the beautiful ritualistic dances connected with the rites of marriage. These occupied the early part of the evening. When they had ended, the brides retired to the House of Virgins to await the wedding solemnities which would take place the following morning.

When they had gone, all of the people — men, women and children — seated themselves before the pavilion to sing the ancient songs of the Tongans, telling of their history for generations past during the quest for the Far Lands of Maui. After this came boxing and wrestling contests which were favorite sports of the Tongan youth. Following these, when the children were sleeping, stretched out on the grass or with their heads on their mothers' laps, came the time for gaiety and abandonment.

Tamuri, with his company of clowns, performed pantomimes and dances that kept his audience shouting with laughter. Vaitangi's huge body shook with merriment, and seeing how well he was entertained, Tamuri and his clowns outdid themselves. The night was far advanced when Tamuri halted before the high chief of the Koros and said: —

"Vaitangi: here you see me and my old woman, a pair of dry forked sticks. There is no more sap left in us than in a dead *purau* tree. Nevertheless, we wish to honor you as best we can."

The drums began to beat, and Tamuri and his old woman danced with such bone-stiff gestures and movements that Vaitangi laughed until the tears came into his eyes. Of a sudden, at a word of command from Tamuri, five young men and five lovely girls stepped forward dressed in kirtles of colored grasses reaching to their knees, with wreaths of flowers pressed down over their dark hair, and necklaces of fragrant blossoms half concealing their bare bosoms. As the drums beat in quickening tempo all the stiffness left the limbs of Tamuri and the old woman. They leaped to either side of the line of young men and women, dancing with a loose-jointed ease in the widest possible contrast to their movements of a moment before. The girls, having advanced to within a few feet of Vaitangi, danced with all the abandon of youth, eyes alight, lips parted, with gestures so appealing, so gaily wanton and provocative that Vaitangi could not resist them. Ponderously he heaved himself to his feet and joined them, forgetting the dignity of his years and his position as high chief of the Koros, while the Tongans shouted their approval. The drums beat faster and faster and the girls who had formed a circle around him gave him no rest, vying with one another for the honor of dancing directly before him. At last Vaitangi, losing his balance, sat down with a heavy thud, breathing hard, his face and body streaming with sweat.

So ended the events of the evening. The people, Tongans and Koros together, dispersed reluctantly, as though they had been members of one clan.

7

On the following morning came the sacred ceremonies when Tauhéré and her husband, Nihau, were united in marriage, and the other young chiefs and their brides. In the afternoon there were spear-throwing and archery contests by the Tongan youth, and water sports and games in which both men and women took part. These I pass over to speak of Maui and the boys of his age, who were to match their skill at stone slinging. All the people were now gathered on the beach where the contest was to take place. A plantain stalk had been set up at a distance of sixty paces, and the people lined either side of the course. Téaro and Vaitangi stood near the boys who were to try their skill. Faanui was the first contestant; others followed until it came to Maui's turn. As he stepped into the circle marked in the sand, Uri came forward and, with a commanding gesture, held out his hand for Maui's sling. Maui glanced questioningly at Rata, who was judge of the contest, and his uncle said: "Maui, your father's guest and yours wishes to honor us by

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taking part in this match. Will you let him have your sling?" Maui did so, and stepped back among the other contestants.

With an air of insolence and pride Uri went to the pile of slingstones and carefully selected three. Placing the first one in the sling he whirled it around his head and let go. He struck the target squarely. The second stone barely grazed the plantain stalk. The third was a miss.

Maui then took his turn. He saw his mother standing with Hina and her mother near-by. He saw Rangi, one of the shipwrights, teacher of the apprentices and father of his friend, Ma'o, regarding him with an air of confidence. In his heart he made a little prayer to Tané that he might humble the pride of this nephew of the high priest of Koro. He made two direct hits; the third stone glanced from the plantain stalk but was nearer than Uri's grazing hit. As he gave the sling to Uri for his second try, he heard the loud murmur of pleasure that came from the throng of spectators. In the second throwing they were equal, with two hits and one miss each. Uri's face was sullen with anger that this son of a Tongan chief, two years younger than himself, should have the lead.

Vaitangi now spoke: "You will try again, Uri?"

The boy nodded. "I misjudged the weight of the stones," he replied.

"Then see to it that you choose carefully this time lest you shame the Koros," Vaitangi said, with a grim smile.

There was deep silence as Uri stooped to select his stones. He threw many aside before making his choice, and the result of that throwing was again two hits and one miss. He scowled as he handed Maui the sling. Without hesitating in his choice Maui took up at random three of the stones that Uri had rejected, and he made three hits in the center of the target. The murmur of approval from the spectators was even louder than before, and Rangi could scarcely contain his joy. The crowd then moved farther along the beach where a tall coconut palm leaned out over the lagoon. A boy perched in the nest of fronds let down a new target: a log of dry wood attached to a long cord, which he set swinging in a wide arc.

"What is this — a further trial?" Vaitangi asked.

"It is the custom of our boys to end the contest in this manner," Rata replied; "but . . ."

"Then so it shall end," said Vaitangi, "unless Uri is willing to accept defeat."

The boy made no reply but took the sling once more and turned to face this last, more difficult target. The boy in the tree set it swinging at a level a little above the heads of the contestants. Uri waited long before each throw but failed in all. Maui failed in his first try, set the light wood to spinning at his second, and while it was thus spinning, struck it again.

Now the crowd cheered wildly, and Rangi's joy was so great that he ran to where Uri was standing and danced in derision before him, shouting, "*Aita faufaa, Uri! Aita faufaa, Uri!*" ("Worthless is Uri!") Rata stepped forward quickly, seized him by the arm and put his hand over Rangi's mouth. It was only then that Rangi realized what he had done. It was a serious matter for a man of common blood to mock one of the *ariki*, and to have publicly shamed the nephew of the high priest of Koro was an offense not to be forgiven. The crowd dispersed in silence, casting sober glances at the place where Téaro stood with Vaitangi.

"It shall be forgiven, by me, at least," Vaitangi said, with a grim smile. "Uri has only himself to blame. But . . . what is the name of the man who mocked him?"

"Rangi," Téaro replied. "He worships my son. No other excuse can be found for him."

"That is excuse enough," said Vaitangi. "But have a care for him! And let him have a care for himself; for what he has done will be known to Puaka as soon as he returns. *He* will never forgive it."

So great was Uri's shame and anger in his defeat that he would stay no longer in the Tongan valley. Without speaking to Vaitangi of his intention he returned home that same afternoon with two of his uncle's servants. Vaitangi's visit ended the following day, but at the request of Maui's parents, Hina and her mother were permitted to remain for a longer time. Maéva, Maui's mother, had never forgotten that she owed the life of her son to Hina's mother who had suckled him at her breast at the time when the Tongans first came to Kurapo. There had been warm friendship between the two women from that day.

8

Now Hina comes into the story, and it is told how those children, destined for one another, began their friendship. It was a vexing task Maui's mother had given her son: that of entertaining the small granddaughter of Vaitangi. Maui was at an age when all of his interests were centered in the sports and games of boys, and he protested strongly to his mother. Why should he be asked to amuse this child of ten years? Let that be done by a daughter of one of the chiefs, a girl of Hina's age. And his mother had said: "Maui, she is the granddaughter of Vaitangi, and she wishes to be with you. Say no more but do as I bid you."

Now the boy stood before his father's house, Hina waiting beside him. A score of his friends were engaged in a stilt battle on the assembly ground. Maui watched longingly the swift thrusts and parries as the boys of one side tried to overset those of the other. Presently, with an impatient sigh he turned to the child beside him.

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"Would you like to see my tame frigate birds?" he asked. The child nodded and he led the way to the beach. He had a perch for the birds beneath one of the great trees there. Taking a small dip-net from a crotch of the tree, he said to Hina, "Wait here." He waded through the shallows of the lagoon to a mushroom of coral a little distance out. Mounting this, he dipped up some of the small fish that hovered around it. Beckoning to Hina he then returned to the beach. Scores of *kotaha* were soaring overhead, some of them so high in the air as to be scarcely visible. Maui called, and called again. Two of the birds dropped through the air like small black meteors; then, spreading their wings they checked their fall and swooped low to catch in their claws the small fish that Maui tossed up to them. A moment later they fluttered down to rest on his outstretched arm. He carried them to the perch under the tree and they hopped from his arm to the pole. Maui was a little annoyed that Hina was not more impressed by his mastery over the birds which he had reared and tamed himself.

"Well, what would you like to do next?" Maui asked, impatiently.

"Whatever you wish."

"But . . . don't you know what you want to do?"

"I am your guest. It is for you to tell me what there is to do."

Maui replaced the dip-net in the crotch of the tree and looked at her with the same air of annoyance. "There is a lake I could show you but it is high in the mountains. It would be too far for you to walk."

Hina shook her head. "I should like to see it."

"Come, then," said the boy, curtly, and he set out at a fast pace along the path leading into the valley. When he reached the steep trail leading up the head wall of the valley he waited until Hina had caught up with him. "You still wish to see the lake?" he asked. "It is a long way."

"So you told me," Hina replied. "There was no need for you to say it a second time."

Without replying, Maui began climbing swiftly, never pausing to look back. When he had reached the flat-topped rock at the summit he saw Hina on the path far below. When at last she had reached the rock she sat near-by, her back toward him.

"You climbed well," Maui said.

She glanced toward him and there were tears of anger in her eyes. Presently she got to her feet. "I am ready to go on now."

"Hina, I was angry because you had not gone home with your grandfather. I left the anger on the path up the valley wall."

"I found it there," she said. "It is mine, now."

"You wish to keep it?"

She was long in replying; then, turning toward him she shook her head, smiling faintly. "But you should have shown more courtesy. You are a boy, stronger, and two years older. But I am here, as you see."

It was at this moment that the friendship between these children began. It came of itself, unquestioned, unexplained. They sat side by side on the rock, their feet swinging below the edge of it. All the eastern lands lay outspread beneath them, golden in the early-morning sunlight.

At last Hina said: "Maui, I want to see the lake you were going to show me."

They followed the path which rose gently before them, along fern-covered ridges and through wide stretches of woodland until it turned seaward once more and came into the open along the high cliffs bordering the northern coast. They halted now and then to peer over the walls of rock that fell sheer to the sea, a thousand feet below. Hina showed no signs of weariness now. Though he said nothing Maui was impressed by her sturdiness, and she was as sure-footed as himself. As they were resting for a moment, Maui said: "I want to show you something else before we go to the lake. Have you seen the *tabu* tree? That is as far as we Tongans can go."

Hina shook her head. "I don't care to see it. I wish there was no *tabu* so that you could come to our valley whenever you wanted to."

"We're nearly there," Maui insisted, "and I want you to see it." He went on, Hina following, until they saw the tree clearly outlined against the sky. When they reached it they stood for a moment, gazing at the *tabu* sign fluttering in the breeze and directly over the path.

"We'll rest here," said Maui. "It's getting warm in the sun. I'll get some fern to make wreaths for our heads." He then walked with an air of proud indifference past the *tabu* sign, into the forbidden lands of the Koros, plucked an armful of fern, and returned.

"Is that why you brought me here, to show me how brave you are?" Hina said.

Maui felt a flush of shame. It was as though they had changed ages and he were a little boy, much younger than Hina. And he felt even more foolish when he replied, as though against his will: "I've walked past it several times, and I will do it whenever I please."

"Because you know I would never speak of it."

"How could I know? You belong to the Koros."

"Why do you tell me that so often?" Hina said. "I don't think of your family or my family as Tongans or Koros. But be careful of Uri! He is a Koro and nothing else, like his uncle, Puaka."

Maui flushed at the mention of Uri's name. "You saw what he did when I spoke to him, the morning you came?"

"You paid him well for that," Hina said. "I was happy when you beat him in the stone-slinging match."

Maui gazed soberly at her. "You wanted me to?"

"Why not? I hate him and I hate his uncle!

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But remember, Maui! Uri will never forgive you for winning. He will wait for a chance to do you harm — real harm. . . . Let's not speak of him any more. Now I want to see the lake."

On their way inland Maui spied a jungle hen on her nest. Motioning Hina to wait he crept slowly through the underbrush and seized the bird. There was only one egg beneath her. He felt the legs and breast of the hen.

"She's fat," he said. "Are you hungry? . . . Then we'll cook it. There is a place a little farther along where we can get some *fei* to eat with it."

They came to a sunny glade where a pool of clear cold water was fed by a small stream from above. Here they halted and Maui removed a sharkskin wallet attached to the belt of his waist mat. In it were his fire stick, his sling, and a bamboo knife. He slit the fowl's throat and laid it in a clump of fern. "We'll have a fine meal," he said. "Now I'll get the *fei*." He returned presently with half a dozen mountain plantains and the dead limb of a *purau* tree. Seating himself on a boulder he broke off the butt end of the branch and placed it between his knees. "I'm ready," he said. "Get some leaves and twigs."

Hina gathered these and knelt beside him. Placing the sharp end of his fire stick against the soft bone-dry wood, Maui began slowly until he had it well grooved. He then worked with rapidly increasing strokes until a faint wisp of smoke appeared in the wood dust at the end of the groove. Hina bent down, breathing gently upon it, and when the spark of fire appeared she fed it with crumbled leaves, twigs, and larger sticks until a good fire was burning briskly. Maui singed off the feathers of the fowl, split it apart and cleaned it in the stream, while Hina laid the plantains on the coals to roast, turning them as Maui broiled the fowl. The juices sizzling down upon the glowing coals sent up a tantalizing fragrance. When the food was ready they let it cool for a time and then ate ravenously.

"Tell me about your father," Maui said. "Why does he never come to our valley?"

"I don't know. It may be because Puaka doesn't want him to. He's away now with the war fleet."

"Does he like Puaka?"

Hina shook her head. "But he honors him because he is so great a warrior."

"Do you see them when they come home?"

"The war fleet? Never."

"Why not?"

"No children see them. But the boys do when they are as old as you."

"I would like to," Maui said.

"No you wouldn't! Not the day they come. It's horrible!"

"How do you know if you haven't seen them?"

"I know what they do. On the evening of that day they kill the first of the prisoners they bring home. They take the bodies to the *marae* to sacrifice to Koro."

"Is your grandfather there?"

"Of course. He's the high chief. My father, too."

"I can't think of your grandfather being there," Maui said.

"He must be. Koro demands it. . . . Maui, don't speak of it any more! Let's go on now. I want to see the lake."

9

It was well past midday when they reached the borders of the lake. High above them ghost terns and tropic birds sailed back and forth, their reflections in the lake clear at one moment, blurred the next by flaws of wind sweeping across the water.

Hina gazed wonderingly about her. "What a beautiful place!"

"You see the holes high up on the crags?" Maui said. "That's where the ghost terns nest. They are just beginning now. In another month the baby terns will be hatching."

"Of all sea birds I love the ghost terns best," Hina said.

"Better than *kotaha*, the birds of Koro?"

"Maui, they are not! Any more than ghost terns belong to Tané. They belong to themselves, and to the sky and the sea. Could you get me a pair of baby terns when they hatch?"

"How could I send them to you?"

Hina reflected for a moment. "I'll come for them. Bring them as far as the *tabu* tree, but stay on your side! I'll have to come with one of my mother's servants. How long will it be?"

"Ten days from now will be the first night of the new moon. Could you come on the first day of the moon to follow that? The terns will be hatching well by then."

"Yes," said Hina. "You won't forget?"

"Tongans don't forget their promises. I will be there early and wait till you come." Maui glanced at the sun. "There is something else I want to show you," he said, "but it isn't time yet. While we're waiting I'll make some little boats."

He gathered some small straight twigs, leaves from a *hotu* tree, and a length of smooth bark which he stripped down with his thumbnail for cordage. Hina watched, her hands clasped around her knees, as Maui shaped the bits of wood and smoothed them with a sharp-edged fragment of shell.

"How can you do it so fast?"

Maui gave her a quick glance as he worked. "Because I'm a Tongan," he said. "Can't the Koro boys make these little things?"

"Not as pretty as yours, and it takes them much longer."

"Now, Hina, they're ready. This one is for you. Be careful! Set it gently in the water. We'll see which one sails best."

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The breeze was so light that it barely ruffled the surface of the water, but the tiny craft skimmed lightly over it until they were far out on the lake. Hina was delighted and Maui said: "Now I'll make another kind, so light that even this little breeze will make them skip out of the water."

"Where is the place you were going to show me? I'd like to see that first."

"It isn't time to go yet," Maui said.

"Why not?"

"Because I say it isn't."

"You don't want me to see it; that's why."

"Listen, Hina! It's a dangerous place to get into; the light must be just right when we start. Are you a good swimmer?"

"I can swim as well as any boy."

"And dive, too?"

"Of course."

"Show me," Maui said. "Swim across the lake, and when you come back dive as far as you can."

The lake was little more than three hundred paces wide. Hina threw off her mantle. Loosening the kirtle beneath she wrapped it more tightly, bringing one end up between her legs, tucking it securely at the waist; then she plunged into the water. Maui watched closely, with increasing assurance, seeing how thoroughly at home she was. The rocky wall fell sheer on the far side of the lake. When she reached it Hina turned, gave a strong push with her legs and started back, swimming easily. When about fifty paces from the beach she dived and broke water in the shallows where Maui was sitting.

"You're like a little porpoise," Maui said as she threw herself on the sand beside him. He glanced at the crags across the lake; the sun was now hidden behind them. "Soon we can go, but rest a little and get your breath."

A few moments later he led the way across the lake until they had nearly reached the western wall. Maui said: "Swim now with your face in the water. You will see a dark place below a ledge in the cliff. Keep watching it."

Presently Hina raised her head. "What is it, Maui? There's light coming through!"

"That's where we are going. Take some deep breaths. I'll dive first. Follow right after me."

As Maui's head broke water inside the cavern he turned quickly and saw Hina rising to the surface just behind him. The shaft of sunlight coming through the rocky vault was growing brighter; it fell directly on the ledge of rock along the far side of the cavern. They swam there and pulled themselves up on it.

"Were you frightened?" Maui asked.

The child nodded. "I couldn't have held my breath any longer."

"Now you know why I wanted you to wait. You can see the way to come in only when the light is coming through that hole. Have you ever heard Koro boys speak of this place?"

Hina shook her head. "I don't believe they ever come here."

"I have many times, with my friends, but none of them know about this cave; I believe I was meant to find it. Métua, our priest . . ." He broke off, staring blankly at Hina.

"What is it, Maui?"

"I forgot. I shouldn't have brought you here."

"Why not?"

"I have disobeyed our priest. He gave me something to hide in a secret place. I brought it here. And now you know!"

Hina glanced around the great cavern where the dark water seemed to stretch away into limitless recesses. "But I *don't* know," she replied. "I don't know what it is or where it is. So you have done nothing wrong."

Maui got to his feet. "I'm going to show you what it is," he said. "Métua must have meant you to know. I couldn't have brought you here without his consent." Moving slowly along the ledge he searched along the wall until he found the coral pebble in its net of bark thread.

Hina examined it curiously. "What is it?" she asked. Maui told of his punishment at school; how he was made to suck the pebble. "And this is what I had to say when I first placed it in my mouth." Then, as at school, the pebble in his mouth, he mumbled: "I, Maui, son of Téaro, am deeply at fault, and I willingly suck this pebble."

Hina's laughter made the walls ring. "Did you have to suck it long?"

"It makes my jaws ache just to think of it."

"You must tell your priest," Hina said. "I don't believe he will mind your telling me, but if he does, then you can hide the pebble in some other place."

Maui returned the pebble to its niche in the wall. "I think he will tell me first. Our priest knows everything."

The sun had now passed the opening in the roof and the gloom was gradually deepening. "We'd better go now," Hina said, anxiously. . . . "Maui, we must hurry! We won't be able to find the way!"

"Don't be afraid. When it's dark enough you will see the opening by the light that comes from the lake." The gloom deepened until they could no longer see one another. A light much fainter than that by which they had entered now revealed the passage. "You see it, Hina?"

"Yes," the child replied. "I'm going, before I'm too scared to try it. Come right behind me!"

In the last faint light of day two weary children crossed the assembly ground to the house of Téaro.

"You were right, Maui," Hina said. "It *was* a long way."

(*To be continued*)

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A two-fisted fighter for democracy in the American Community, whose recent articles on educational conditions in the counties surrounding Washington have aroused national interest, AGNES E. MEYER *is the mother of five children and the grandmother of eight. A graduate and trustee of Barnard College, she is serving on the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, the President's Commission on Higher Education, and the Mid-century White House Child Conference. The provocative words which follow are taken from an address which she delivered this spring at Howard University.*

WOMEN AREN'T MEN

by AGNES E. MEYER

1

WOMEN have many careers but only one vocation — motherhood. As a result their most successful careers are motherhood-substitutes such as teaching, nursing, social work, as well as medical, psychiatric, and other scientific professions that protect the child and the family. A woman confronting the world has no greater resources than those she finds within herself. Education can do no worse than to destroy those instinctive resources. It can do no better than to enhance them. When woman sublimates her mother-instinct in a career, she can achieve a rich, beneficent, and rewarding life. But only if she follows her vocation can she live in the fullest sense of the word. It is for woman as mother, actual or vicarious, to restore security in our insecure world — not the economic security on which we now lean far too much, but the emotional security for which the world longs as much as it longs for its daily bread.

We should look critically at woman's evolution in our industrial society, for the record that confronts us on every side as to woman's influence is not reassuring. The mounting divorce rate, the appalling number of youthful crimes, the deliberate neglect of children in many homes, and the looseness of sexual morality among young and old — these are merely some of the inescapable signs of a decaying moral structure in areas for which women have a prime responsibility.

The industrial revolution which has transformed our whole society created a transformation in the life of women far more profound than in the life of men. Two world wars and a depression have uprooted family life and created a nation-wide turmoil whose disorders our public and private welfare agencies have tried in vain to counteract. At the same time woman's traditional responsibilities were augmented by challenging social and political demands. She fought successfully for the vote, for equal rights in every field of endeavor. She was forced through economic necessity and through choice into the competitive maelstrom of our free-enterprise system. About 17 million women now have daily jobs and many more are doing part-time work.

It is no wonder that women have become confused and to a great extent disoriented. None of us — not even those of us old enough to date back to the stable pre-war society of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century which gave us a happy and secure childhood — have lived through the pandemonium of the later years without a tremendous internal and external struggle for integrity.

The shattering of the social structure has disastrously isolated the individual; it has also accelerated the spirit of competition inherent in our free-enterprise system to an almost unendurable intensity. To the extent that there is a world trend toward socialism, I am convinced, it is psychic as well as economic. Many people are tired and frightened to a point where they can no longer endure their social isolation and the burden of an individual destiny. Only the democratic nations have the vitality, the sense of responsibility, and the moral fortitude to accept the burden of individual freedom in a world shattered by two world wars. It is an exacting but never a dull life. It is a life of constant individual decisions, of irrevocable choices made every day, every hour, for good or for evil.

It is precisely because of this temporary moral, mental, and social isolation of the individual in a democratic society that the role of woman has become of crucial importance. For woman is the

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cement of society. Since time immemorial it has been woman who has held the family, society, and life itself together. She did it instinctively to protect herself during pregnancy and to protect her children during their long period of helplessness. Through this fundamental need for family solidarity it is woman who has developed the art of human relationships and an appreciation of the vital importance of human behavior. Whether the conditions were primitive or whether society attained the extreme refinement of the eighteenth-century aristocracy, it was woman who created the moral atmosphere of these diverse conditions. And today woman must look back with a clear comprehension to the moral force she once exerted in the social structure and realize that she can and must save our civilization from destruction by achieving new moral standards that will conform to the very different conditions of the present day.

2

Now that we have amassed so much factual knowledge of the importance of the home as the basis of society, of the importance of marital relationships, of child guidance and education in general, the role of wife and mother has become infinitely more exacting and difficult. Instead of apologizing for being a "mere housewife," as so many do, women should make society realize that upon the housewife now fall the combined tasks of economist, nutrition expert, sociologist, psychiatrist, and educator. Then society would confer upon the status of housewife the honor, recognition, and acclaim it deserves. Today, however, the duties of the homemaker have become so depreciated that many women feel impelled to work outside the home in order to retain the respect of the community. It is one thing if women wish to work or must do so to help support the family. It is quite another thing — it is a destructive influence — if society forces women into the labor market in order that they may respect themselves and gain the respect of others.

Women must boldly announce that no job is more exacting, more necessary, or more rewarding than that of housewife and mother. Then they will feel free to become once more the moral force of society through the stabilization of the home. Then the influence they once wielded in society instinctively and unconsciously will become stronger than it ever has been, because they will go about the task with mind and emotions, knowledge and experience, the conscious and the unconscious forces, working in unison. With all the scientific knowledge we have amassed, women can and should be the standard bearers of a civilization higher in every respect than any we have ever known before. But they can only do this if they will accept the fact that their functions as women are very different from those of men. What modern woman has to recapture is the wisdom that just being a woman is her central task and her greatest honor. It is a task that challenges her whole character, intelligence, and imagination.

If we look at the social scene about us we find very hopeful indications that women, especially the young married women, have begun to realize these fundamental truths. The high birth rate is in itself a promising symptom. But further than that, many of these young women are carrying out their duties toward their husbands, their children, and the physical maintenance of the home with joyous intelligence and great ability. It is fair to say that there have probably never been in any civilization so many ideal marital partnerships in which husband and wife respect each other's sphere of activity, and in which both share the responsibility for the education of the children.

On the other hand, it is no less true that there have never been so many women who are dissatisfied with being women and therefore with being wives and mothers. There have never been so many women who are unnecessarily torn between marriage and a career. There have never been so many mothers who neglect their children because they find some trivial job more interesting. I know this from wide contact with neglected children. The most pathetic are those who come from well-to-do homes. The poor child whose mother has to work has some inner security because he knows in his little heart that his mother is sacrificing herself for his well-being. But the neglected child from a well-to-do home, who realizes instinctively that his mother prefers her job to him, often hates her with a passionate intensity. These are the children who frequently get into the worst difficulties because they are the most deeply hurt and resentful.

What ails these women who consciously or unconsciously reject their children? Surface influences of a competitive, materialistic world have obscured the importance of women's role as the repository of continuity and of purposeful living derived from their biological and social functions. Our technological civilization has atrophied their emotions, and nothing is more horrible than a woman whose instinctive reactions have been destroyed. They are far more egotistical than men, more fiercely aggressive, more insensitive not only to the beauty but to the decency of life. They have become masculine without even knowing it. In their defense it must be said that they are the victims of a general decline of emotional spontaneity in our civilization. Our scientific age is afraid of feeling. Why else should there be such a flood of books on youthful crime and delinquency, which repeat with a monotonous insistence that what little children need most in order to become stable personalities is the feeling of being wanted by their parents? What kind of civilization have we built when fathers and

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mothers need to have it drilled into them by psychiatrists, sociologists, and other experts that they are creating social monsters because they do not love the children they have brought into the world?

I am not trying to drive all women back into the home. The married woman who is rebellious about family life does her children more harm by staying home in such a frame of mind than by leaving them to some kindly relative or sending them to boarding school. It is the frame of mind of such women that is wrong, that must be understood and changed. For these women are equally disastrous as an influence in their working environment. God protect us all from the efficient, go-getter businesswoman whose feminine instincts have been completely sterilized. Wherever women are functioning, whether in the home or in a job, they must remember that their chief function as women is a capacity for warm, understanding, and charitable human relationships. Women are throwing their greatest natural gift out of the window when they cease to function as experts in coöperative living.

It is distressing, therefore, to hear the oft repeated plaint that woman must be a personality first and a woman only secondarily. This cliché revives in a new form the dualistic conflict between nature and spirit, body and mind, the conscious and the unconscious, which weakens all personality, whether male or female, but is especially disastrous to woman at a time when an arid and strictly academic education has already dangerously widened the gap between her emotional and intellectual capacities. Are women people? Only to the extent that they fuse their inherited and acquired characteristics into a dynamic, harmoniously functioning unity which alone is worthy of being called personality.

3

Another fallacy about women which is receiving far too much currency is the accusation that they have lost the adventurous spirit of "their older sisters" who battled successfully against male domination. Agnes Rogers recently wrote an article in *Harper's* magazine and a similar one in the *American Scholar* deploring the fact that women are only too often content with minor positions in the business world. "Their willingness to accept the status of useful but humble cog in an enterprise directed by men is baffling to me," she said. She wants them to conquer their "humility and lack of confidence."

Now I fail to see any exaggerated humility in modern women. On the contrary, I find too much emphasis on success and too little upon service. In my opinion, humility is the greatest possible asset in any human being, particularly in women. True, humility is the understatement of a powerful personality. It is innocence triumphant, which Emerson has described as "the most powerful critic of all that passes through its alembic." It is the ability to understand reality as it confronts us. This ability, so characteristic of woman's inherent personality, to adjust herself to outward circumstances, to the husband in marriage, to the employer and fellow workers in business and industry, is not a sign of weakness but of strength. The woman who tries to control situations by force and by aggressively overplaying her hand in every human relation is the weak woman trying to overcompensate for her weakness.

These are the worried, restless, immature females who complain bitterly that there are not enough women in high executive positions in the business world and in government. These aggressive, frustrated women actually make the role of woman in business and public life more difficult because more suspect. They are precisely the female types under whom neither women nor men want to work. The balanced, mature woman who knows her inner worth does not run around the world complaining of the injustice of men. She is quietly expanding her area of influence. This wise, subtle, and effective type of woman meets with appreciation wherever she is active, not because she is *demanding* recognition, but because her gifts are recognized as extremely rare and invaluable. If I were asked to define the principal quality of such exceptional women, I should say that it is the capacity to accept the triumphs of life without pride and the sufferings of life without despair. The wisdom of these truly feminine and humane personalities is summed up in the words of St. Paul to the Philippians: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

But youth is only too apt to think that it has to be aggressive if it is to make its way in our competitive society. That is untrue for women, whether young or old. The Chinese poet Tu Fu expressed sublimely the natural aspirations of womanhood in a warring world when he wished for huge wings that could be stretched out over all sensitive, suffering humanity. What the world needs today is not more competition but woman's native genius for sympathetic coöperation. Competition is so acute because society has crumbled and left the individual atomized and unprotected. Unless we women succeed in modifying this competitive spirit through more effective coöperation between public and private endeavor, between management and labor, between the contending religious sects, between the family and the community, between one individual and another, then there is little hope for our democratic civilization. This is women's great opportunity — to ease the acute and dangerous tensions of American life.

I am not asking women to overdo self-sacrifice to a point of self-abasement. We all know extreme feminine types who use this masochistic weapon

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not out of a desire to serve, but to conquer and subdue their victims. Women must learn to keep self-respect and self-sacrifice, the social and the biological functions, in balance. Such women have the most friends because they defend their own personalities while giving free play to the expansion of other personalities. Those are the women who are called blessed because they constitute the happiness of their families and of the whole community.

Such women, moreover, are not concerned with the modern cry for equal rights because they are too sure of themselves and of what they have to give to the world. They seek not parity but partnership with men.

Women have been tempted to put too much emphasis on equal rights because the slogan was used by some admirable pioneers who won us the vote, equal pay for equal work, and other desirable objectives. In many respects, however, the cry for equal rights has been a pernicious doctrine, especially in two areas, those of sex and of marriage.

4

THE freedom of women has brought the whole problem of sex into a new focus. The sexual morality of our nation has never been lower, because in seeking for equal rights women have dragged their standards downward. This sex freedom which so many women are practicing is a delusion. It is a pseudo freedom which ruins the lives of many young women before their mature life has begun, because they have no scientific understanding of the ramifications of sex in the female organism. For woman cannot get away from the fact that her biological, emotional, and psychic faculties are closely intertwined. Woman's sexuality, if it is not to be destructive to her and to society, has to be more spiritualized than that of man.

Woman runs the risk of warping her whole personality unless she uses the post-adolescent years to develop her individual human traits, her character, her mind, and her platonic idealism as contrasted with her physiological equipment. If this period of sublimation is curtailed by premature sexual experimentation, it not only leads to disappointment but it will endanger what I have emphasized as woman's greatest need, the harmony of the sensual and the supersensual aspects of woman's character. By seeking change as in itself of value in her sex life, she also endangers her capacity for permanent human relationships and therefore her interest in a lasting marriage and lasting friendships. The woman who guards her sex life as intimately related to her development as a whole human being is the one who is likely to make few mistakes in her emotional relationships, the one who achieves the highest type of sex life, and the one who is apt to attract, to choose, and to hold the devotion of the right husband.

The adult world is wholly responsible for the fact that youth has little guidance today in the conduct of life in general and sex in particular. Too little attention has been paid to the sexual experimentation now occurring even among the very young, because the adult world is uncertain of its attitude toward the problem. What is youth to think when a Yale anthropologist, with all the prestige of science and a university professorship, declares that we shall accept premarital sexual promiscuity as a commonplace in another generation or two?

The Churches, on the other hand, have lost much of their authority over youth because they have refused to reinforce their religious sanctions and their traditional teaching with the scientific insights of physiology, psychology, and sociology. And parents, for lack of generally accepted sexual moral principles, have surrendered so much of their influence over the behavior of their children that they now blame the school for not handling the problem more effectively. The poor schoolteachers! In our modern society they are supposed to be clergymen, doctors, nurses, psychiatrists, sociologists, and educators, all rolled into one — one fallible, underpaid public servant. Obviously sex films, with which the schools are experimenting, cannot make an important contribution to this most difficult of all problems. Sex is not a thing by itself and should not be emphasized as such. If sex as a physical manifestation is going to be taught in the schools it must be brought in naturally in the study of biology, and its higher aspects must be a by-product of the whole academic program.

In the meantime the unhealthy overemphasis of sex in literature, advertising, and the films makes sexual self-expression a matter of competition like everything else. Young women are afraid of being unpopular if they do not accept the low sex standards of today and refuse to run with the crowd. What matters is how many "dates" they have — the quantity, in other words, rather than the quality of their friendships. Sex has been vulgarized and reduced to a competitive pattern because individuals are too isolated to use their sex as the basis for all human relationships. Sex is not something we can take or leave. Sex permeates and illumines the whole personality. And despite the crude, unscientific Mr. Kinsey, it is not the physical aspect of sex, but the ability to translate it into higher manifestations of permanent value, that determines the quality of a civilization.

What we need today is not a negative, puritan asceticism but a positive enthusiasm for right conduct. The best answer to the present disorientation of sex life lies in the early development of our children. If the education of mind, emotions, and character is fitted to children's needs in our complex technological civilization, the maturing boy and girl, the young man and woman, will have such vital interests that sex will find outlets in achievement

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and growth of personality. Too early and too great an interest in sex by adolescents is largely the result of poverty in other areas such as the love of learning, of adventure, and the development of creative imagination. Women should be the first to realize that to remain healthy the human spirit needs daily exercise just as much as the human body. Without spirituality, without the intuitive love of the moral, the mental, and the mysterious elements of life, woman loses her whole unique influence upon the course of civilization. And nobody suffers more than woman herself if she endangers the home and the stability of an orderly society upon which her whole security depends by renouncing her rightful position as the guardian of moral values.

Because woman, if only for self-protection, must preserve monogamy and keep the home intact, it is woman who should make herself responsible for the success of marriage. Never will we be able to decrease the divorce rate until modern woman faces and accepts this responsibility as her obvious duty. Making divorce more difficult will do no good. On the contrary, our divorce laws should be uniform and a divorce accessible by common consent in those cases where gross abuses make divorce unavoidable. But in most cases it would not be necessary if young women could lead lives that permit them to mature toward the balanced womanhood I have tried to describe, and chose their husbands not as a consequence of some infantile repressions or mere sex appeal but with a view to permanent partnership. If marriages are made purely on a basis of sex, they will be dissolved for the same reason, and that is a game which women cannot win. It is a threat to their whole status in society because it implies a disrespect for the importance of the marital bonds and of monogamy. Thus the mounting divorce rate is a sign that women as a whole do not realize that they are committing what can only be termed moral suicide.

The egoistic desires of women have been so accentuated by the indiscriminate struggle for equal rights that the discipline of marriage, the subordination of self that it entails, and the adjustment of personality upon which it depends have become increasingly difficult if not repugnant to them. Far too many women have not only lost their instinct for self-protection: they have lost their sense of joyousness and their sense of humor. What do these self-centered, egoistic women expect in the man they marry — a paragon of all the virtues and a wealthy one to boot? Even though he be a genius or a millionaire, the husband of the neurotic, introverted female is doomed to failure. If she has the one, she will begin to yearn for the other. Her mean search for personal happiness never lets her decide whether marriage should be a feather in her cap or a feather in her nest.

As I go about my social research today, especially among uprooted families living in the vast new housing developments, I am often forced to the conclusion that there are more good fathers today than good mothers. The infantilism of selfishness, the desire for a false self-expression, and a consequent desiccation of instinct lead all too many women to despise the role of housewife, to reject their children and resent the father. I fear it is too late to change many of these women. When they seek a divorce they rationalize this supreme act of selfishness by telling themselves that their children will only suffer if they grow up in a divided household. Of course they will. It does not occur to such women that theirs is the prime duty to see that the household is not divided. And though occasionally divorce may be the only way out of a deadly impasse, nine times out of ten the wife who lets her marital relationship get into such an impasse has only herself to blame.

To be sure, there are external conditions today which seriously threaten the family and make the life of women extremely difficult — constant migration, inadequate housing, poor educational, health, and welfare facilities. To remedy these defects of our society is the duty of women whose children have grown up or who for other reasons are free to devote themselves to public service. The wide gaps which still exist between our social ideals and the sordid realities need not be discouraging if we see our shortcomings as a spur to greater effort. Democracy is, first and foremost, the perpetual revelation of greater capacities in the human mind and soul. It is the only form of government that sets no bounds to the possibilities of man. Its doors all open toward the future. It converts every end into new means. And it will not get the reverence it deserves the world over until America makes manifest that democracy is not earthbound but a divine quest for humanity's spiritual perfection. Upon woman, who is biologically close to nature and all its sublime intimations, rests the chief task of reminding the country that democracy is not restricted to the desire for creature comforts but encourages an ever expanding concept of man's destiny.

Is this call to the psychic defense and the moral rejuvenation of our society too exacting a role for American womanhood? No, and again, no. As I said at the outset, there are already numerous indications of the reorientation of woman's thinking as evidenced among other things by many successful young marriages of the finest type, and by an avalanche of more and yet more babies. If it is difficult to carry out the high role of woman in our modern society, it is also a great honor to be a woman in this critical historical period. Now that destruction threatens us from within and without, woman's role in society is again recognized as the fundamental, essential, and vital one that it always has been. For as mother, woman represents the focal point of time and eternity and the perpetual triumph of life over death.

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Atlantic Portrait

In the fifth volume of his autobiography, which is to be published in the autumn under the title Noble Essences, SIR OSBERT SITWELL *has drawn for us the portraits of the authors and artists — some older than himself, some his contemporaries — who were his friends as he entered literature. The first of the three people of "talent, wit or genius" whom we shall present in preview is Wilfred Owen, that great English poet of War and Pity.*

WILFRED OWEN

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

WILFRED OWEN! This is a name that has gathered a continual accretion of fire. It glows. It lives clothed in flame. . . . On the day when at last the news came that the Second World War was over, under circumstances so terrible and portentous as to overshadow any feeling of happiness; in that strange desert of a holiday created for public rejoicing in which there yet could exist no feeling of joy, certain lines drifted into my mind: —

Red lips are not so red
  As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O Love, your eyes lose lure
  When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

For an instant, I could not remember who had written them, and then, with the shock that comes when one recognizes another of the distorted repetitions of history, I identified them, and in consequence today take up my pen to salute, across the intervening gap of over thirty years, the genius of a poet killed at the end of the First World War. So long ago: yet it was just such a summer day as this when I last saw him.

I did not know Wilfred Owen for long, hardly for more than a year, I suppose, but the friendships we possessed in common, notably with Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Ross, and the fact that we were deeply in sympathy in our views concerning the war and its conduct soon matured our relationship.

He was swift to seize the point and character of those with whom he came in contact, and eager, further, that glory should crown all whom he met in this world fresh to him, into which he had been introduced by Siegfried Sassoon, whose poetry he admired no less than the courage, physical and moral, and in two opposite respects, with which Sassoon had faced the war. And here we approach one of the characteristics that distinguished Owen. He manifested a tremendous capacity for admiration, for reverence; a quality which perhaps every poet, however much of a rebel he may be in other directions, must needs possess. It showed in his conduct towards contemporaries and elders no less than in his attitude towards the great who had gone before. It sounds from much of his early verse; in the last stanza, for example, of the poem he wrote in the summer of 1912, when he was nineteen, "On Seeing a Lock of Keats' Hair."

It is a lock of Adonais' hair!
I dare not look too long; nor try to tell
What glories I see glistening, glistening there.
The unanointed eye cannot perceive their spell.
Turn ye to Adonais; his great spirit seek.
  O hear him; he will speak!

It seems, then, only just that in return we should show reverence to, and exalt the memory of, this great poet, and those of us fortunate enough to have known him can best accomplish this by sifting our recollections of him, and by trying to describe him as he was, even superficially, how he looked, how he talked — a task all the more necessary because his surviving friends daily grow fewer. Indeed that I have not brought myself to the portraying of him before is because the cruelty of Fate, which deprived England of a poet of such stature when he was twenty-five, prevented me for many years from wishing to look back in that particular direction.

The quality of greatness that differentiates him from other war poets is in the truth both of his poetry and of his response to war. If he can be properly called a War Poet — since, greater than that, he was a Poet — he may be the only writer who answers truly to that description; the first, as he may be the last, for the very phrase *War Poet* indicates a strange twentieth-century phenomenon, the attempt to combine two incompatibles. There had been no War Poets in the Peninsular, Crimean, or Boer wars. But war had suddenly become transformed by the effort of scientist and mechanician into something so infernal, so inhuman, that it

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was recognized that only their natural enemy, the poet, could pierce through the armor of horror with which they were encased, to the pity at the human core; only the poet could steadily contemplate the struggle at the level of tragedy. . . . The invention of the atomic bomb again changed these values: for war has once more altered its character, and an Atomic-Bomb Poet is one not to be thought of. . . .

No, Owen was a *poet* — a War Poet only because the brief span of his maturity coincided with a war of hitherto unparalleled sweep, viciousness, and stupidity. Alone of contemporary poets he fused, without confusing, the thoughts and emotions of war; but his compassionate heart could have been moved by other matters to the same profound and poignant expression.

His feelings about the struggle in which he was involved are stated by implication in his finest poems; they are summarized more forthrightly still in the following passage from a letter he wrote while in hospital in the spring of 1917: —

> Already I have comprehended a light which never will filter into the dogma of any national church: namely, that one of Christ's essential commands was: passivity at any price! Suffer dishonour and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill. It may be a chimerical and an ignominious principle, but there it is. It can only be ignored, and I think pulpit professionals are ignoring it very skilfully and successfully indeed. . . . And am I not myself a conscientious objector with a very seared conscience? . . . Christ is literally in "no man's land." There men often hear His voice: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend. Is it spoken in English only and French? I do not believe so. Thus you see how pure Christianity will not fit in with pure patriotism.

In a document found among his papers — a curious, fragmentary work of genius intended as a preface for his unpublished poems, and composed at the Front in the weeks immediately before he was killed — he writes: —

> Above all I am not concerned with Poetry.
> My subject is War, and the pity of War.
> The Poetry is in the Pity.
> . . . All a poet can do to-day is warn. That is why the true poet to-day must be truthful.

"The Poetry is in the Pity." Yes, but it is also, in Owen's case, in the poetry. It is through the poetry of it that Pity makes her voice heard. All through his poems, even those he wrote when a boy, runs not only the same deeply flowing stream of feeling, but the same individual music, both like and unlike that of the great poets at the beginning of the previous century, of whom he was the heir. As a poet, he advanced, moreover, both in content and technique, by natural degrees from the conventional to the original, instead of beginning, as do so many writers, by being original when young and then lapsing later into the academic. His use of assonances was a profound modification of traditional English verse usage, and found its perfect expression in the most famous and the most moving of his poems, "Strange Meeting," as great a poem as exists in our tongue. Let us turn then,

> Turn ye to Adonais; his great spirit seek.
> O hear him; he will speak!

What do we hear; what are the young to hear from him?

> . . . Whatever hope is yours,
> Was my life also; I went hunting wild
> After the wildest beauty in the world,
> Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
> But mocks the steady running of the hour,
> And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
> For by my glee might many men have laughed,
> And of my weeping something had been left,
> Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
> The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
> Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
> Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
> They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
> None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.

2

The material facts of Wilfred Owen's short life are soon told. He was born at Plas Wilmot, Oswestry, on March 18, 1893. Even in his earliest years, he loved, as we might have presumed, the sound of words: for his mother said, "He was always a very thoughtful, imaginative child — not very robust, and never cared for games. As a little child his greatest pleasure was for me to read to him, even after he could read himself." He was educated at the Birkenhead Institute across the river from Liverpool, to which city his family had moved. About the age of thirteen or fourteen, he showed a passionate desire for learning, and began to reveal the great power that poetry exercised over him — though a poem he wrote when he was twenty tells us that it had been at Broxton by the Hill, where he went for a holiday when he was ten, that he first felt his boyhood fill

> With uncontainable movements; there was born
> My poethood . . .

Between his fourteenth and sixteenth years he spent two holidays in France, a country for which he developed a great affection. In 1910, he matriculated at the London University. His early verses, written with the greatest diffidence at this time, reflect his continual reading of Keats, and the adoration he cherished for him. In 1913, a serious illness led to his seeking a more equable winter climate in France, where he accepted an

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engagement as tutor at Bordeaux — a post he filled for some two years.

This period must have been most important in his development; he was keenly appreciative of the beauty of the mountains; and he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Laurent Tailhade, the poet. Tailhade, it is clear from the work of both of them, exercised no direct influence upon the young man. Indeed, there is little sign in his work of any influences save those of Shakespeare, the Bible, and Keats — especially Keats: and this is unexpected, because of all the poets of the English Romantic age he was the most perfect, and therefore, you would have presumed, the least likely quarry for others to work; because it is generally the great but incomplete poet who is the father of those to come. This by the way. . . . No doubt Tailhade's conversation and his knowledge of the French literary world were of the greatest interest to Owen. It was plainly a happy interval, and his poems written at this time show a light and gaiety that events were soon to deny to them forever. In July, 1914, the last month of the last year of the old world, he wrote the poem beginning

> Leaves
> Murmuring by myriads in the shimmering trees.
> Lives
> Wakening with wonder in the Pyrenees.
> Birds
> Cheerily chirping in the early day.
> Bards
> Singing of summer scything thro' the hay.
> Bees
> Shaking the heavy dews from bloom and frond.
> Boys
> Bursting the surface of the ebony pond.
> Flashes
> Of swimmers carving thro' the sparkling cold.
> Fleshes
> Gleaming with wetness to the morning gold.

During this score of months he grew to understand the French way of thinking, and to learn to talk and write in French; though about this accomplishment he remained typically diffident.

Owen's professional contract prevented him from returning until 1915, and in that year he came home and joined the Artists' Rifles; being gazetted later to the Manchester Regiment. He was posted to the Second Battalion on the Somme front, where sharp fighting was already in progress, in January, 1917. His letters of the time present with perfect veracity and consummate skill the life of the infantry officer of those years in France and Flanders. Each war produces its own particular harvest of horrors for the soldier, and those of the 1914–1918 struggle — in addition to such flimsy but none the less abiding troubles as that which the poet notes in the words "Since I set foot on Calais quays I have not had dry feet" — were boredom, mud, and, in especial, No Man's Land, the space between the enemy trenches and our own. Of this, since it is important to realize out of what suffering the fullness of his poetry was born, I give the following description from one of Owen's letters: —

> It is like the eternal place of gnashing of teeth; the Slough of Despond could be contained in one of its crater-holes; the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah could not light a candle to it — to find the way to Babylon the Fallen. It is pock-marked like a body of foulest disease, and its odour is the breath of cancer. I have not seen any dead. I have done worse. In the dank air I have *perceived* it, and in the darkness, *felt*. . . . No Man's Land under snow is like the face of the moon, chaotic, crater-ridden, uninhabitable, awful, the abode of madness. . . .

3

After months of hard service and almost intolerable cold — for the winter of 1916–1917 was particularly severe — Owen was taken into No. 1 General Hospital suffering from neurasthenia, and probably from concussion, the result of a fall into a cellar, of being blown up, and of exhaustion. Thence he was sent first to the Welsh Hospital at Netley, and finally to the Craiglockhart War Hospital for nervous cases, near Edinburgh — an establishment housed in a building which he compared to "a decayed hydro." Here he led an active life, lecturing and editing the hospital magazine, and took lessons in German — no doubt to prepare himself for future intercourse with the Germans, the majority of whom he held to be fellow victims of war — from Mr. Frank Nicholson, the then librarian of Edinburgh University, who gave to Mr. Edmund Blunden a most living account of him as he was at this time. In it he describes how Owen took him out to tea, after one of these lessons, in a café, the only occasion on which they were alone and able to speak freely. He had on him a collection of photographs of mutilated and wounded men which he had made in order to bring home to the unimaginative the horrors that others faced for them. Owen spoke of them to Nicholson, and started to raise his hand to his breast pocket to bring them out, but then, suddenly realizing perhaps that his companion was not one to whom it was necessary to emphasize the horrors of war, refrained.

Later on the same occasion he spoke to Nicholson — and this is important — on the problem of literary form, and how he believed that he had discovered a medium for himself through the substitution of a play of vowels for pure rhyme. (In this connection it must be remarked that quite apart from the mastery in the matter of assonances and dissonances which his work shows, and that can only be the result of long practice, many of

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his early poems manifest his preoccupation with this technical device.) In a letter to me, Nicholson says: —

> What really drew me to him so strongly was the beauty of his personality. I bear a certain grudge against myself for not having, on the occasion to which you refer, pursued the subject of his "new" poetic technique more sympathetically and more intelligently than I did. I fancy he was then more or less feeling his way toward that vowel-music which he made so peculiarly his own and used with such tremendous effect in some of his later war poems. When he spoke to me of enlarging the older traditional rhyme-range of English verse in this fashion I could only think of such freedoms as poets like Tennyson had occasionally indulged in — for example in some of the Lady of Shalott stanzas — and I failed to grasp how immensely different in character Owen's experiments were. . . .

During the first weeks at Craiglockhart, Owen was depressed. On August 8 he wrote: —

> . . . I am a sick man in hospital, by night; a poet, for quarter of an hour after breakfast; I am whatever and whoever I see while going down to Edinburgh on the train: greengrocer, policeman, shopping lady, errand-boy, paper-boy, blind man, crippled Tommy, bank-clerk, carter, all of these in half an hour; next a German student in earnest. . . .

At this very moment of his life's lowest ebb there arrived in the same hospital a new patient, Siegfried Sassoon, whose celebrated book of poems, *The Old Huntsman*, had recently made its appearance. Owen admired the newcomer, his work, and the moral courage of his pacifism — which, indeed, was in part responsible for his being in the sanatorium — equally.

The younger man summoned up his courage and called on Sassoon. He showed him some poems, and persuaded him, too, to give some of his work to the hospital magazine, which Owen was editing. *The Hydra*, as it was called, was thus privileged to publish two famous poets of the war. . . . The friendship that started in this manner gave Owen hope, and a new vision of life, so that from now onward, in the short year that opened up before him, his full stature, which grew continually until the end, was revealed. Within a year, everything was changed; he now both understood his own capacity and was sure of his strength. Two years before he had written: —

> *To be able* to write as *I know how to*, study is necessary: a period of study, then of intercourse with kindred spirits, then of isolation. My heart is ready, but my brain unprepared, and my hand untrained.

But now, in November, 1917, in a letter to Siegfried Sassoon, he says: —

> Know that . . . I held you as Keats + Christ + Elijah + my Colonel + my father-confessor + Amenophis IV in profile. What's that mathematically? . . . If you consider what the above names have severally done for me, you will know what you are doing. And you have *fixed* my Life — however short. You did not light me: I was always a mad comet; but you have fixed me. I spun round you a satellite for a month, but I shall swing out soon, a dark star in the orbit where you will blaze. . . .

For all the modesty of demeanor and manner that showed so touchingly when one met him, he possessed, as every poet must possess, his ambitions: in his own words "lesser than Macbeth's and greater, not so happy but much happier." . . . Now they were realized. On the last day of the last year he was to complete — 1917 — he wrote to his mother: —

> And so I have come to the true measure of man. I am not dissatisfied [with] my years. Everything has been done in bouts: Bouts of awful labour at Shrewsbury and Bordeaux; bouts of amazing pleasure in the Pyrenees, and play at Craiglockhart; bouts of religion at Dunsden; bouts of horrible danger on the Somme; bouts of poetry always; of your affection always; of sympathy for the oppressed always. I go out of this year a poet, my dear mother, as which I did not enter it. I am held peer by the Georgians; I am a poet's poet. I am started. The tugs have left me; I feel the great swelling of the open sea taking my galleon. . . .

(Alas, he sailed the open sea for only a few more months — ten, to be precise — but in that time produced imperishable poems.)

4

Though to Siegfried Sassoon belongs the glory of having discovered Wilfred Owen, and of having helped him and launched him, it was through Robert Ross that I first heard of the new poet. The younger men who would be found at Robbie's were usually writers and often poets, and he would often ask me to come and meet them. I was not surprised, therefore, when, in September, 1917, he telephoned to me and invited me to come round to his rooms in Half-Moon Street the next evening after dinner. He said it was very important, and when I inquired why, he told me that a newly discovered poet called Wilfred Owen, a friend whom Siegfried had met at Craiglockhart, was dining with him at the Reform, and that he wanted me to meet him. He gave promise of being a remarkable poet, Robert Ross added, and he asked me especially "not to frighten him" for he was the most diffident and sensitive of men.

Accordingly, I went round at the hour named, and there, in the comfortable warmth of Robbie's sitting room, I saw a young officer of about my age — he was three months younger than myself — of sturdy, medium build, and wearing a khaki uniform. His face was rather broad, and I think

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its most unusual characteristics were the width of eyes and forehead, and the tawny, rather sanguine skin, which proclaimed, as against the message of his eyes — deep in color, and dark in their meaning — a love of life and a poet's enjoyment of air and light. His features were mobile but determined, and his hair short and of a soft brown. His whole appearance, in spite of what he had been through, gave the impression of being somewhat young for his age, and, though he seemed perfectly sure of himself, it was easy to perceive that by nature he was shy.

His voice — what does his voice sound like across the years? A soft modulation, even-toned, but with a warmth in it (I almost hear it now), a well-proportioned voice that signified a sense of justice and of compassion. With his contemporaries he talked with ease. Only in the presence of such literary nabobs of the period as Wells and Bennett could he scarcely bring himself to speak; and this silence, apart from being rooted in his natural modesty and good manners, was due, I think, to the immense esteem in which he held literature and those who practiced the profession of author. His residence in France may have deepened this attitude of respect, and almost awe, which had in it nothing of the Englishman's casual approach to books. To him they were all-important, while poetry was the very crown of life, and constituted its meaning.

His visits to London from Scarborough, whither he had been posted on leaving Craiglockhart at the end of October, 1917, were infrequent. Scarborough was a town I had known intimately since childhood, and to which, a year later, I was to return to stand as parliamentary candidate; and when Owen and I met in London, I would — for I had not been in the North for two or three years past — ask him about the place, what damage the bombardment had done, and what the life in it was like in wartime conditions. It was a place for which he had formed no liking, and in a letter he wrote the following year he says: —

> . . . But this morning at 8.20 we heard a boat torpedoed in the bay, about a mile out, they say who saw it. I think only ten lives were saved. I wish the Boche would have the pluck to come right in and make a clean sweep of the pleasure boats, and the promenaders on the Spa, and all the . . . Leeds and Bradford war profiteers now reading *John Bull* on Scarborough sands.

In July, 1918, Wilfred Owen wrote me the letter which I interpolate here as a good example of his style as letter writer. I had sent him an epigram I had composed on Clemenceau, at the time French Premier. Whenever catastrophe threatened to overwhelm the Allied cause, as frequently it did in 1917 and 1918, and whatever the extent of human suffering involved, inevitably in the English papers some such reassuring sentence as this would appear: "On being informed of these happenings Monsieur Clemenceau announced that he was fully satisfied" . . . "Ill Winds," as the epigram was called, remained unpublished.

It ran —

Up on the Cross, in ugly agony,
The Son of Man hung dying — and the roar
Of earthquakes rent the solemn sky
Already thundering its wrath, and tore
The dead from out their tombs. . . . Then Jesus died —
But Monsieur Clemenceau is fully satisfied!

I give this poem and the foregoing facts to explain the reference in the letter that follows: —

Dear Osbert Sitwell,

I rehearsed your very fine Epigram upon our Mess President — rather a friend of mine. He did not immediately recognise Jesus. The rest of the Mess would not of course know the name of Monsieur Clemenceau. (To my mind this would be no indication of any man's ignorance of affairs.) May I send "Ill Winds" to a French youth who might translate and circulate it where it would be appreciated?

Always hoping to find an hour in which to copy out and generally denebulise a few poems acceptable to you either as Editor or — may I not say — friend — I have delayed this letter so long. Tonight there is only time for a tedious brief speech with you before the mind wakes up for its only amusement these days — dreams.

For 14 hours yesterday I was at work — teaching Christ to lift his cross by numbers, and how to adjust his crown; and not to imagine he thirst till after the last halt; I attended his Supper to see that there were no complaints; and inspected his feet that they should be worthy of the nails. I see to it that he is dumb and stands at attention before his accusers. With a piece of silver I buy him every day, and with maps I make him familiar with the topography of Golgotha.

Last week I broke out of Camp to order *Wheels*, 1917. Lightfoots refused to stock copies. I persisted so long that the Young Lady loudly declared she knew all along that I was "Osbert himself." This caused a consternation throughout the crowded shop; but I got the last laugh by — "No, Madam; the book is by a friend of mine, Miss Sitwell."

Smith's people would not order a single copy without deposit!

Is the 1918 vol. designed to go on the caterpillar wheels of Siegfried's Music Hall Tank? If so I might help with the ammunition. Would you like some short War Poems, or what? Please give me a final date for submitting them to you.

I very much look forward to meeting you again, and if it be in Scarborough the pleasure will be that of all snatched joys. I am incarcerated more strictly than you imagine. Westborough is now a weekly ambition. The Spa is beyond my hopes. This is the beginning of decadence. As is proved by my Father's message on hearing I was G. S.: "gratified to know you are normal again."

Very sympathetically yours,
W. E. S. Owen

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A little later he sent me the poems of which he spoke; among them his magnificent "Mental Cases": —

> Who are these? Why sit they here in twilight?
> Wherefore rock they, purgatorial shadows. . . .

The others are "Disabled," "Parable of the Old Men and the Young," "The Last Laugh," "The Last Word," "Soldiers' Dreams," "Arms and the Boy," and an early poem, untitled, beginning,

> Long ages past, in Egypt thou wert worshipped
> And thou wert wrought from ivory and beryl.

"The Last Laugh" and "The Last Word" are very similar versions of the same unpublished poem, and are not among the first rank of his work. The early poem and "Soldiers' Dreams" also remain unpublished. . . . And each of the rest presents variations from the published text. But this was not unusual with Owen, for many manuscript versions exist of nearly all his poems. The version I possess of "Mental Cases" offers an interesting alternative three lines for the four that appear as the end of the poem in the book *The Poems of Wilfred Owen*. The published version runs: —

> — Thus their hands are plucking at each other;
> Picking at the rope-knouts of their scourging;
> Snatching after us who smote them, brother,
> Pawing us who dealt them war and madness.

whereas in my copy it is: —

> Thus their fingers pick and pluck each other,
> Picking the hard scourge that scourged them, brother,
> Plucking us who dealt them war and madness.

The last time I saw Wilfred Owen was on an afternoon of full summer, a Saturday in July, 1918. He had let me know that he was coming to London, and I had been able to arrange to take him and Siegfried Sassoon to hear Violet Gordon Woodhouse play the harpsichord and clavichord, and she made the afternoon stand out as an oasis in the desert of war. For over two hours she played Bach, Mozart, and the early English composers to us, as only she could play them. Wilfred Owen felt deeply the appeal of music, as will be seen from a letter he wrote to his mother in 1914: —

> I certainly believe I could make a better musician than many who profess to be, and are accepted as such. Mark, I do not for a moment call myself a musician, nor do I suspect I ever shall be, but there! I love music, with such *strength* that I have to conceal the passion for fear it be thought weakness. . . .

It can be imagined, then, with what rapture he heard this exquisite music rendered as it should be; he was dazed with happiness at the fire and audacity of the player.

After hearing Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, and I went back to my house in Swan Walk — or rather we first sat in the Physic Garden opposite, under the mulberry trees. (This privilege we were only accorded through my friendship with my neighbor, the guardian; for visitors, except members of the Apothecaries' Society, are not really allowed within the precincts.) We walked across to the house for tea and then returned to sit in the Garden. It was the ideal of a summer afternoon: various shrubs, late-flowering magnolias and the like, were in blossom, there was a shimmer and flutter in the upper leaves, and a perfection of contentment and peacefulness, unusual in the tense atmosphere of a hot day in London, especially during a war, breathed over the scene. So listlessly happy was Owen that he could not bring himself to leave the Garden to go to the station and catch the train he had arranged to take.

That afternoon, so untouched by premonition, was yet full of lamentable fate. Those persons who, thinking he was not yet fit for foreign service, were seeking to find him a post at home, suddenly desisted. Had they continued, Wilfred Owen might well be alive today; but within a week he was ordered to attend for medical inspection, and knew that he was going out to France again. "I am glad," he wrote. "That is I am much gladder to be going out again than afraid. I shall be better able to cry my outcry, playing my part. . . ." A little more than a month later, he embarked once more for France. He rejoined his old battalion, and after winning the Military Cross in October, he was killed in an attempt to cross the Sambre Canal, on November 4, a week before the Armistice was proclaimed.

It was some weeks before his friends heard of his death: he had disappeared into the gray mists of those autumnal regions which had swallowed so many young lives — but never one that could be a greater loss to England than this. His death occurred many years ago now, but it is only a short period since one of his friends wrote to me: "I have found many letters lately of Wilfred Owen's, and looking back over the time since the last war, I see how much easier all our lives would have been if he had lived. . . ." These words bear true witness, both to his influence on his friends and to their feeling for him.

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The G.P.

A surgeon who graduated from the School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1933, CALEB SMITH, M.D., *explores with courage and candor the standards of the general practitioner in the United States. In his own career, Dr. Smith has had the good luck to combine the advantages of the small town with the stimulus that comes from teaching and hospital work. He is assistant professor of surgery at the University of Rochester School of Medicine, Rochester, New York, and chief of surgery in the Bradford Hospital, Bradford, Pennsylvania.*

HOW GOOD IS YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR?

by CALEB SMITH, M.D.

1

THE public has been told, until it must be weary of hearing it, that American Medicine is the best in the world. But what is meant by American Medicine (the kind spelled with capital letters for propaganda purposes) is medicine as it is practiced by the staff of a medical school in a university hospital, and this service can be offered to only a relatively small number of people. The large majority of our population receive medical care from general practitioners, and very little specific and reliable information on the quality of medical service offered by general practitioners is available.

Prior to entering practice in a small town, I had never worked with any doctors other than those on university staffs. For many months I was therefore confused by — and I must have been both amusing and confusing to — my new colleagues. Before opening my office I paid a call on every doctor in the vicinity, and let me confess it, in view of the frequent criticisms of the public for its inability to discern between the incompetent and competent doctor, I was often wrong in my first impressions. In fact I was most taken, what with his immaculate white coat and pince-nez glasses, with a man who is generally conceded to be our poorest — and possibly most prosperous — general practitioner.

After about a year, however, I had learned most phases of the general practitioner pattern, and was unhappy about many of my findings. At times I was tempted to abandon the whole project, but somehow or other I stayed on, and came to enjoy, after a time, the gratifying pleasures of small-town practice as I had originally envisaged them. And among these pleasures I cannot refrain from mentioning the satisfaction of knowing, especially while visiting some excellent metropolitan clinic, that the work is being done just as well, and sometimes better, at home.

In ten years I have known intimately the professional life of thirty general practitioners. Five of them I can dismiss, perhaps too briefly, by saying that they are what their teachers in medical school wished them to be. They do an enormous amount of work, averaging at least seventy hours weekly, year in and year out; they possess a sound enough knowledge of all fields of medicine either to give their patients good medical care or to direct them to it; nothing is able to dull their inquisitive, active minds; and although they are often known as frank people, they have the respect of the townspeople and every specialist who is privileged to work with them.

The other twenty-five general practitioners, or over 80 per cent of those I have known, I wish to discuss and analyze in some detail, and unless otherwise noted it is to them that I shall henceforth refer when I use the term general practitioner. Some of these men were old in their practices when I began; several were young doctors who gradually drifted into the ways of the older men.

By the very nature of his work, a general practitioner must see many patients each day. If the patients are to receive reasonable benefits from their short visits, the general practitioner must exercise consummate skill. And the general practitioner, of all doctors, has had the least formal training, thus rendering his task doubly difficult. The second factor militating against the general practitioner, and happily it is a lesser one, in my experience, is a desire to make money. Usually the two factors are blended in varying proportions, and often very subtly, in each general practitioner, whether he sees only a few or as many as sixty patients daily.

Considering all the technical advances made by medicine in the past half century, the most valuable means of arriving at a correct diagnosis is still an accurate history of the patient's illness and a complete physical examination. Both these procedures are time-consuming; in fact, if they are rushed, they become not only worthless but actually con-

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fusing. The skillful general practitioner never loses sight of these valuable diagnostic means. Of course, he can almost never devote sufficient time to complete history and physical examination at the first visit, but he does the most salient parts of each at that time, and elaborates on both at subsequent visits, until finally his study is complete.

The ordinary general practitioner, because of difficulties already noted, with a feeling of lonely isolation abandons the whole arduous task, and resorts to what is known as *symptomatic treatment.* It is so much easier and quicker. He listens to enough of the patient's story to convince the latter of his interest; does what physical examination, if any, is necessary to impress the patient; and prescribes not on the basis of a tentative diagnosis, but on the basis of symptoms. For example, when the patient with a chronic cough seeks the advice of a doctor who practices symptomatic treatment, he is promptly dismissed with a prescription for a cough medicine.

On a second visit in symptomatic treatment it is even harder to make a proper start, if there were a desire for one, because the easier pattern has been set and the patient might become suspicious of what occurred at the first visit. If, as rarely happens, some laboratory work seems indicated to maintain the patient's confidence, the general practitioner finds himself in another quandary: since he has no tentative diagnosis, it is impossible to choose appropriate tests. The interpretation of laboratory work under such circumstances is of course utterly impossible, and is likely to result in confusing future efforts at diagnosis. Adequate office and hospital records are not kept, because of the work involved, and this is just as well, for records of symptomatic treatment are worse than worthless. Because no sound working diagnosis has been established, it is not possible to conceive any logical plan for the hospital study or treatment of the more ill patients.

Under these conditions the general practitioner sends patients to the hospital either because they are obviously moribund, or because they are not doing well as ambulatory patients under symptomatic treatment, and are making such a nuisance of themselves that the doctor cannot comply with their demands for attention without sacrificing a disproportionate amount of his time and income. Most requests for hospital admissions by general practitioners are not therefore of an emergency nature, and a busy hospital, with a great demand for its beds, cannot comply with these requests. At the same time, the general practitioner sees his more competent colleagues admitting patients to the hospital regularly and without difficulty; does not understand how they are able, with a working diagnosis, to make reservations for them one or two weeks in advance; and complains that the hospital is discriminating against general practitioners as a whole, and himself in particular.

It is an interesting economic aside that symptomatic treatment as a hospital procedure is a waste of money. When the governing board of our hospital established the policy of having a competent doctor at the head of each department, to check the diagnostic status of each charity patient and to determine whether or not, or for how long, he would be benefited by hospital care, our charity load was reduced by one half, resulting in the hospital's running in the black rather than the red, without curtailing needed hospital care to anyone.

2

Symptomatic treatment over a period of years leads to some bizarre practices which would baffle anyone who did not understand its pernicious course. When he abandons anatomic, physiologic, and pathologic diagnosis for a long period of time, the general practitioner actually loses contact with official medical nomenclature. His diagnoses become often unintelligible, and even a little fanciful, to the competent doctor. One general practitioner has degenerated to the extent that his diagnosis of any type of heart condition is apt to be "one of those heart things"; similarly, he also speaks of "kidney things" and "intestinal things"; and the major emphasis in all treatment is put on just "sitting tight."

Therapy in symptomatic treatment follows an amazing design that would astonish any teacher of therapeutics. Competent doctors in all fields usually prefer to use the standard medicines approved by the United States Pharmacopoeia, because by long and careful evaluation they have proved to be the most effective ones — and, incidentally, markedly less expensive than the patented proprietary medicines. As time goes by, general practitioners receive their medical education from detail men whom drug manufacturers send to visit most physicians, to describe and extol the virtues of their new proprietary drugs.

Gradually the general practitioner abandons the standard drugs for the more glamorously effective ones, accepting the word of the manufacturer rather than studying independent medical investigations of these products to determine whether or not the new drug is superior to a standard one. And the wonder drugs of today have been far from an unmixed blessing. It is an almost providential circumstance that penicillin has scarcely any serious toxic reactions, for the public's blind faith in it has been shamelessly exploited. Two instances come to mind: a general practitioner (he of the pince-nez) was administering penicillin to a patient with a chronic rheumatic condition and to another with a functional menstrual disorder. The drug was obviously of no benefit in either case, but it required rare imagination to prescribe it. With the likelihood of various hormones of the body, par-

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ticularly those of the adrenal gland, becoming available for therapeutic purposes in the near future, a grave danger to the public exists. These substances exert a variety of profound influences upon the body, and the possibility of toxic side-reactions is real. What havoc might result if there was not currently such a scarcity of cortisone (the potent adrenal gland hormone effective in one type of arthritis) that it is distributed by a committee of experts only to competent specialists!

The record of the general practitioner's intellectual contribution to his hospital is one of apathetic omission and, at times, of actual obstruction. Rarely can he be induced to attend scientific meetings, except by the enforcement of sound staff regulations. His refusal to present a scientific paper is absolute, although it probably should be excused on the basis of inability. Recently, when our hospital's national approval — and hence its school of nursing, cancer clinic, and other valuable departments — was jeopardized by the negligence of general practitioners in keeping adequate records and attending scientific staff meetings, some of the general practitioners asked in open meeting why the governing board should require them to perform such duties, since "they got nothing out of it." They seemed to lack a conception of, or cared nothing about, the vital position a hospital plays in community health.

Categorically, this has been my experience with over 80 per cent of the general practitioners I have known professionally in the past ten years. Many examples of their work come to mind, and one or two should be mentioned to condemn specifically symptomatic treatment. I realize there is a popular illusion among the laity that such exposés are contrary to professional ethics, but I must point out that the code of ethics adopted by the American Medical Association urges every doctor to expose improper practices ruthlessly. A middle-aged woman visited her general practitioner because of pelvic bleeding. No examination was made, the cause was evidently assumed to be menopausal bleeding of the functional type, and the patient was given a weekly injection of a sex hormone for about six months. Since the bleeding did not abate under this therapy, the patient consulted another doctor. A simple examination, a smear for tumor cells, and a biopsy which were done at once established the diagnosis: cancer of the neck of the womb. Another patient whose striking pallor would have suggested anemia to a layman was not examined, did not have a blood count, but was given periodic injections of liver for several months. A second doctor, in the course of a complete physical examination, discovered an obvious abdominal mass, which on X-ray examination of the intestinal tract proved to be a cancer of the right colon, a notorious cause of anemia in adults.

Tragic cases such as these are far outnumbered by relatively benign ones; for the great majority of patients who consult general practitioners have less serious, in fact often trifling, conditions. A few cases have their ludicrous side; a general practitioner told a woman she was pregnant, followed her through her prenatal care without an examination that would check his diagnosis, and finally admitted her to the hospital for delivery — only to discover that her husband's skepticism had been well founded, and that she would have little use for the layette she had purchased. The best that can be said for symptomatic treatment is that it is an expensive hoax.

3

Now for the brighter side: what can be done about it. Two approaches appeal to me. The first one, inducing well-trained men to come to small communities, I have seen succeed. The second, improving the quality of the general practitioner, on which I have seen a small beginning made, I hope to see accomplished.

Let's begin with the first method. In my ten years of practice, I have induced six doctors, whose training permitted them to be certified as specialists by their respective American Boards, to practice in my locality. In nearly all cases I offered them financial support. One left after a very successful year of practice to assume a full professorship; another left because his manner of living was more suited to urban than to rural living; four have stayed and succeeded.

What makes a well-trained doctor hesitate to come to a small community? The best practice of medicine depends on a state of mind. In the course of the three to five years of formal training which the specialist is required to take beyond the ordinary medical education, it is his pleasure and privilege to work with some honest, active, and disciplined minds — minds that have learned to collect evidence accurately, to weigh it with discrimination, and to arrive at sound conclusions. One name for this whole process, and one toward which mankind is apt to feel unkindly in this day, is the scientific attitude. Although he admires the results he sees it produce, he comes to admire more the attitude itself, until it becomes for him a way of life in which he finds a happy satisfaction.

Imagine, then, the dispiritedness that must come over him when he visits a small town and gets an inkling of the prevalent standard of medical practice. He is likely to find no associates or competitors who practice in the same manner that he does; no consultation facilities; no scientific meetings or lectures; unreliable laboratories; no library. All of which seems to mean abandoning the very things which hard training has led him to respect, to enjoy, and to live by. I have seen these circumstances win out more than once.

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If, however, there is one well-trained man — preferably more than one — already in town with whom he can associate himself professionally, the young specialist is much more likely to stay.

After the young man begins practice in the small community, he has yet to face another disheartening circumstance. When the scientifically apathetic general practitioner divines that the normally uneventful relationship between him and his patients is threatened by some perverse interloper who has come to town from a university hospital, he is capable of a surprising degree of passive resistance. And when he is threatened by what seems to be actual loss of some of his patients (which he regards as his private property), he arouses himself to active resistance. I have seen general practitioners, in what they considered to be a face-saving maneuver, send patients in need of careful study some 150 miles to visit a specialist, when an equally competent man was practicing only a few blocks away. Another favorite practice with them is to seek consultation on only charity or very neurotic patients. The latter, when referred back to their general practitioner, have it carefully pointed out to them that the consultant did not find anything wrong either — an obvious effort to induce the patient to discredit the consultant, but a pathetic sort of reverse psychotherapy for the patient.

The competent minority of general practitioners welcome specialists as fellow practitioners. I have seen them coöperate with specialists to the great benefit of their patients. The remarkable side product of such consultations is a marked increase in the prestige, to say nothing of the actual competence, of the general practitioner. Patients do not look upon his practice of seeking consultation as an indication of ignorance, but rather as a high degree of concern for their welfare, which gives them an added confidence in him professionally. The incompetent general practitioner looks upon consultation within the area in which he practices as a confession of ignorance that might result in a loss of private property. Once again, we are up against a basic attitude of mind. In my own locality, experience is gradually changing it. This can change in other small towns, too; and as it does, well-trained young men will be encouraged to come into them.

The staff by-laws of a small hospital and the attitudes of the hospital administrator and the governing board of the hospital are also telling factors in the decision of the young specialist to come to a small community. The progressive improvements in medical service, in which every doctor should hope to participate, to say nothing of downright reforms, are impossible without sound staff by-laws and the coöperation of the hospital administrator and governing board.

The problem of staff by-laws is best explained by presenting the three commonest patterns, using general surgery as an example. In the hospital where I serve, any doctor who has had four years of training in general surgery in a nationally recognized institution will be given the privilege of practicing general surgery in the hospital, provided he is of good character. This is the sound and fair policy. A young surgeon will at once recognize that his associates and competitors have a background similar and equal to his; that he will not be required to work with incompetent self-styled surgeons; and that there are possibilities of working in a first-class department of surgery. He will be tempted to practice in such a town.

The second type of staff by-law is discriminatory. It ensures the hospital's having an inbred and non-progressive staff, and almost precludes a well-trained man's coming to town. This plan requires every surgeon who wishes to practice in the hospital to serve one, and often two, years as a resident physician under the existing surgical staff of the hospital, even though his training may be, and often is, superior to, as well as more recent than, that of any member of the present surgical staff. This plan is purportedly a measure to "protect" the townspeople from a young surgeon, but it is obviously for the protection of the existing surgical staff. Such a town deserves what it gets.

The third plan makes a pretense of containing sound regulations, but it is actually a travesty of them. It allows a doctor who aspires to be a surgeon to assist an older surgeon, who has usually had no formal training. After a variable period of time, he may perform alone some of the so-called simpler operations. If he has the callousness or lack of intelligence to persist, he may in time perform any operation he desires. This plan is based on two false assumptions: that simple operations are never complex or fraught with dangers; and that after one has performed little operations improperly, one is entitled to perform major ones improperly. A well-trained surgeon will almost never consider entering practice in such a town. It is virtually impossible, under such a regime, to develop a first-rate department of surgery. And once the governing board of a hospital condones such regulations, it has a very difficult time amending them. In a near-by town, such an effort was recently made by the governing board, and the protests of the "persecuted" surgeons were overwhelming.

The possibility of closing hospital staffs to general practitioners in an effort to improve medical care in the hospital frequently comes up for discussion because it has certain merits, and it has proved feasible in cities which have more than one hospital. There is little open discussion of the matter at the moment, for it is very unpolitic at a time when political solidarity is vital to survival of organized medicine as it now exists.

Under this system, general practitioners would

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continue to do office and home practice, but they would refer patients needing hospital study and care to well-trained specialists, who in turn would confine their practice to hospital work. During the period of hospitalization, the general practitioner would have an opportunity, but without imposing any fees, to follow the patient's course. On discharge from the hospital, the general practitioner would again assume care of the patient, armed with a detailed report of the hospital studies and care. It is easy to envisage such a system resulting in improved medical care with no increase, and perhaps a decrease, in costs and with satisfaction for both patients and doctors. But it would work a grave injustice to the minority of competent general practitioners and would result in a loss of face for all of them, a circumstance that might well result in many patients being denied needed hospital study. Perhaps more important, it might further remove the general practitioner from contact with good practice and the opportunity to learn, an important aspect of the whole problem.

4

Fundamentally, the apathy and degeneration of the general practitioner result very largely from his intellectual isolation in the field of medicine. When our small hospital became associated with a university medical school, there was a distinct improvement in general practice; a few general practitioners blossomed forth in a relatively short time into excellent doctors, and in the majority of the cases there was appreciable improvement in the standard of practice. The causes of this improvement were both tangible and intangible. The feeling of professional isolation in the hospital was partially and rather suddenly dispelled; a degree of pride — often pathetic in its incipiency — in the caliber of professional work was noticeable on the part of the general practitioners. This change in professional atmosphere was of profound importance, for it tended to remedy specifically a fundamental defect in the incompetent general practitioner: his attitude of mind.

The reading of medical periodicals, too, began to be fashionable. Our hospital library was founded on a plan that is feasible for any small hospital. Several of us who were especially interested in having a workable library donated $1000 to make the first purchases, and arranged for each doctor to pledge at least $5 yearly for the purchase of a variety of periodicals covering the major fields of medicine. The hospital agreed, as its contribution, to bind the journals, which then became its property. General practitioners who had read no scientific literature for years began to delve into journals. Soon medical and surgical journal clubs were established, to review the current literature regularly.

Perhaps the greatest impetus to the improvement of the standard of medical practice was the coming to our hospital of the young doctors from the university hospital as part of their training. I only hope they are learning as much as they are teaching us. Nothing jolts, and then stimulates, the reposing mind like the questions of a young man intent upon learning. All our doctors became conscious that their work was being appraised. These young men routinely asked questions about patients, and when fuzzy answers were being made, healthy doubts began to creep into the minds of many of the general practitioners.

In my opinion, the rather experimental association of a medical school and a typical small-town hospital, in which I have participated, points the way to improve the standard of medical care. While having obvious limits, such a plan could easily be enlarged to include strategic hospitals throughout most states. And as a worth-while by-product in these times when institutions of higher learning are finding it necessary to ask the public for increasing financial aid, such an association would increase the service rendered to the people and enhance the prestige of the university. Of course, as in all democratic procedure, there is the danger of a stifling bureaucracy, but this should be a minor evil, compared with the benefits that would accrue to both patients and doctors. And any measure less than actual participation in a hospital by a university is apt to fail. Clinics and postgraduate courses for country cousins are likely to be ignored by those most needing them, or at best turned into social functions.

Another measure which I have heard discussed is the suggestion that all doctors, working as they are in a field that is constantly changing, should be required to undergo examination for licensure every five years. Here the evils of bureaucracy might well exceed the benefits; furthermore, Americans — and particularly doctors — have shown themselves allergic to compulsion, and much more amenable to persuasion.

In conclusion, I should like to pay tribute to the satisfaction of medical practice in a small town. When my professional friends from urban areas visit me, they frequently remark that I live figuratively in a goldfish bowl. This is true, and at times seems oppressive, but it is also another way of saying that a small-town doctor is held in almost flattering esteem by his townsmen, and that he is privileged to participate in community life in an enviable position.

In a small community the capable doctor can in a very short time achieve a sound and happy position that compares very favorably with that of the most successful urban doctor. Most gratifying of all, he knows that he is providing good medical care where it is most needed.

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Night baseball has filled many a park which would have been half empty under the blazing August sun; because of the gate receipts, certain big-league teams are now playing the vast majority of their home games at night during the summer months. But from the players themselves and from certain outspoken owners one hears very frank talk of how the game has deteriorated at night. EDWIN O'CONNOR, *who has scouted this opinion for us, is a Bostonian whose first novel is soon to be published by Harper.*

WHAT NIGHT DOES TO BASEBALL

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

1

NIGHT baseball, a sport usually defined as baseball which is played after sundown and with benefit of artificial rather than natural lighting, is without doubt one of the entertainment phenomena of our time. Virtually unknown twenty years ago, its growth has been so vigorous that, in 1950, 95 per cent of all teams in organized baseball play night baseball almost exclusively. Of the 1232 games to be played in the major leagues this year, more than a third will be played after dark; during the months of May, June, July, and August, such teams as the St. Louis Cardinals, the Washington Senators, the Boston Braves, and the St. Louis Browns have *voluntarily* scheduled not a single daytime game. (At the present time day games *must* be played on certain occasions: on Sundays, on days preceding double-headers, or when a night game will inconvenience the traveling team.) Nor has the peak been reached, for each year the number of night games increases, and since they are well attended by baseball fans, and since increased attendance in turn brings considerable profits to the baseball clubs themselves, it would seem that night baseball should be received with satisfaction and joy by baseball men everywhere.

Oddly enough, such has not been the case. While some major-league teams have been enthusiastic in their support of the night game, others have viewed it with emotions ranging from suspicion to outright hostility. The Chicago Cubs refuse to allow any night games to be played in their home park. The Detroit Tigers, the Boston Red Sox, the New York Yankees, and the New York Giants have severely limited the number of night games which may be played on their fields. These teams are opposed to playing night baseball on an unrestricted scale, and the owner of the Boston Red Sox, Thomas Yawkey, has clearly expressed their opposition.

"I think this idea of more and more night baseball is all wrong," he said recently. "The big reason is this: the game just isn't as good at night. I'm not saying that good baseball can't be played at night; I'm saying that by and large the consistent quality of play isn't as high. It can't be; no matter how good the lights are, they still throw things out of proportion. We play a few night games a year because the fans seem to want them, but we won't play more because I don't believe it's good for our ballplayers or for baseball as a whole. I'm not trying to tell any of the other clubs what to do; all I know is that we've reached our limit."

The fact seems to be that no matter how efficient the lighting systems in the ball parks, the players cannot see as well as they can in daylight. And when the players cannot see as well, they can neither hit nor field as well.

"I'll tell you the big difference to the infielder," said one shortstop. "You can't get the jump on the ball at night. In daylight, you see the ball as it's going to be hit, you see the angle of the bat, and you see the bat meet the ball. All this gives you a head start on where the ball's going to go. It all happens in a split second, but it's enough to give you that jump on the ball. At night you don't get it, because you really don't see the ball *hit* the bat; you see it after it *leaves* the bat, and that means you lose that much time. A lot of ground balls go through the infield at night that would be sure outs in the daytime. I've seen balls go by me that I would have eaten up in the afternoon; at night they're sure base hits. That's what the scorer calls them."

In the outfield, the problem of playing the ball under lights seems just as acute. A fielder who is regarded as among the best in the American League spoke feelingly on this subject not long ago.

"I don't like any part of it," he said. "At night I can't get started on the ball as soon; once I do get started I don't judge it as well. You hear about

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night ball being good for the fielders because there's no glare from the sun; all I know is that there's enough glare from those lights to take care of me. If you play the sun field in the daytime, the sun *is* tough sometimes, but so are the lights at night. And remember this: when you play in the day the sun isn't always out — there are some cloudy days. But nobody ever heard of a cloudy day in night ball!"

This loosening of defensive security should mean more substantial batting averages; but the batters have troubles of their own. Specifically, they are bothered by the combination of the lights and opposing pitchers, for night baseball, whatever it may not be, most certainly is a pitcher's delight.

"They're in the driver's seat all the way," said one veteran who, although a good hitter, feels that he would be a better one if he didn't have to face pitchers at night. "Under the lights, every pitcher's a potential twenty-game winner. And the funny thing is that the bad ones are helped more than the good. I mean by that that a really good pitcher — someone like Newhouser, or Feller, or Newcombe — can make trouble for you any time, lights or no lights, but some of these other fellows couldn't even play big-league ball except for the lights. I think the curve-ballers are helped most. At night you can't see that spin on the ball when you're hitting; all you can see is a white blur coming at you, and God only knows which way it's going to break. A fast-ball pitcher hasn't got as much advantage, but he's still got enough. You take your great hitters like Williams, Musial, DiMaggio: they'll hit at night and hit hard, but that's because they're the exceptions, the really great hitters who can hit anywhere, any time. For the rest of the boys, unless you have a lucky year, it can be pretty rough."

If vision and play are imperfect under the lights in the major leagues, they are much more so in the minors. Here, on the proving grounds for young ballplayers, the lighting systems seldom approach major-league standards; they range from the fair to the frankly comic. When the big-league teams seek to appraise the possibilities of a young ballplayer performing under these conditions, accurate judgment is sometimes difficult. On this point, see Joe Cronin, General Manager of the Red Sox.

"We hear that a boy is pitching well down South," he said, "so we send a scout down to take a peek at him. After a while, when we haven't heard from the scout, we send him a wire saying, 'How does he look?' Back comes the answer: 'Okay so far, but I can't tell yet. I've only seen him work under the lights.' And it's true: he can't tell, and neither can anyone else. This kid may be pitching in a park where they have six light bulbs on one side of the plate and seven on the other. He's a world-beater there, but what will he be when the hitters can see what he's throwing? Also, how's he going to learn to pitch, to really pitch, under those conditions? And how are all those other kids going to learn to hit? On all our minor-league clubs, we make sure that the boys get out there three and four afternoons a week, no matter how much night ball they play. That's the only way we can teach them anything, and when you come right down to it, that's the only way we can tell anything about them."

2

If the players themselves are sometimes dissatisfied with the conditions of play in night baseball, they are even less fond of the day-by-night schedule which the night sport has forced upon them.

"Every man's a Jolson these days," a catcher said to me recently. "In bed late and up at noon. When I get up in the morning I have a late breakfast and then, because we're playing that night and I can't eat right before the game, I eat again about three-thirty or four in the afternoon. The game starts at eight-thirty that night; it may be over at ten-thirty, maybe midnight. Who knows? Anyway, by the time I'm out of the park it's around midnight, I've just finished a big ball game, and I'm too wound up to go to sleep. Besides, I haven't eaten since that three-thirty meal and I'm hungry. So I eat another meal in any place that's open — and you should see some of the places that are open — and then I go back to the hotel and to bed. I get to sleep at two, maybe later, and then, because there's an afternoon game scheduled that day, I'm up again at ten. Great hours, eh? That's why you hear all this talk about player fatigue and the season being too long. I know one man it's too long for; at the end of the season, I'm beat!"

At best, a ballplayer's career is a relatively short one; whatever night baseball may do, it is not likely to lengthen it. Few baseball men hold that the youngster coming up through the minor leagues, playing night ball exclusively, can learn the tricks which help to sustain a player through the season, which eventually prolong his playing life. And it is to be remembered that while youth is resilient, a program of midnight meals and early-morning retirements, continued from the player's seventeenth or eighteenth year, is bound to take its toll.

Why, then, is night baseball played each year on an increasing scale? One reason is that in certain cities, because of the sweltering heat in the summer months, baseball is more comfortably played and watched at night than in the day. (This would hardly explain the Boston Braves' scheduling of night games in April, a notoriously fitful month in New England.) Another reason given is that night baseball makes it possible for workingmen and their families, who could not attend during the day, to come to the ball park. It is curious, however, that this is advanced by those who are among the strongest advocates of unrestricted night ball; in that event, what becomes of those who cannot

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go to the ball park *except* during the day? But ultimately the one big reason for the continued increase of night baseball is that it is a source of large and immediate profit to the ball clubs. Attendance figures at night games are huge, far greater than at the ordinary day game. This is the irresistible reason for the playing of night baseball on any extended basis; it has come to be for some baseball men the one remedy for the box-office blues.

But what about the long-range financial possibilities of night baseball? Once again Yawkey is an outspoken dissenter.

"Let's look at night ball purely from the point of view of return," said Yawkey, not long ago. "Of course you make money on a night game. We schedule fourteen night games a year at Fenway Park, and every one is sold out, or very nearly so. Every one draws more people than it would have if we'd played it in the afternoon. But here's the point: the night game is the spectacle, the exception, the stunt; and speaking financially, I think its biggest value is its *uniqueness*. When you start playing more and more night games — and it's easy enough to get into the habit — your average attendance will start to drop because it's losing that uniqueness, it's becoming more commonplace. And if you reach the point where you're playing nothing but night games, I think your attendance will gradually level off until it's about where it would be if you were playing all day games. So then where are you? You're left with a game that's not as good, played for darned little additional return. Personally, I say baseball is still basically a day game. And in the long run, I don't think attendance figures will have much to do with lights at all. If you give your people a good ball club, they'll come to your games by day; if you don't they won't!"

The question is whether night baseball will prove to be a boon or a disaster to the game. The big crowds now attending the night games, the brilliance of the spectacle, the miracle of the spinning turnstiles — all these seem sufficient evidence that what is needed is not less night ball but more. The fact remains, however, that despite all apparent success, some of the shrewdest, most experienced men in baseball remain unconvinced of the miracle. They are steady in their preference for the speed and skill of daytime baseball, and they view with increasing distrust the race towards lights, lights, and more lights. It could be that these men are simply being obstinate. Yet, on the other hand, it could be that, in reviewing the caliber of baseball as it is played at night, in speculating upon the future effect of night ball on the game and its players, they are not entirely unprophetic. It could even be, indeed, that they are dead right.

THE SNAIL

by R. P. LISTER

THE shell is, of the snail, the moving house,
Wherein he walks in dignity and pride;
And when he would be private and carouse
He folds himself about and goes inside.

And there he sits, reflecting on his home,
The masterpiece of his ingenious mind,
A spiral and most convoluted dome,
Fit shelter for his head and his behind.

So he arises in the pearly dawn,
And makes his way at leisure, scorning time,
Across the gravel pathway and the lawn,
Weaving his slender gossamer of slime.

Proud horns bent forwards, and his eyes at gaze,
Still bearing like an oriflamme his shell,
And marveling what little rent he pays
For such a house, that fits his form so well.

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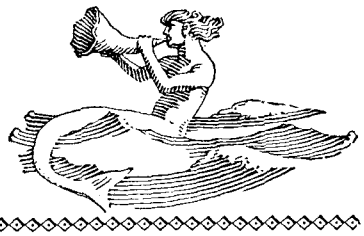
An Atlantic Story



A Texan of the fourth generation, DILLON ANDERSON *of Houston, Texas, is contributing to the* Atlantic *a series of short stories about two traveling hobos who live by their wits and who but for their sentiment and gullibility might sometimes win. This is the third in the series and there are more to come. Mr. Anderson, a member of the law firm of Baker, Botts, Andrews & Parish, says that, as a lawyer, his working time is spent largely in keeping other people out of trouble — that writing stories in his spare time helps to keep him out of trouble.*

NEVER START A RUMOR

by DILLON ANDERSON

IT WAS on the Widow Wiley's farm north of Dallas that I and Claudie found ourselves about daylight one May morning in sure enough need of hospitality. Personally, I think real well of faith, hope, and charity, all three, but I believe I like hospitality better; it is more apt to stick to your ribs. The Widow Wiley had not asked us there; she didn't know us; she didn't even know we were there. I explained to Claudie that this was one of the small drawbacks of life in a trailer house if you don't have a car to pull it: you might be left stranded on strange premises any time. We had lost our free tow the night before when our right tire went flat and the truck from Galveston quit us.

"Also," Claudie said, "we're low on food, we're 'bout out of money, and we haven't got a spare tire."

"Claudie," I said, "you only see the dark side of things. Suppose I hadn't arranged to have us pulled in here last night? Suppose I hadn't found out that this place belongs to the Widow Wiley? Suppose I hadn't learned that she has a tender heart?"

By this time it was broad daylight, and we could see that our trailer was parked in the middle of a willow grove a hundred steps or so from the house. A well of cool, sweet water wasn't more than ten steps away on one side, and there was a nice, quiet, new windmill to lift it for us. About the same distance in the other direction was the prettiest garden this side of Eden — mustard greens, tomatoes, onions, radishes, collards, turnips, and several other kinds of growing garden sass. Beyond the garden, a red barn was joined onto the cow lot by a *bois d'arc* hedge, and between the barn and the house there was a big apple and peach orchard. The air was full of all the green, growing smells of good rich land in the spring.

"Here," I remarked to Claudie, "are the makings of real hospitality."

Claudie said, "Guess we're going to like it here if the chiggers don't eat us up."

"Claudie," I said, "that's the trouble with you. All a big red apple means to you is that there might be a worm in it. Go get me a big spoonful of that sulphur in the green alum can and then take one yourself. A chigger won't eat on a man that's got a little sulphur in his system."

The sun hadn't been up but a few minutes when we heard the screen door slam at the house. Then we saw her; not the Widow Wiley — she couldn't have been — but the girl who was to change the whole course of our lives for the next day or so anyway; and, since a man can live only one day of his life at a time, the next day or so was what counted.

I could tell that she had not seen us as she sauntered our way through the orchard, carrying two milk pails and whistling a song by the name of "Can't You Hear Me Callin', Caroline?" When she wasn't more than ten steps away, she looked up and saw us for the first time. She stopped in her tracks, dropped the milk pails, and broke off in the middle of a long high note from "Caroline." I could see a lot of white around the blue in her wide-open eyes, and she looked so sweet and pure and scared that I felt like a cocklebur growing in a bed of roses. She couldn't have been over nineteen,

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and as she stood there in her plain, short-sleeved, yellow dress, I thought that if the good Lord did this much for all the women in Texas it would close all the beauty parlors in the state and drive the Neiman-Marcus store to the wall. Her black hair looked as soft and smooth as a kitten's.

"Be quiet, Claudie," I whispered. "It will be all I can do to handle this myself."

As I took off my hat I said, "Good morning, Miss," and I was polite. "We are looking for the Widow Wiley."

Then I saw an older woman coming down the path behind Miss Peaches and Cream. She was shaped a good deal like the younger one, only in an older way. She came up and looked at us. There was no hospitality in her eyes.

"Who are you men?" she wanted to know. "And what is that thing down there in the grove?"

"Are you the Widow Wiley?" I asked.

"I am," she said, as if she was proud of it.

"My name is Clint Hightower, and this is Claudie Hughes," I explained. "He works for me. We live in that trailer down there in the grove, and we hope you will let us stay here until we can get a lift into Dallas. You must need some help on a big place like this. There's hardly anything we can't do."

"But I don't know what kind of people you are. You might be escaped convicts," she answered.

She went too far here; it was the opening I'd been sparring for. "Madam, you have hurt me, and you have hurt my friend Claudie. He is more sensitive than I am," I told her. "They shave convicts' heads, you know. Can't you see that we have plenty of hair?" I turned to Claudie and told him to take off his hat. Neither one of us had had a haircut in some weeks.

"I don't want to hurt you," she said. "I just want you to leave. My daughter Emma and I live here alone, and we are afraid of prowlers."

I turned and spoke to Claudie: "We have asked for bread, and she has given us a stone." Then I looked at the Widow Wiley and said, "We do not have a car to pull our trailer, but our hearts are pure."

Emma whispered something to the Widow Wiley, and when I looked back at the Widow she was shaking her head.

"Madam," I said, "would you ladies like some help with the milking?" In all my life I'd never seen anybody turn down help when it came to breaking a mule or milking a cow. "In fact," I went on, "we'll be glad to take over the milking this morning, and we hope you'll give us a bite of breakfast."

"All right," the Widow Wiley answered, as I took both milk pails from Emma and gave them to Claudie, "but be careful with the little Jersey; her left front teat is a mite sore."

The Widow Wiley walked and Emma floated along beside her toward the house. As Claudie milked the cows, I cautioned him about Emma.

"Claudie," I said, "kindly do not get any ideas about that Emma. Be careful how you look at her." Then I went down to the trailer to shave and to change my shirt before breakfast.

2

When I and Claudie carried the milk up to the house, the cats met us at the back porch — four or five big yellow ones and a litter of mottled kittens. I gave them some milk in a pie pan that was close by, just so the Widow and Emma could see how kind we were to animals.

The Widow Wiley came out on the porch and strained the milk. Then they gave us breakfast at a table in the kitchen — big stacks of flapjacks, sausages, and hot coffee. As I ate I bragged on the Widow's cows, her orchard, her cats, her cooking, and her hospitality; and after Emma went in to the front of the house to clean things up, the Widow got into a real talking mood herself. She was like a lot of people in Texas; when they begin to like you, they'll share their food and their story with you right off. She told us about herself and about her folks, and I and Claudie listened as we ate. A lot of hospitality works out about like that.

The Widow Wiley's people were among the earliest settlers in the county, she said. Her grandfather Elisha Corn had been a famous Indian fighter, and this was the place he had settled on. Her father, Elijah Corn, had put the whole farm into cultivation and it was from him that she inherited it before she married Clem Wiley from White Elephant. They had no children for several years after they were married; then their only daughter, Emma, had come along, and Clem died when Emma was a little thing in pigtails.

In the fifteen years since her husband's death, the Widow Wiley had gone into debt nearly every year, she said. First it was the tombstone for Clem's grave. The next year the barn had burned with less than half as much insurance on it as the new one had cost. Then there had been a crop failure the year Emma finished high school, and things had gone from bad to worse ever since.

"If this place hadn't been a homestead, they'd have taken it long ago," the Widow Wiley said, and the tears were right on the brim of her eyes. Claudie was so touched that he nearly stopped eating.

"Who do you owe all this money to?" I asked.

"I don't know what his name is; he calls himself George Texas. He came to McKinney about ten years ago from somewhere in Southern Europe. He bought bones and rags around here for years, but he's a big man now."

"How much do you owe him?" Claudie asked. Claudie has no sense at all about what questions not to ask. But this didn't seem to bother the Widow Wiley.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," she said.

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"And interest?" I asked her.

"No, that includes the interest," she stated, as she got up and started clearing the dishes away.

After breakfast I told the Widow that I could see a number of things around the place that needed a man's touch. I explained that I would be glad to have Claudie fix these things up under my supervision. While I sat in the rocking chair on the front porch, Claudie got busy. He knocked some dents out of the Widow's coal scuttle, fixed a broken hinge on the storm cellar door, nailed up some loose planks in the smokehouse, and doctored a Dominecker rooster that had the limber-neck.

Along about eleven o'clock Emma came out on the front porch with a little kitten in her arms. I got up and offered her my chair, but she blushed and said no, she would sit on the step. I noticed she had changed dresses. She sat there stroking the kitten and looking out toward the front gate where Claudie was working on the latch. When he saw her, he started hammering away twice as fast.

"Does Claudie have to do all the work?" she asked, without smiling.

"He works with his hands," I told her. "I do the thinking."

"Do you just think up things for him to do?"

"Emma," I said, "you don't do me justice," but I was afraid, as I said it, that she did.

3

When the Widow Wiley came out around noontime with some ham sandwiches, green apple pie, and clabber, I told her I believed her problem was right in my line.

"What is your line, Mr. Hightower?" the Widow asked. Emma was standing in the front door listening.

"There is hardly anything that is not in my line," I told her. "Hardly anything, that is, except I have always steered strictly clear of politics, smuggling, and all kinds of manual labor. A man can usually avoid these things, madam, and still find plenty of leeway for his natural gifts. It is only when he does the same thing over and over that his talents begin to wither and his spirits to fester."

"The Lord would bless you if you helped me get out of debt," she said. It sounded genuine, like the Beatitudes my grandmother used to read me from the Bible when I was a little feller.

"Madam," I went on, "how much land do you have here?"

"A hundred and sixty acres," she answered.

"Have you ever leased it for oil?" As I asked her this question, I glanced at Claudie and saw he was hard hit with the size of my idea; he was batting his eyes like a bullfrog in a hailstorm.

"Never did," the Widow said. "Twelve or fifteen years ago they drilled a well a mile or so south of here and got everybody all excited — but they only struck granite. They said then that the whole west part of the county was condemned for oil."

"Mrs. Wiley," I said, "excuse me, but how long ago did you say George Texas came to McKinney?"

"About ten years ago," she said. "Why?"

"I just wondered," I told her; then I turned to Claudie and said, "Run down to the trailer, Claudie, and get me the blank oil and gas lease we found in that filling station in Fort Worth. It's in my raincoat pocket." While he was gone, I sat there alone on the porch and thought a lot more. When Claudie came back with the paper, I went in the kitchen where the Widow Wiley was churning while Emma put the dishes away. I asked the Widow how much she wanted for an oil and gas lease on her place.

"I can't take any money," she said. "We don't have oil and gas. I tell you, it's granite underneath." This made me real proud of the Widow; she would not take advantage of us.

"Honesty is the best policy," I told her and nodded at Emma. "But look, Mrs. Wiley, you don't have to take any money from us. If you'll sign the lease, I'll try to sell it for you. Then you wouldn't be doing anything wrong."

"Would that be fair?" Emma asked me, but I could see that the Widow Wiley had a tempted look in her eyes.

"It would be fair if somebody didn't believe what they said about the granite," I argued. "Did anybody see the granite? Another thing: they didn't strike granite on this place, did they?"

"No, you're right there," the Widow said and paused; then, "I'll have to think it over. It seems almost deceitful."

"Madam," I said, "my time is pretty valuable. We may have to leave any day. Sign this here lease, and we'll split with you whatever we sell it for."

You don't often get a woman convinced with pure reason, but the Widow Wiley was no ordinary woman, and this last point shook her. She took Emma into the next room for a few minutes, and when they came back they had on their bonnets.

I and Claudie and the Widow Wiley and Emma drove down the road in the Widow's old Dodge sedan to the office of the Justice of the Peace. I made the lease out to me, and when the Widow had signed it, the Justice put his acknowledgment on it for free and served us all cool drinks of sarsaparilla.

The next day Claudie had milked the cows and gathered enough vegetables before breakfast to fill the back end of the Wiley sedan. Emma and the Widow agreed for us to take them to the market in McKinney and I explained that we would look into the oil business some more while we were in town.

Just as we were driving out the front gate, I stopped and said, "Claudie, you had better run back to the trailer and get our cash — I mean the money you've got in your overcoat lining."

"Ain't but four dollars and a half left, and you always said it was for a rainy day," Claudie argued.

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"It is for a rainy day," I told him. "A lot of people have the wrong idea about rainy days. Did you never hear of the manna it rained on the Israelites, Claudie? Now hurry along." He went.

As we drove across the Wilson Creek bridge on the McKinney road, Claudie spoke up. I knew it was going to be about the money, since Claudie had been quiet for twenty minutes, trying to think of how to bring up such a delicate subject. "What are we going to do with the money, Clint?"

"Well," I explained, "we've got to put that oil and gas lease on the County Records, for one thing. That will cost us about a dollar, I expect."

Claudie dug out a dollar and handed it to me. I didn't much mind his being so close about the money because it was his part of what he had made on our last job in Fort Worth, anyhow. "Then," I went on, "there is the matter of revenue stamps. You probably never heard of them, did you?"

"Not except on store-bought whiskey."

"Well," I explained, "for every thousand dollars that you pay for land, the law says you've got to put at least a dollar's worth of revenue stamps on the deed."

"Who told you that?" Claudie wanted to know.

"Claudie," I answered, "you have to depend on me for a number of things. It just happens that one of the contacts I made in Fort Worth last year was a notary public. He was a very smart man. He told me about stamps for a part of what you pay for deeds. It's the same for oil and gas leases."

"Well," said Claudie, "we didn't pay nothing for the lease, so we don't have to buy no stamps."

"That's where you are wrong, Claudie. It says that you have to put on *at least* a dollar's worth for each thousand dollars you pay. The law don't limit a man on how many stamps he can buy. You can put on as many more as you want to. Also, it helps support the government. I think I'll buy about two dollars' worth."

Claudie handed me the two dollars. Then I asked him for another dollar to take care of miscellaneous expenses. This was the hardest part to explain, as it often is with miscellaneous expenses.

4

In McKinney I went to the Post Office and bought two dollars' worth of stamps. I put them on the lease and canceled them with my initials just like the man said at the revenue window. Then I went over to the County Clerk's office on the second floor of the Court House, where they record papers. All this time Claudie was down at the wagon yard selling the vegetables.

The girl on duty in the Clerk's office was standing over by a window at the far end of the counter. She was laughing and rolling her big brown eyes at three overgrown young fellows who were standing around smoking cigarettes and shoving each other every time anything was said — the same way boys of that age always act around a girl in the spring of the year if they don't have any work to do. I waited a few minutes, trying to catch the brunette's eye, and finally I said in a loud voice: "I want to record an oil and gas lease on the Widow Wiley's farm over in the west side of the county. Who tends to that?"

The girl looked up and said, "I do." Then I went over and handed her the lease, holding it topside up where the signature, the acknowledgment, and the revenue stamps would all show. Her friends at first pretended not to be looking over my shoulder, but this did not last, and after a few minutes we were all looking at the lease together. After they had plenty of time to look it over, I paid a dollar to the girl and went out. The boys left too, talking together a lot faster than they had talked to the girl.

When I left the Court House, I walked over to the barbershop on the south side of the square to get me a shave. There were several customers there, but the last chair in the back was open. A barber with a long, keen nose and glassy eyes took me. When he had a hot towel all over my face, except for a little island around my nose, he said in a half-whisper: "You're the fellow who recorded the lease, ain't you?"

"Ummhumm," I told him through the towel.

"Which one of the oil companies are you leasing for?" he asked me after a few minutes.

I didn't answer him right off, since the razor was working very close between my lips and my nose by this time, and he asked me again.

"I didn't even say I was leasing for a company," I told him.

"You don't have to," the barber said. "Nobody but the major companies pay prices like that."

"You must know," I said.

Then he asked me again, "Which major is it?"

"I don't think it is standard practice to tell, is it?" I didn't ask it in a way that called for an answer. I just let it soak in. When it did, he dropped his razor to the floor; then, after he picked it up, he put the towel back over my face. But I could see out, and I watched him go up and start whispering to the barber on the front chair.

I paid for my shave, and while the porter was brushing me off, the glassy-eyed barber came over to me. I tipped him a dime and he said, "I hope you all strike a gusher."

"Well," I told him, "sometimes it's a gusher, sometimes a dry hole. It's all in the day's work."

As I stepped out to the street, feeling with my hand how smooth a barbershop shave makes a man's chin feel, I met Claudie, and he was really in a dither. "Oil," he said, between deep breaths, "Standard Oil — Standard Oil Company on the Widow Wiley's place. Everybody is talking oil. Have you heard anything about it, Clint?"

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"That's a hell of a question to be asking a man as he comes out of a barbershop," I said. "Gather yourself together, Claudie; you're pretty excited. Go on back to the car and wait for me there. Just act serious and mysterious if you can; don't say nothing to nobody."

5

I WALKED around the square and passed a lot of people on the sidewalk. They were gathering in little knots, and they talked and nodded at each other much faster than was natural. They'd be looking away from me as I walked toward them, but as soon as I passed, I'd turn and look and they'd all be staring at me. Some folks will tell you that nothing in the world ferments like hops and malt, but they don't know a thing about an oil scare in Texas.

I kept on going until I reached the big store with the red front where a sign spread clear across the entrance read: "George Texas — Hardware, Notions, Stationery and Loans."

I went in and saw that there were no other customers around. People were all out on the streets talking about oil. A tall, pale, stringy-haired fellow with a big Adam's apple was clerking in the store. As I looked over the counters, he said, "Was there something for you?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll just look around the stationery here until I find it."

About this time I saw a big man get up from his desk in the rear and come forward. He walked like a man would walk in his own store. That would be George Texas, I said to myself as I studied his heavy face and buggy eyes. I noticed his hair grew down close to his eyebrows, and his chin was blue like a man's chin is when he has just come from a barbershop.

"Otho," the man with the blue chin said to the clerk, "you can go on back to your inventory; I'll wait on Mr. Hightower." Then he turned and said that he was George Texas, the proprietor of the store. I could tell from the hungry look on his well-fed face that there wasn't anything the barber knew that George Texas didn't know too. I nodded to him; then I kept on looking around until I came to a stop by the counter with pencils, erasers, and fountain pens on it. There wasn't a thing in sight that sold for an even sum of money. Everything was nine cents, or ninety-eight cents, or a dollar nineteen, and so on.

"What is the price," I asked George Texas, "of the best fountain pen in the house?"

"Here you are," he answered, as he handed me one with a gold-looking point and smiled at me like you've seen people smile at well-heeled old relatives. "They are ninety-eight cents."

I tried the fountain pen out on an envelope he handed me and it worked all right. While I was doing this I said out loud to myself, "In my business people have to sign their names in ink." Then I turned to him and said, "I'll take it," and I handed him the last one of Claudie's dollar bills — the one for miscellaneous expenses. "Just keep the change," I told him.

When I took the fountain pen and started to walk out, George Texas followed me to the door. He wanted to give me a bottle of blue ink to go with it, and I let him. Just as I was pushing the store door open to leave, he said in a low, confidential tone of voice, "Can you step back to the rear of the store with me?"

"Sorry," I told him, "but I've got a lot of things to do. Let's have it right here."

He looked toward Otho, who was going through some motions with his hands while his eyes were on us; then George Texas said in a hoarse whisper: "Will you take twenty-two hundred dollars for the Wiley lease?"

"That won't touch it, Mr. Texas," I said, but I stood right at the door and added: "Besides, I'm afraid it wouldn't be right."

"Course it would," he argued. "It's in your name, ain't it?"

"Yes," I said, "it's in my name all right."

"Twenty-three hundred?" He said it like an auctioneer says it just before he says "Gone."

Then I let him have it. "I said it wouldn't be right if I sold it," I told him, and I looked at him in the way I always felt Moses must have looked at Aaron when he came down from the mountain and caught him on his knees before the golden calf. But I didn't quite get out of the door.

"Hokay," George Texas said and started toward the rear of the store.

"Tell you what I'll do," I wheeled and said as I let the door close again. "I'll take twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, but I can't fool around about it. Time is important to me."

"You've sold it," George Texas almost snapped it out. He went on back to a big black safe by his desk and got out a brown envelope. He counted twenty-five hundred dollars in tens and twenties, and we went straight over to the Court House. We had to push our way through the crowd in front of the store. I put my name on an assignment and acknowledged it before the Clerk; then George Texas said he was going to record it. "Oh no," I said, "not until you have put the revenue stamps on it. That will cost you two dollars and a half. I'll go with you to the Post Office, where they sell them."

We went over and got the stamps and I showed George Texas how to cancel them with his initials; then we went back and got the girl with big brown eyes to record the paper.

After George Texas paid his dollar for the registration, I turned to him and said, "Now let's have the Widow Wiley's note — it's fifteen hundred dollars, I believe." Back to the store we went and

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up to the big black safe, but right there George balked on me.

"Hold it," he said. "Just a minute; this is too fast for me."

"Fast, huh?" I answered. "Is there anything wrong with this money? If it ain't legal tender, you're in a hell of a pickle, George Texas." I knew all about legal tender from that smart notary public in Fort Worth.

George said that the money was good, all right, but he was not sure what all was happening to him.

"I'm paying off the Widow Wiley's note," I said, "and I want you to mark 'Paid in full' on it — now. I am tendering you the money."

That did it. As George Texas got the note out, he walled his eyes like a sucking calf does when he is pulled away from the cow by his ears. I held fifteen hundred dollars' worth of the money in my hand until he wrote "Paid in full" on the back of the note and gave it to me. Then I went over to the car, where Claudie was waiting for me.

"Claudie," I said, "I and you are about due for a nice cold drink. Let's go into the drugstore across the street, and I'll set 'em up to you."

While I had an egg malted milk and Claudie had a banana split with cherries, I told him about our trade. I even told him how all the oil excitement got started, and he seemed to understand it pretty well. I showed him the Widow Wiley's canceled note, and Claudie seemed so stunned by it all that he had very little to say as he gnawed away on the banana split.

"What the hell's wrong with you, Claudie?" I finally asked him. "Aren't you glad for the Widow Wiley? Aren't you glad about our thousand dollars? What do you think about it all?"

"I was just thinking," Claudie said through a sliver of banana he was scooping in, "how silly we'd feel if they ever struck oil on the Widow Wiley's place. George Texas would be the one to get rich."

"There you go again, Claudie," I said. "Still looking for a worm in every apple."

By this time a large number of other people had come to the soda fountain; they were gawking at us, ordering cold drinks and talking.

"Let's get the hell out of here, Claudie," I said. "I'll go back over to George Texas's place and trade him this blue ink for some that's green. You take this canceled note and hold on to it. I'll see you at the car after a little bit."

We were over halfway back to the Widow Wiley's farm when Claudie spoke up. "Clint," he said, "they ain't anything we need worse than a car to pull our trailer, is they?"

"I don't know, Claudie," I said. "A car is a lot of expense and all. If we had a car, we'd have six tires to go flat instead of just the two that we've got on the trailer."

"I'm the one that fixes the tires," Claudie said. "I wouldn't mind."

"Claudie," I told him, "don't it make you happy when you think of how relieved the Widow Wiley is going to be when we give back her note, marked 'Paid in full'? She's out of debt."

"Sure does," Claudie answered, "but not as happy as a new car would make me."

"Haven't you got any sentiment at all, Claudie?" I said.

"Course I have, Clint," Claudie told me. "But it's pretty hard, and it's gittin' harder, to hitchhike with a trailer house."

"You must not be thinking of how much it costs to get the valves ground on a car. That's awful expensive," I told him.

"I believe I could grind the valves if we had a car," Claudie said. "Let's take that thousand dollars and buy us a car tomorrow."

"Claudie," I said, "there is something I have to tell you about that thousand dollars. We don't exactly have it any more."

"We don't what?" Claudie asked, and he looked a little chalky around the gills.

"You see, it's this way," I explained. "We bought back a part interest in that lease from George Texas when I went back to swap him the blue ink for green."

"How much did we pay him?"

"Nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars," I told him. "George Texas is a sucker for an uneven sum of money."

After a bit Claudie said: "I can't figure how we've got over eleven dollars left." His jaw was sagging like a gate with a broken hinge.

"Right," I told him, "and here it is. Put it back in your overcoat lining." I handed him a ten and a one.

"What part of the lease did you buy back?" Claudie wanted to know.

"Well," I said, "George Texas is a hard trader. At first he didn't want to give up any part of it. I finally got a one per cent interest — a full one per cent."

Claudie looked all worn out. It was too much for him to try to understand percentages, so I said, "Buck up, Claudie. Try to look at the bright side of things. You've got more money for a rainy day. The Widow Wiley is not in debt any more, the government is over four dollars better off, and we are not in any trouble. Nobody is hurt; not even George Texas. We didn't do anything to him that he didn't do to us — and then some."

"Looks like everybody got something out of that deal but you, Clint," he said. "What do you want?"

"Well," I told him, "before we leave the Widow Wiley's, I might want to show Emma the Widow's note marked 'Paid in full.'"

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An Oxford don, C. S. Lewis *in 1940 published a volume entitled* The Problem of Pain *which attracted instant attention and which was followed by his still more widely read book on morality,* The Screwtape Letters. *One of the questions Mr. Lewis addressed himself to was: how to account for the occurrence of pain in a universe which is the creation of an all-good God, and in creatures who are not morally sinful. His thoughts provoked a counterinquiry by* C. E. M. Joad, *Head of the Department of Philosophy at the University of London, resulting in this controversy which has been published in England in the columns of* The Month.

THE PAINS OF ANIMALS

A Problem in Theology

THE INQUIRY

by C. E. M. JOAD

For many years the problem of pain and evil seemed to me to offer an insuperable objection to Christianity. Either God could abolish them but did not, in which case, since He deliberately tolerated the presence in the universe of a state of affairs which was bad, I did not see how He could be good; or He wanted to abolish them but could not, in which case I did not see how He could be all-powerful. The dilemma is as old as St. Augustine, and nobody pretends that there is an easy way of escape.

Moreover, all the attempts to explain pain away, or to mitigate its stark ferocity, or to present it as other than a very great evil, perhaps the greatest of evils, are palpable failures. They are testimonies to the kindness of men's hearts or perhaps to the queasiness of their consciences, rather than to the sharpness of their wits.

And yet, granting pain to be an evil, perhaps the greatest of evils, I have come to accept the Christian view of pain as not incompatible with the Christian concept of the Creator and of the world that He has made. That view I take to be briefly as follows: It was of no interest to God to create a species consisting of virtuous automata, for the "virtue" of automata who can do no other than they do is a courtesy title only; it is analogous to the "virtue" of the stone that rolls downhill or of the water that freezes at 32°. To what end, it may be asked, should God create such creatures? That He might be praised by them? But automatic praise is a mere succession of noises. That He might love them? But they are essentially unlovable; you cannot love puppets. And so God gave man free will that he might increase in virtue by his own efforts and become, as a free moral being, a worthy object of God's love. Freedom entails freedom to go wrong: man did, in fact, go wrong, misusing God's gift and doing evil. Pain is a by-product of evil; and so pain came into the world as a result of man's misuse of God's gift of free will.

So much I can understand; so much, indeed, I accept. It is plausible; it is rational; it hangs together.

But now I come to a difficulty, to which I see no solution; indeed, it is in the hope of learning of one that this article is written. This is the difficulty of animal pain, and, more particularly, of the pain of the animal world before man appeared upon the cosmic scene. What account do theologians give of it? The most elaborate and careful account known to me is that of C. S. Lewis.

He begins by making a distinction between sentience and consciousness. When we have the sensations *a*, *b*, and *c*, the fact that we have them and the fact that we know that we have them imply that there is something which stands sufficiently outside them to notice that they occur and that they succeed one another. This is consciousness, the consciousness to which the sensations happen. In other words, the experience of succession, the succession of sensations, demands a self or soul which is other than the sensations which it experiences. (Mr. Lewis invokes the helpful metaphor of the bed of a river along which the stream of sensations flows.) Consciousness, therefore, implies a continuing *ego* which recognizes the succession of sensations; sentience is their mere succession. Now animals have sentience but not consciousness. Mr. Lewis illustrates as follows: —

> This would mean that if you give such a creature two blows with a whip, there are, indeed, two pains; but there is no co-ordinating self which can recognise that "I have had two pains." Even in the single

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> pain there is no self to say "I am in pain" — for if it could distinguish itself from the sensation — the bed from the stream — sufficiently to say "I am in pain," it would also be able to connect the two sensations as *its* experience.

(*a*) I take Mr. Lewis's point — or, rather, I take it without perceiving its relevance. The question is how to account for the occurrence of pain (i) in a universe which is the creation of an all-good God; (ii) in creatures who are not morally sinful. To be told that the creatures are not really creatures, since they are not conscious in the sense of consciousness defined, does not really help matters. If it be true, as Mr. Lewis says, that the right way to put the matter is not "This animal is feeling pain" but "Pain is taking place in this animal," pain is nevertheless taking place. Pain is felt even if there is no continuing *ego* to feel it and to relate it to past and to future pains. Now it is the fact that pain is felt, no matter who or what feels it, or whether any continuing consciousness feels it, in a universe planned by a good God, that demands explanation.

(*b*) Secondly, the theory of sentience as mere succession of sensations presupposes that there is no continuing consciousness. No continuing consciousness presupposes no memory. It seems to me to be nonsense to say that animals do not remember. The dog who cringes at the sight of the whip by which he has been constantly beaten *behaves* as if he remembers, and behavior is all that we have to go by. In general, we all act upon the assumption that the horse, the cat, and the dog with which we are acquainted remember very well, remember sometimes better than we do. Now I do not see how it is possible to explain the fact of memory without a continuing consciousness.

Mr. Lewis recognizes this and concedes that the higher animals — apes, elephants, dogs, cats, and so on — have a self which connects experiences; have, in fact, what he calls a soul. But this assumption presents us with a new set of difficulties.

(*a*) If animals have souls, what is to be done about their immortality? The question, it will be remembered, is elaborately debated in Heaven at the beginning of Anatole France's *Penguin Island* after the shortsighted St. Mael has baptized the penguins, but no satisfactory solution is offered.

(*b*) Mr. Lewis suggests that the higher domestic animals achieve immortality as members of a corporate society of which the head is man. It is, apparently, "The-goodman-and-the-goodwife-ruling-their-children-and-their-beasts-in-the-good-homestead" who survive. "If you ask," he writes, "concerning an animal thus raised as a member of the whole Body of the homestead, where its personal identity resides, I answer, 'Where its identity always did reside even in the earthly life — in its relation to the Body and, specially, to the master who is the head of that Body.' In other words, the man will know his dog: the dog will know its master and, in knowing him, will *be* itself."

Whether this is good theology, I do not know, but to our present inquiry it raises two difficulties.

(i) It does not cover the case of the higher animals who do not know man — for example, apes and elephants — but who are yet considered by Mr. Lewis to have souls.

(ii) If one animal may attain good immortal selfhood in and through a good man, he may attain bad immortal selfhood in and through a bad man. One thinks of the overnourished lapdogs of idle overnourished women. It is a little hard that when, through no fault of their own, animals fall to selfish, self-indulgent, or cruel masters, they should through eternity form part of selfish, self-indulgent, or cruel superpersonal wholes and perhaps be punished for their participation in them.

(*c*) If the animals have souls and, presumably, freedom, the same sort of explanation must be adopted for pain in animals as is offered for pain in men. Pain, in other words, is one of the evils consequent upon sin. The higher animals, then, are corrupt. The question arises, who corrupted them? There seem to be two possible answers: (1) The Devil; (2) Man.

(1) Mr. Lewis considers this answer. The animals, he says, may originally all have been herbivorous. They became carnivorous — that is to say, they began to prey upon, to tear, and to eat one another because "some mighty created power had already been at work for ill on the material universe, or the solar system, or, at least, the planet Earth, before ever man came on the scene. . . . If there is such a power, it may well have corrupted the animal creation before man appeared."

I have three comments to make: —

(i) I find the supposition of Satan tempting monkeys frankly incredible. This, I am well aware, is not a logical objection. It is one's imagination — or is it perhaps one's common sense? — that revolts against it.

(ii) Although most animals fall victims to the redness of Nature's "tooth and claw," many do not. The sheep falls down the ravine, breaks its leg, and starves; hundreds of thousands of migrating birds die every year of hunger; creatures are struck and not killed by lightning, and their seared bodies take long to die. Are these pains due to corruption?

(iii) The case of animals without souls cannot, on Mr. Lewis's own showing, be brought under the "moral corruption" explanation. Yet consider just one instance of nature's arrangements. The wasps, Ichneumonidae, sting their caterpillar prey in such a way as to paralyze its nerve centers. They then lay their eggs on the helpless caterpillar. When the grubs hatch from the eggs, they immediately proceed to feed upon the living but helpless flesh of their incubators, the paralyzed but still sentient caterpillars.

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It is hard to suppose that the caterpillar feels no pain when slowly consumed; harder still to ascribe the pain to moral corruption; hardest of all to conceive how such an arrangement could have been planned by an all-good and all-wise Creator.

(2) The hypothesis that the animals were corrupted by man does not account for animal pain during the hundreds of millions of years (probably about 900 million) when the earth contained living creatures but did not contain man.

In sum, either animals have souls or they have no souls. If they have none, pain is felt for which there can be no moral responsibility, and for which no misuse of God's gift of moral freedom can be invoked as an excuse. If they have souls, we can give no plausible account (*a*) of their immortality — how draw the line between animals with souls and men with souls? — or (*b*) of their moral corruption, which would enable Christian apologists to place them in respect of their pain under the same heading of explanation as that which is proposed and which I am prepared to accept for man?

It may well be that there is an answer to this problem. I would be grateful to anyone who would tell me what it is.

THE REPLY

by C. S. LEWIS

THOUGH there is pleasure as well as danger in encountering so sincere and economical a disputant as Dr. Joad, I do so with no little reluctance. Dr. Joad writes not merely as a controversialist who demands, but as an inquirer who really desires, an answer. I come into the matter at all only because my answers have already failed to satisfy him. And it is embarrassing to me, and possibly depressing to him, that he should, in a manner, be sent back to the same shop which has once failed to supply the goods. If it were wholly a question of defending the original goods, I think I would let it alone. But it is not exactly that. I think he has perhaps slightly misunderstood what I was offering for sale.

Dr. Joad is concerned with the ninth chapter of my *Problem of Pain*. And the first point I want to make is that no one would gather from his article how confessedly speculative that chapter was. This was acknowledged in my preface and repeatedly emphasized in the chapter itself. This, of course, can bring no ease to Dr. Joad's difficulties; unsatisfactory answers do not become satisfactory by being tentative. I mention the character of the chapter to underline the fact that it stands on a rather different level from those which preceded it. And that difference suggests the place which my "guesswork" about Beasts (so I called it at the time and call it still) had in my own thought, and which I would like this whole question to have in Dr. Joad's thought too.

The first eight chapters of my book attempted to meet the prima-facie case against theism based on human pain. They were the fruit of a slow change of mind not at all unlike that which Dr. Joad himself has undergone and to which, when it had been completed, he at once bore honorable and (I expect) costly witness. The process of his thought differed at many points (very likely for the better) from the process of mine. But we came out, more or less, at the same place. The position of which he says in his article "So much I understand; so much, indeed, I accept" is very close to that which I reached in the first eight chapters of my *Problem*.

So far, so good. Having "got over" the problem of human pain, Dr. Joad and I both find ourselves faced with the problem of animal pain. We do not at once part company even then. We both (if I read him correctly) turn with distaste from "the easy speeches that comfort cruel men," from theologians who do not seem to see that there is a real problem, who are content to say that animals are, after all, only animals. To us, pain without guilt or moral fruit, however low and contemptible the sufferer may be, is a very serious matter.

I now ask Dr. Joad to observe rather closely what I do at this point, for I doubt if it is exactly what he thinks. I do not advance a doctrine of animal sentience as proved and thence conclude "Therefore beasts are not sacrificed without recompense, and therefore God is just." If he will look carefully at my ninth chapter he will see that it can be divided into two very unequal parts: Part One consisting of the first paragraph, and Part Two of all the rest. They might be summarized as follows: —

"*Part One.* The data which God has given us enable us in some degree to understand human pain. We lack such data about beasts. We know neither what they are nor why they are. All that we can say for certain is that if God is good (and I think we have grounds for saying that He is) then the appearance of divine cruelty in the animal world must be a false appearance. What the reality behind the false appearance may be we can only guess.

"*Part Two.* And here are some of my own guesses."

Now it matters far more whether Dr. Joad agrees with Part One than whether he approves any of the speculations in Part Two. But I will first deal, so far as I can, with his critique of the speculations.

(1) Conceding (*positionis causa*) my distinction between sentience and consciousness, Dr. Joad thinks it irrelevant. "Pain is felt," he writes, "even if there is no continuing *ego* to feel it and to relate it to past and future pain," and "it is the fact that pain is felt, no matter who or what feels it . . . that demands explanation." I agree that in one

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sense it does not (for the present purpose) matter "who or what" feels it. That is, it does not matter how humble, or helpless, or small, or how removed from our spontaneous sympathies, the sufferer is. But it surely does matter how far the sufferer is capable of what we can recognize as misery, how far the genuinely pitiable is consistent with its mode of existence. It will hardly be denied that the more coherently conscious the subject is, the more pity and indignation its pains deserve. And this seems to me to imply that the less coherently conscious, the less they deserve. I still think it possible for there to be a pain so instantaneous (through the absence of all perception of succession) that its "unvalue," if I may coin the word, is indistinguishable from zero. A correspondent has instanced shooting pains in our own experience on those occasions when they are unaccompanied by fear. They may be intense: but they are gone as we recognize their intensity. In my own case I do not find anything in them which demands pity; they are, rather, comical. One tends to laugh. A series of such pains is, no doubt, terrible; but then the contention is that the series could not exist for sentience without consciousness.

(2) I do not think that behavior "as if from memory" proves memory in the conscious sense. A non-human observer might suppose that if we blink our eyes at the approach of an object we are "remembering" pains received on previous occasions. But no memories, in the full sense, are involved. (It is, of course, true that the behavior of the organism is modified by past experiences, and we may thus by metonymy say that the nerves remember what the mind forgets; but that is not what Dr. Joad and I are talking of.) If we are to suppose memory in all cases where behavior adapts itself to a probable recurrence of past events, shall we not have to assume in some insects an inherited memory of their parents' complex breeding habits? And are we prepared to believe this?

(3) Of course my suggested theory of the tame animals' resurrection "in" its human (and therefore, indirectly, divine) context does not cover wild animals or ill-treated tame ones. I had made the point myself, and added "it is intended only as an illustration . . . of the general principles to be observed in framing a theory of animal resurrection." I went on to make an alternative suggestion, observing, I hope, the same principles. My chief purpose at this stage was at once to liberate imagination and to confirm a due agnosticism about the meaning and destiny of brutes. I had begun by saying that if our previous assertion of divine goodness was sound, we might be sure that *in some way or other* "all would be well, and all manner of thing would be well." I wanted to reinforce this by indicating how little we knew and, therefore, how many things one might keep in mind as possibilities.

(4) If Dr. Joad thinks I pictured Satan "tempting monkeys," I am myself to blame for using the word "encouraged." I apologize for the ambiguity. In fact, I had not supposed that "temptation" (that is, solicitation of the will) was the only mode in which the Devil could corrupt or impair. It is probably not the only mode in which he can impair even human beings; when Our Lord spoke of the deformed woman as one "bound by Satan," I presume He did not mean that she had been tempted into deformity. Moral corruption is not the only kind of corruption. But the word *corruption* was perhaps ill-chosen and invited misunderstanding. *Distortion* would have been safer.

(5) My correspondent writes: "That even the severest injuries in most invertebrate animals are almost if not quite painless is the view of most biologists. Loeb collected much evidence to show that animals without cerebral hemispheres were indistinguishable from plants in every psychological respect. The instance readily occurs of the caterpillars which serenely go on eating though their interiors are being devoured by the larvae of some ichneumon fly. The Vivisection Act does not apply to invertebrates; which indicates the views of those who framed it."

(6) Though Dr. Joad does not raise the point, I cannot forbear adding some most interesting suggestions about animal fear from the same correspondent. He points out that human fear contains two elements: (*a*) the physical sensations, due to the secretions, etc.; (*b*) the mental images of what will happen if one loses hold, or if the bomb falls here, or if the train leaves the rails. Now (*a*), in itself, is so far from being an unmixed grief, that when we can get it without (*b*), or with unbelieved (*b*), or even with subdued (*b*), vast numbers of people like it: hence switchbacks, water-shoots, fast motoring, mountain climbing.

But all this is nothing to a reader who does not accept Part One in my ninth chapter. No man in his senses is going to start building up a theodicy with speculations about the minds of beasts as his foundation. Such speculations are in place only, as I said, to open the imagination to possibilities and to deepen and confirm our inevitable agnosticism about the reality, and only after the ways of God *to Man* have ceased to seem unjustifiable. We do not know the answer: these speculations were guesses at what it might possibly be. What really matters is the argument that there must be an answer: the argument that if, in our own lives, where alone (if at all) we know Him, we come to recognize the *pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova*, then, in other realms where we cannot know Him (*connaître*), though we may know (*savoir*) some few things about Him — then, despite appearances to the contrary, He cannot be a power of darkness. For there were appearances to the contrary in our own realm too; yet, for Dr. Joad as for me, they have somehow been got over.

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I know that there are moments when the incessant continuity and desperate helplessness of what at least seems to be animal suffering makes every argument for theism sound hollow, and when (in particular) the insect world appears to be Hell itself visibly in operation around us. Then the old indignation, the old pity arises. But how strangely ambivalent this experience is: I need not expound the ambivalence at much length, for I think I have done so elsewhere and I am sure that Dr. Joad has long discerned it for himself. If I regard this pity and indignation simply as subjective experiences of my own with no validity beyond their strength at the moment (which next moment will change), I can hardly use them as standards whereby to arraign the creation. On the contrary, they become strong as arguments against God just in so far as I take them to be transcendent illuminations to which creation must conform or be condemned. They are arguments against God only if they are themselves the voice of God. The more Shelleyan, the more Promethean my revolt, the more surely it claims a divine sanction. That the mere contingent Joad or Lewis, born in an era of secure and liberal civilization and imbibing from it certain humanitarian sentiments, should happen to be offended by suffering — what is that to the purpose? How will one base an argument for or against God on such an historical accident?

No. Not in so far as we feel these things, but in so far as we claim to be right in feeling them, in so far as we are sure that these standards have an empire *de jure* over all possible worlds, so far, and so far only, do they become a ground for disbelief — and at the same moment, for belief. God within us steals back at the moment of our condemning the apparent God without. Thus in Tennyson's poem the man who had become convinced that the God of his inherited creed was evil exclaimed: "If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought." For if there is no "Great God" behind the curse, who curses? Only a puppet of the little apparent "God." His very curse is poisoned at the root: it is just the same sort of event as the very cruelties he is condemning, part of the meaningless tragedy.

From this I see only two exits: either that there is a Great God, and also a "God of this world," a prince of the powers of the air, whom the Great God does curse, and sometimes curse through us; or else that the operations of the Great God are not what they seem to me to be.

FATHER

by JOHN HOLMES

He looks at me with his eyes and I know nothing. He says a few
Words of a sound but no communication. Yes. All right. I doubt
My own existence, but he is fourteen, and being a father is not new,
Except that I am his father and want to break something or shout.

What he is trying to say is that all this has happened before.
He is not saying that his grandfather's eldest son didn't shiver,
Confronting the tribe, past landscapes of a door, another door,
And a door at the back of the house that blew open to Never.

He reminds me of myself, as he stumbles over his feet or a tool.
He has too few words and I have too many. We speak across a thin
Long looped dangling wire. I cannot understand his work at school.
I cannot do algebra, not helpfully, and not much to my chagrin.

But to fail him even there is to feel again the little hammer
On — what? Conscience? Of course my heart. But pride, insight,
The incommunicability of love, and of such love the simple grammar
Fumbled, and in us both the silence and the need and appetite.

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Chicago is the first big American city to discard two thirds of its obsolete building code and to set up and simplify new standards which will stimulate better construction at a lower cost. Writing in the Atlantic *for February, 1945,* Robert Lasch *described what would have to be done to break the building blockade and to dislodge the protected interests which would fight to the last to hold on to their archaic regulations. In the article that follows, he explains how the job was done. After eight years as editorial writer for the Chicago* Sun, *Mr. Lasch has moved to the editorial page of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

CHICAGO UNFREEZES ITS BUILDING CODE

by ROBERT LASCH

1

If Chicago can do it, any city can. That is what students of the construction industry are thinking about Chicago's achievement, after a five-year civic struggle, in enacting a modern building code. The nation's second largest city, long notorious for legal restrictions that raise the cost of housing, now has a building regulation law which, while far from perfect, marks an important advance toward flexible design and method in construction.

Improved building regulation has become a significant question for many cities because the Housing Act of 1949 requires it as a qualification for Federal urban redevelopment funds. Experts have been nibbling at the problem for years. Last year the Building Officials Conference of America, working with Federal housing advisers, drafted a model code which municipal leaders all over the country are now considering. But Chicago is one of the few cities which have acted so far. The most formidable barrier to action is the fear of old-line building-trade unions that code revision will jeopardize their interests.

The *Atlantic* for February, 1945, reported the initial success of Paddy Sullivan, president of the Cook County Building Trades Council, in thwarting Chicago's effort to rewrite the city building code. As spokesman for the established craft unions of the construction industry, Paddy Sullivan stood watch, year after year, over the old regulations. His frown was so terrible that aldermen quailed at the thought of revising an ordinance which had always protected the vested monopolies of plasterers, masons, and other crafts.

Paddy is still around, but other forces in the community have made themselves felt, and the result is something of a political miracle. For two years, leading aldermen in the City Council, responding to pressure from the building-trade unions, fought a delaying action against revision of the code. They fell back from one prepared position to another, taking their stand finally on the proposition that small-home construction, at least, should be preserved for the *status quo*. They wanted rules which would keep the Chicago market closed to prefabricated houses, and which would maintain a preferred position for plaster as the chosen material of interior walls.

At the eleventh hour Chicago's popular Mayor Martin H. Kennelly went to bat for the organized civic interests which were demanding free competition among various materials and construction techniques. By forceful persuasion, by the power of his great personal prestige, he wrung from the City Council a compromise which, while giving some ground on details, upheld the basic principle of a performance rather than a specification code. The Council passed it unanimously.

It is typical in the history of building codes that municipalities often call in experts to advise them, and then proceed to ignore the experts' advice. That happened in Chicago once before. After duly noting what architects and engineers considered a technically sound set of regulations, the Council wrote its own set, conforming to what its members considered the political realities. The remarkable thing about the new code is that it does, in fact, embody about 90 per cent of what an expert group of nonpolitical technicians said it should embody.

The leader of this group was John O. Merrill, a competent and busy Chicago architect whose most notable professional job was the designing of the atomic energy town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Merrill took time out of a crowded life to act as the city's technical adviser throughout the long, tedious weeks of consultation, negotiation, accommo-

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dation, and delay. He had the National Bureau of Standards and many other construction interests looking over his shoulder. He consulted the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the American Standards Association, and more than a hundred representatives of industry. Architects, engineers, specialists from all parts of the country contributed their advice.

For years everything that was wrong with the building industry, everything that kept the cost of housing beyond the average citizen's reach, everything that froze building into a conventional pattern, had been present in Chicago in its most aggravated form. The advocates of progressive building regulation figured that if they could crack Chicago they could crack the main fortress of restrictive codes.

Behind the city's appointment of Merrill lay a groundwork of civic preparation. Late in 1945, the Association of Commerce, representing a cross-section of Chicago's business life, published a report on the code prepared for it by the John B. Pierce Foundation of New York, a housing research organization. Looking at Chicago building regulation with a cold and impartial eye, the outside analysts recommended a complete overhaul. The Association adopted this objective and, backed by three of the city's four newspapers, pressed it successfully on Mayor Edward J. Kelly and his successor, Mayor Kennelly.

Merrill and his staff, operating under a city appropriation of $105,000, worked for a year on the first phase of the job — the drafting of technical recommendations. Their objective was threefold. First, they wanted a code that would set up performance standards for safety, fire resistance, healthfulness, and so forth, and then permit the use of any materials or methods which met those standards. Second, they wanted to provide for administrative decision as to whether future new materials met these standards — thus attacking the ancient evil of legislative logrolling and favoritism which had grown out of the fact that the old rules could be changed only by the City Council. Finally, they wanted a code which, by setting reasonably liberal though technically sound standards, would encourage the utmost competition in construction and the greatest freedom of innovation and design.

In the ivory tower of their professional world, Merrill and his colleagues had little difficulty arriving at agreement on what a code ideally ought to contain. Swinging the City Council to their point of view was another matter. The Council was acutely aware of the building-trade unions, and its first reaction was to wrap the Merrill recommendations in a smothering blanket of procrastination. At this point a citizens' building code committee was organized, to mobilize support for Merrill's work.

Debate over the technicalities of construction is hardly calculated to bring the citizenry pouring into the streets, yet the committee attained a remarkable breadth of representation in its membership. Its chairman was Henry T. Heald, president of the Illinois Institute of Technology, and its vice-chairman Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, dean of the Medical College at the University of Illinois. Constituent organizations ranged from the banks and the Real Estate Board to Hull House, the Parent-Teacher Association, the State Street Council, and the Catholic Women's League. The committee raised a modest kitty and hired a City-Hall-wise newspaperman to run the office. It was a new kind of lobby, composed mostly of "do-gooders" who had no axe to grind except the conviction that Chicago needed an aggressive housing program, of which improved building regulation was one vital aspect.

The opposition, headed by Byron Dalton, boss of the plasterers' union, pitched its case on the issue of fire prevention. Dalton talked for hours on end before the aldermanic committee. He evoked memories of the great Chicago fire, he told and retold the story of the LaSalle Hotel fire, he painted heart-rending pictures of hapless families wiped out in burning homes. But he never quite convinced the public that his interest was humanitarianism rather than a protected market for the plastering trade. He never quite sold the idea that all fires take place in unplastered structures, or that a plastered wall is indispensable to a safe dwelling. The Citizens Committee could and did point out that the town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, built to house workers in the atomic plants there, had won an underwriters' award for the lowest rate of fire hazard in the country — and Oak Ridge is a dry-wall, plywood town.

2

In large measure the fire prevention issue was a false one. The code which Merrill proposed and which the Citizens Committee backed actually stiffened the precautions against fire in many instances. What it did not do was to impose the same kind of fire prevention standards upon all the diverse sections of the city. It did not require that small single-family homes, adequately spaced in outlying districts, meet the requirements set down for congested apartment blocks in the teeming center. It took the sensible view that fire hazards in a twenty-story hotel and in a one-story dwelling are not identical, and that building regulations need not be drawn as if they were. Above all, the Merrill forces insisted that wherever the public interest called for fire prevention standards, these should be defined in performance terms. The code was to specify that certain walls be built of any material capable of resisting fire for one hour —

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not that they contain eight inches of masonry or be finished with three coats of plaster.

One immediate result of putting the code on this basis is that Chicago builders will now have a choice among some eighty materials or combinations of materials, whereas the old code limited the range to about a dozen. As new materials are developed, they will qualify for use if they meet the technical standards set up. Heretofore, a new material had to be approved by the Council and amended into the law to be legal.

Architects believe that some of the greatest benefits will arise from the new freedom of design and engineering thus made possible. In large buildings, for example, the old code used to require that every exterior wall have a fire resistance of four hours, which in practice meant that it had to be built of masonry eight inches thick. You could build the wall of glass and call it a window, in which case you need not meet the four-hour requirement. The rule did not, therefore, actually produce structures which would resist fire for four hours. What it did was to produce structures containing a large amount of heavy masonry. That may have been appropriate in the days when buildings were fashioned by laying one brick on top of another, but the typical form of modern construction is the skeleton type, where the weight is carried by structural columns and the only function of the intervening "curtain" or panel walls is to keep out the weather.

The new code permits these exterior wall panels to be built of material that will resist fire for one hour instead of four. With proper insulation they might be built of steel, aluminum, or other relatively light materials. The savings possible in a large building — savings not only of labor cost but the compounded economies arising from a drastic reduction of weight for the whole structure — could be tremendous.

Chicago is an apartment-house town. Rental housing is the greatest need, and the construction of rental housing has for years been the greatest deficiency. Although construction costs were not the only reason for the long stagnation, the new code may have its most significant effects in this field. The old ordinance required builders to do many things which added to their troubles and their costs. Every wall separating the individual apartment from the rest of the building had to be a masonry wall; now it can be built of suitably fire-resistant material sheathing both sides of lumber studding. Every apartment building of any description had to have two exits; now it will be possible to build two-story garden apartments with one exit for four families — a type of dwelling which permits flexible planning and reduced costs. Under the old code every apartment building had to be of the same heavy construction, whether it was four stories or twenty stories high. The new law permits a lighter type of fire-resistant construction for buildings less than five stories high.

The bitterest controversy centered upon the rules to be laid down for construction of small single-family houses in the outlying sections of the city. Here the plasterers' Byron Dalton and his aldermanic friends dug in. The pre-war code had given the plasterers a monopoly on interior walls of small houses. The wartime emergency code, adopted under Federal government pressure to speed the construction of war housing, had required the use of plaster or one substitute — half-inch gypsum board. Merrill and his committee of experts wanted to throw open this phase of construction to all kinds of competing wall materials. The compromise engineered by Mayor Kennelly will permit the use of plaster, gypsum board, and other materials which meet the test for flame spread.

Theoretically, the new regulations will permit the erection of prefabricated homes in Chicago for the first time. But the most important result will probably be that manufacturers, knowing what the rules are, may now recognize some inducement to produce new wall materials.

The new code is about one-third the length of the old one, and seeks to regulate the basic essentials of construction rather than every minute detail. It makes full use of the authoritative agencies in the building industry whose standards are generally accepted as representing sound engineering practice. For reinforced concrete, the standards adopted by the American Concrete Institute are taken over. For steel, builders are referred to the specifications of the American Institute of Steel Construction. All materials approved and rated by the National Board of Fire Underwriters are automatically acceptable under the code.

For years the construction industry has pleaded for uniformity in municipal building legislation, so that the benefits of standardization could be realized. Here is a beginning. If other cities follow Chicago's example, shaping their local regulations on nationally accepted standards, the time may yet come when building is subject to substantially the same minimum requirements, allowing for regional differences, everywhere in the country. Such a step toward reducing the excessive localization of the industry could be a long stride toward rationalization and significant cost reduction.

In any case Chicago, for one, now has a building law which immeasurably simplifies the regulatory process, which encourages instead of throttling competitive construction methods, which frees builders from outworn restrictions appropriate to a bygone age, which opens the way to an ultimate reduction of costs that can bring good housing within the reach of more people. Looking at the formidable obstacles which once blocked this civic achievement, other communities may well reflect: If Chicago can do it, any city can.

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Manager of the Labor Department of Vickers Ltd. for many years, JOHN E. HUTTON *is an Englishman of wide experience and incomparable enthusiasms. A pioneer motorist, he built his own "Simplex" in 1901 and was one of the first amateur racers in Europe. He is a master of the fly rod whether fishing for trout or salmon (read his most recent book,* Trout and Salmon Fishing), *and for half a century he experimented with motorboats, beginning with those which wouldn't start in the 1890s and coming down to the fishing cruiser he designed in 1939.*

MOTORBOATS: A FIFTY-YEAR COLLECTION

by JOHN E. HUTTON

1

I BEGAN my experiments with power boats nearly sixty years ago, and I must say I met with some surprising events in developing this hobby. The upper Thames, whose course is carefully controlled by a series of locks, seemed eminently suitable for small power craft. There in the late nineties I used, at times, to hire a steam launch. The early ones had coal-fired boilers from which the ash and funnel soot soon reduced one's white suit and the girls' frocks to the appearance of a chimney sweep. Later, flash boilers with compound engines were introduced, greatly adding to the comfort and efficiency of the craft.

All power craft on the Thames were strictly governed by regulations as to safety and speed. The latter was particularly important since the wash caused by excessive speed could, and sometimes did, swamp a punt containing a mooning couple, tied up alongside the bank.

The early power boats were regarded with suspicion, and this turned into downright opposition with the introduction of the gasoline engine. The launches of the early days were noisy and odorous, and the opposition to them came to a head when, in a lock crowded with rowboats, punts, and other craft, a launch exploded, covering the water with blazing gasoline. Fortunately damage was confined to the launch and nobody was injured, but the Authority laid down the rule that no motorboat was to be in a lock occupied by any other craft. The result of this rule was to engender still more antagonism. On a crowded Sunday, when hundreds of boats of all kinds would be waiting admission to a lock, in its turn would come a single tiny motorboat to occupy the whole lock in solitary state while the rest of the yachtsmen cursed or fretted.

My earliest Thames motorboat was built for me by Saunders of Goring, whose works at Cowes, Isle of Wight, were subsequently responsible for many of the best racing motorboats and aircraft. It was a 24-foot cabin launch, driven by a Panhard motor of some 20 h.p. and called *Coquette.* Saunders, who was an artist in his work, which always embraced the finest material and workmanship, had invented a unique method of construction. The hull planking, of choice mahogany, was made from thin plywood planks literally sewn together by a specially constructed sewing machine. This resulted in an extremely strong and light construction, its disadvantage being that in the event of serious damage to the planking, repairs could be carried out only at Saunders's works. I had plenty of fun, in my salad days, in this boat which lay within an hour or so motor drive from London.

My first experience in salt-water motorboating was in 1904 when I had built for the Harmsworth Trophy race a 40-foot cedar hull with a 150 h.p. "Hutton" engine. The Harmsworth Trophy was presented in 1903 by the late Lord Northcliffe, the British newspaper magnate, in international competition for motorboats not exceeding 40 feet in length, and was eventually won outright by Gar Wood, the American boat builder and racer. The hull of my boat, designed by a well-known yacht designer, looked like a big cigar and was painted battleship gray. For trials I sent her down the Thames estuary tied alongside a tug. The coast guard, seeing this odd craft, thought it was a submarine being surreptitiously convoyed to a foreign power, and she was intercepted for examination.

The gasoline motors of those early days proved a severe headache. No car engine was designed to run at full power continuously, and when they were installed in boats, bearing trouble was frequent. *Hutton I* was always bothered by engine failure, and the times I was ignominiously towed back to my moorings were a source of chagrin.

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In the comparatively few races for motorboats held at that time, most were handicaps in which the potential speed of the high-powered racers was usually overrated so that these craft were handicapped out of the race. The only race for the Harmsworth Trophy at which my boat put in an appearance proved a fiasco since my engines, while emitting a series of deafening barks and belching clouds of dense smoke, resolutely refused to start until the other boats were halfway round the course. In those days there were no electric starters, and engines had to be laboriously cranked by a long lever. There can be nothing more distressing in this type of sport than, after days of tuning-up and preparation, to be left at the post with a dead engine.

I recall an incident when my engine had stalled in a heavy tideway and my engineer and I, concentrating on our efforts to restart the engine, were suddenly nearly stunned by a terrific bump while the head and voluptuous breasts of a wooden female fell with a crash into the cockpit. A torrent of invective from an irate skipper of a small anchored yacht into which we had drifted informed us that we had carried away the beauteous maiden which had adorned his prow, and commented in true nautical fashion upon our lack of seamanship.

In 1906 I built another 40-foot racer with remodeled engine. While this was very far from perfect, it did at least sometimes run; indeed, it won a race on the Mersey at Liverpool averaging 26.2 miles per hour — not a bad speed for a displacement hull in those early days.

It was in this boat that I had the unusual experience of being reported dead! I was returning from Portsmouth Harbor to Southampton and in Stokes Bay met one of those infernally steep seas which so often, and suddenly, spring up in the Solent. It appears that the skipper of a yacht had noticed the heavy weather I was making and, losing sight of my low gray hull in the trough of the seas, thought I had foundered. When, after a very rough passage, I arrived at Southampton I was startled to see news-contents bills of the local evening paper announcing the loss of my boat with "all hands" — actually we were only two. This adventure cost me dear as, being regarded as a Jonah, I had to stand drinks all round in the Yacht Club that evening.

What I have never solved is why, if the yacht skipper really thought I had foundered, he did not put about to pick up survivors. Perhaps his passengers were too seasick to endure further torture.

In 1907 Saunders built me, at Cowes, another 40-foot racer with a 100 h.p. Berliet engine. The design of this hull was peculiar inasmuch as it had a "bulb" section keel in which was housed the engine, to give a low center of gravity. The effect of this was, on one occasion, startling. Running with a beam sea, the launch suddenly rolled onto her port side and stayed there, so that, for a minute, we were running on the side of the boat. My engineer and I clutched the starboard combing and, leaning outboard, presently righted the craft onto an even keel. It was unpleasant while it lasted. Worse was to follow!

As we were running, at 20 knots, down the Thames estuary, which is miles wide and in which a strong breeze against a 6-knot ebb tide sets up a very steep short wave, the propeller struck some partially submerged object, breaking one of the blades and driving the stern tube inboard. The boat rapidly began to fill, and our position was perilous. Not another vessel was in sight and we had not even a life belt on board as all our gear had been sent to a port at the mouth of the Thames where we were to engage in a regatta. Hastily scanning my chart, I found there was a coast guard station abreast of us on shore. I stripped off the white shirt I was wearing and waved it about on the boat hook because we had no mast. Fortunately the coastguardmen, who already had their glasses on me, saw the signal and set off in their launch to our aid. By the time they came alongside, the boat was waterlogged almost to the gunwales, and was being kept afloat by the air imprisoned under the turtle decks.

It so happened that my engineer, an old Royal Navy stoker who cannot have been seasick for decades, had enjoyed a terrific binge on shore the night before and was lying very sick in the bilge alongside the engine. As the "captain," I thought it ethical to be the last to leave the ship; so, annoyed with my man, I yelled: "Hurry up, Keyes. Get out quickly." To this I received the startling reply: "Oh Gawd, leave me alone, I want to be a 'ero and go down with the ship." I dragged him by the heels into the cockpit and, with the aid of the coastguardmen, hoisted him into their launch. Twenty minutes after my boat had been taken in tow, the turtle deck blew up and she sank into a muddy bottom from which she was subsequently salvaged by the underwriters to whom I had abandoned her.

2

For business reasons I had to give up further motorboat racing and amuse myself in my leisure hours with more prosaic craft. The first I had built was a 35-foot cruiser, *Cormorant*, with two 100 h.p. Kermath engines. I did a lot of sea fishing from this boat, which I handled without a crew. To raise the anchor in the excessive tides of the Solent, I made an electric winch, operating on 12 volts.

At night I would fish for conger eels with rod and line. These vicious brutes can bite through the sea boot of a fisherman and give a fine tug of war. When they had been gaffed, I would throw them into the cockpit, fall on them with a sack, and

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with a heavy double-ended wrench beat them on the lymphatic heart near the tail, which seems to stun them much quicker than beating them on the main heart; then I would sever the spinal column just behind the head. Conger eel is a very nutritious food and, in cheap restaurants, is the medium for making "turtle soup" and "sole au vin blanc"!

From the early crude craft and unreliable engines marine motors, like their land cousins, have been developed and improved to a state of high reliability. The advent of the Diesel has not only reduced the cost of fuel consumption but has added to safety by the use of less volatile oil. While in the early days we thought a 100 h.p. engine very powerful, vessels of 20,000 tons and over are now propelled by internal-combustion engines.

Of fishing launches I have seen many types, ranging from the terrible ramshackle launch which I had incautiously hired in Jamaica, with gasoline pouring freely from the carburetor into the bilge, to the sturdy little 34-foot launches used for marlin fishing in New Zealand, with their single low-speed engines. It is fortunate that these engines are reliable, as one is often 15 miles offshore without the slightest chance of being picked up in the event of a breakdown.

The elaborate, high-speed cabin cruisers of the American sport-fishing fleet are something else. Their ship-to-shore radios, navigational aids, and elaborate mechanical fishing seats, which always remind me of a dentist's office or a barber's shop, have, as I see it, reduced the sport to the same level as the modern safari with its luxurious caravans and iced champagne.

After experimenting with many motorboats in the interim, in 1939 in the Bahamas I laid down what I thought to be my ideal small vessel — a comfortable cruiser, convenient for fishing, a first-class sea boat and economical to run. Applying my previous experience, I got Mr. Worth Monroe to incorporate my ideas in a design which proved eminently satisfactory: 43 feet long by 12 feet beam and under 4 feet draught, propelled by two 75 h.p. Buda Diesels, a maximum speed of 11.5 knots with a sustained cruising speed of 10 knots. As I planned to be away from my home port for considerable periods, fuel capacity was 450 gallons, enough to drive her 1000 miles at cruising speed. The minimum headroom was 6 feet 6 inches and the bunks were 7 feet long. An exceptionally complete electrical installation with Edison battery provided power for a 6-cubic-foot Frigidaire, three pumps, fans, iron, bedwarmers, and other gadgets. A small tub and shower completed the amenities.

Mao-Mao, so called after a beautiful blue fish I used to admire swimming in shoals in New Zealand, proved as comfortable as she showed herself to be magnificent as a sea boat. It was great fun going off to the outer islands of the Bahamas for a week or ten days, fishing and exploring the little coves and harbors in which her shallow draught allowed her entrance.

Built at Nassau (Bahamas) of the finest materials, the stem and keel being of the native "horse-flesh," she was so strongly constructed as to cause no anxiety when we were cruising under adverse conditions.

One day while traveling from New York to Montreal by train, I saw the navigational aids on the inland waterways. I made inquiries as a result of which I determined to cruise in *Mao-Mao* from the Bahamas to Canada and back. After a thorough overhaul and after I had filled every unwanted locker space with gin, for cocktails, and Scotch, which in those halcyon days cost but 95 cents a bottle in the Bahamas, we slipped our moorings at daybreak on a beautiful July morning.

The intracoastal waterways of the eastern American seaboard are unique in that they extend over some 1500 miles of shore. They are well posted with navigational aids — provided you can see them in mist or fog — but strict attention to the chart is imperative if the hapless master is not to find himself suddenly stuck in the mud.

The heat along the coast was terrific, the cockpit thermometer frequently registering over 100°. But worse still were the bugs which plagued us by day and by night. After we left Cape May and were cruising in the vicinity of Atlantic City we were attacked by a most venomous fly which bit pieces from our bare torsos.

From New York we took the inland water route to the St. Lawrence, that mighty river, 2000 miles in length from its source to the sea. Quebec, Montreal, the Thousand Islands, and Ottawa were our ports of call. On the return trip we visited in New York, South Carolina, and various Florida resorts before clearing for Nassau. In all we were gone nine months and covered a distance of 6790 nautical miles. It was a delightful adventure and a most economical one, as far as cruising costs go, for *Mao-Mao*, despite her 20 tons, averaged but $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a mile for fuel.

This trip proved to me one thing above all others: that more enjoyment is to be had from a comparatively slow, well-equipped cruiser than is possible with a high-speed semi-racing craft which goes nowhere in no time and is a nuisance to everyone except, of course, its owner.

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An anthropologist now in his forty-third year, JOHN GILLIN *has made ten expeditions south of the border. He knows the jungles of South America, and in his investigations has lived with natives "ranging from jungle savages to local high society." His book* The Ways of Men *has been widely read. "San Carlos" is the pseudonym of a real Guatemalan community where Dr. Gillin spent several summers and where he encountered the true story which follows. He is today Research Professor of Anthropology in the University of North Carolina.*

THE FEAR

by JOHN GILLIN

1

AMONG large sections of the Latin American population magical fright (*susto, espanto*) is a recognized ailment which corresponds roughly to the notion of "nervous breakdown" as this is held by non-medically-trained North Americans.

When a rural Latin American finds himself in psychic difficulties, he may "lose his soul" and seek out a medicine man to "cure" him. As a student of folk culture, I have observed the treatment of a considerable number of cases of magical fright or soul loss, and I know that a pattern underlies them all, both in the symptoms of the patient and in the procedures of the medicine man.

Alicia was an Indian woman who lived in a little house with grass roof and cane walls, on the edge of San Carlos, where the mountains begin to rise in folds toward Guatemala City. The *milpa* or corn patch surrounding the dwelling was only about half an acre in extent. It and two pigs were the responsibility of her old, henpecked husband, Aparicio. Their one son, Francisco, was married and lived elsewhere in his own house. Alicia insisted that her soul was lost. And she was rapidly wasting away. One day I went to see her and brought with me Gabriel, the leading local practitioner of witchcraft curing.

"Look," I said to Alicia, who was sitting apathetically on a mat in the middle of the dirt floor. "I have brought Gabriel, the famous curer, little *comadre*. He is to restore your health."

Alicia looked at me sadly and passed a hand down her thigh to smooth her wrap-around skirt, resist-dyed in the style that is called *jaspe*.

"May God pay you, Don Juanito," she mumbled. "But it is of no value. Perhaps I have lost my soul. Perhaps I have been bewitched. Life is not possible. The fever, the pain in the stomach, the loose bowels, the aches. Oh, and the terrifying dreams at night. Also, my head no longer wants to work. . . ."

Alicia's recital of her complaints continued in a low whine. Her face was screwed up into a piteous mass of corrugated wrinkles, amid which a wet channel from the corner of each eye wound its way to her chin. Alicia was "the worrying type" anyway, and her present anguish, although real enough for her, had its comical aspects, as is so often true with neurotics. I turned the case over to Gabriel with due solemnity.

Like myself, he was sitting on the dirt floor. He was self-contained; his beardless, Mongoloid features were composed, his small dark eyes seeking and holding Alicia's. Gabriel wore a European-type suit and a factory-made straw hat, and he had something of the manner of a successful physician called in for consultation, despite the fact that he had no necktie and that his feet were shod in sandals made from an automobile tire. He said something in Pokomám, and began the diagnosis.

The curer took Alicia's wrists in his two hands and laid them on her lap. "Let us see what the pulses say," he murmured in Spanish. Then he placed his thumb, not his fingers, on each pulse in turn for perhaps twenty seconds.

"Ah-hah," he said. "As I thought." His tone bespoke confidence and omniscience.

For the first time a flicker of interest lighted Alicia's face. "Little Gabriel, little doctor," she wheedled, "what is it that you feel?" Her puckered face, somewhat like that of an ancient, hairless monkey, showed an absurd mixture of anxiety and hope.

"Where is Aparicio?" asked Gabriel. Alicia went to the door and shouted, "Come in here, you vagabond." The old man had been hoeing corn a few feet from the door and now came dogtrotting into the house with his eager, ineffectual smile. He

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wore the white pajama-like suit that Indians use for work, and he sat himself on the rustic bed frame. Gabriel felt the pulses once more. He emitted a long "Uh-huh" in his most polished tones and in what seemed to me to be a decidedly quackish manner.

"What is it?" asked Alicia breathlessly.

"It is soul loss, an old and ancient *espanto*, a truly venerable fear," replied the doctor. His voice and manner were calm, yet at once confident and confidential.

The first stage of the treatment, the diagnosis, was complete. It does not matter, I kept telling myself, that the doctor probably feels his own pulses in his thumbs. He had drawn the patient out of herself to some extent, had established her confidence in himself, had begun to get transference — to use the modern technical jargon. Of course, according to the native theory, diagnosis by the pulses is important, in order to find out what kind of illness is present. There are other types of magical illnesses than soul loss — such things as bewitchment, evil eye, corpse sickness. And every one of these ailments has several forms, each of which has its "signs" in the pulses. For example, when both pulses are felt to be weak and irregular, the patient is suffering from magical fright. When one is strong and the other weak, the trouble is that a certain type of spell has been cast. And so on.

2

Each stage in the treatment of these magical illnesses can be interpreted either in terms of native theory or in terms of modern psychiatry. Alicia was sick. She had physical complaints, was unusually depressed, had withdrawn from her normal social contacts and family functions. The doctor determined the type of illness and established transference. The next step was to elicit a "confession" — in technical terms, to effect a catharsis. Of course, Gabriel operated only within the framework of his native theory, but long ago the native doctors had worked out cures that in certain ways paralleled modern psychiatric treatments.

Alicia's face was blank, as if the doctor's diagnosis had wiped away all expression, like a wet cloth moved across a blackboard. No one said anything for three or four minutes. Gabriel lighted a black tobacco cigarette and drew several puffs without inhaling. He kept his dark eyes fixed steadily on Alicia's face. The little house was deathly quiet, but you could hear the dry leaves of the corn plants rustling outside.

"This can be cured," said the doctor. "But you must tell me exactly where and how it happened." His eyes rested firmly on Alicia's. His manner was that of patiently awaiting foreseen events.

The woman cleared her throat uncertainly, pulled her lace-edged blouse tightly over her breasts, felt her necklace of red and blue beads mingled with old Guatemalan coins. Then a flood of words tumbled from her mouth, some Pokomám, some Spanish.

"Oh, you are right, Don Gabrielito. Your power does not fail you. All my life . . . "

Amid the bubbling words of two languages emerged the outlines of a life story, with the help of occasional prodding questions from the doctor. A little Indian girl had grown up into a woman with confusion and anxiety and in a world of frustrations. She was the oldest of six children of which the first three were girls. She should have been a boy. Her mother was a weak female who submitted blindly in a man's world. From the first her father would fondle her and treat her like his favorite, only to beat her and revile her periodically because she was not a boy. As long as she could remember, just when she thought she had a real place at her father's side in the field, on the road, at the religious fraternity meetings, he would turn, in one of his drunken moods, and pull the framework of self-esteem out from under her.

When she was a young woman, she ran away with an older man. She was going to show that she could get along without her father. But in a few months her companion deserted her. She had to return to her paternal house, covered with the enormity of her crime. When he was ill, she nursed her father and he would treat her almost as an equal. When he was well he alternated between taking her into his confidence and using her as a whipping boy.

Finally Aparicio started coming around. He became friendly with the old man. She did not like him. But her father decided she should marry him and one night he tied her to a grinding stone and whipped her until she consented. Aparicio was a happy-go-lucky man who made her happy at times, although he never thoroughly satisfied her sexually. He was also a periodic drunkard. Again the old anxiety.

Her present attack of *espanto* or soul loss had occurred a few days ago. She and her husband were walking by the river. They came to The Place. Many years ago at this spot, she had spied on Aparicio, who had started off with their life savings to buy a house and a piece of land. He had been waylaid by a woman. In the course of the dalliance his seductress had made off with the money. Here at The Place, Aparicio had destroyed what hope Alicia had had of security. Oh, the shame. Alicia shouted and shook as she told the awfulness of it. And then, a few days ago, when they had passed that way, she had reminded Aparicio of his faithlessness. He had picked up a rock and hit her.

"I was *espantada*, my little Don Gabriel," cried Alicia through twisted lips. "My soul was loosened." I noticed her old husband wiping the tears from his brown, withered cheeks.

"And?" asked Gabriel, the doctor. Alicia sat

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silent, twisting fingers in her skirt. "Come now," said Gabriel. "In your life this is the eighth time you have lost your soul. Why was the soul so loose? What was The Fear? Speak."

"I don't know. I don't know," Alicia sobbed.

"Yes, you do," whispered the doctor. "You have the Fear of life, the Fear that men will hurt you." He paused. "But you know that it is not so. You love your father, rest his soul. Look at your husband."

"I do not hate him, of truth," she murmured. "But sometimes I do. My heart becomes divided, my blood becomes weak." She reached a wrinkled hand toward her husband.

"Good," said the curer. "It is well to speak. It is well to know. And you must remember. Now, when your soul returns, it must no longer know The Fear."

Whatever a psychoanalysis or series of depth interviews might have revealed about the nature of Alicia's basic conflicts, the native psychiatrist had at least given her a chance to get a good deal off her chest, and he had given her some reassurance. The next step was to prepare for the actual recapture of the soul. This can be done only on a Thursday or a Friday night, and the affair of Alicia was set for the coming Friday. The preparations in effect served as a mechanism whereby the patient was drawn back into the circle of family and society, given a strong motivation for getting outside herself and away from exclusive preoccupation with her ailments. A cure consists not only of the ministrations of the medicine man, but also in the participation and help of a number of guests.

Thus Alicia became the center of activity. She had to invite her closest friends and relatives. She had to persuade a *Principal*, one of the six leading Indian men of the community, to lend the Christian religious touch to the proceedings. She had to secure a servant and a helper for the servant. She must supervise the preparation of magnificent repasts for those who would attend. She had to see to it that sixty one-cent candles and four ten-cent candles were on hand, not to mention a whole list of magic herbs, essences from the pharmacy, and special oils and powders which would be used in the cure. The patient has little time to feel sorry for herself when she has so many responsibilities. Such is the wisdom of the native psychiatry.

3

It was late Friday afternoon when we arrived at the house of Alicia and Aparicio. The earth floor was covered with fresh, sweet-smelling pine needles. The little one-room domicile was overflowing with guests and attendants, including Don Miguel. The latter was the chief *Principal* of the community, a very old Indian of saintly mien and the most gracious manners. It was only after everyone else had come and waited for some time that Gabriel, the doctor, appeared. He was in his Sunday clothing, calm and courteous as usual.

We were served coffee and bread and we chatted. The growl of handstone on grinding stone and the soft slap-slap of women patting *tortillas* accompanied our voices as we conversed. Alicia was in her glory, flitting about among her guests and helpers, giving directions, complaining of her ailments, enjoying her misery. Gabriel spoke a few words of instructions, and both his words and his manner indicated clearly that he was to be in entire charge of the proceedings from now on. Thus it was that a social group was organized about the patient and the interest of her friends was manifested in the outcome of the cure. Likewise, the social entertainment reduced tensions or feelings of strangeness within the group or between its members and the patient, and a relaxed and friendly atmosphere was created.

After an hour or so the religious part of the cure got under way. Gabriel and the *Principal* prayed before the little house altar, made of branches and decorated with fresh pine boughs. Then we set out for the church to "clear" the cure with the saints.

The great church was dark as a cave when we entered. No footstep disturbed the holy silence — only the minute squeaking of bats as they flitted about the seventeenth-century vaulting of the roof. Old Miguel kissed the cross just inside the entrance. Then the assistants set up two candles before each of the fourteen saints' images around the walls, and five large candles before the main altar, so that the interior was filled with a faint golden glow. Gabriel knelt before the main altar, then began a prodigious series of prayers out loud before each of the images. All his invocations were much the same, explaining to each saint in turn the loss of the soul of Alicia Gomez, calling for aid, asking pardon for the necessity of dealing with certain "devils."

We left the church's interior, luminous in the candlelight, and moved back to the house of the patient. It was lighted with burning, resinous splinters of pine. Alicia met us at the door and inquired plaintively about our mission. Gabriel replied with comforting words, explaining that the saints had been fully informed. Following this, all present sat down to a banquet.

The trip to the church had served to reassure the patient and the medicine man himself that the Christian powers would not intervene unfavorably in the succeeding aspects of the cure. For soul loss lies outside the realm of Christian affairs, and recovery involves dealing with renegade saints and familiar spirits not approved of by God Almighty. In San Carlos there is no resident priest, and the *Principales* serve as repositories and guardians of Catholic belief. Thus the fact that Miguel, the chief *Principal*, had taken a benevolent and ap-

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proving part in the proceedings gave a further bolster to security in this respect.

After we finished eating, Gabriel gave instructions for the preparation of the herbs and essences which were to go into the magic mixtures, all of them powerful cleansers of the body and the spirit. Among the essentials is Florida Water (Agua Florida), a sort of Eau de Cologne, an aromatic, alcoholic concoction which is a fundamental part of magical curing from Guatemala to Peru. This and various other materials, including the Seven Essences of Fear, had all been purchased from the local pharmacy and had to be properly mixed with the magic herbs. My friend Don Pedro, the pharmacist, was accustomed to inveigh heavily against magical curing, but he was not above supplying the necessaries.

Gabriel stood his patient before the house altar and took two eggs from a previously prepared gourd plate of curing materials. He rubbed her head, arms, body, and legs, then returned the eggs to the gourd. This, he said, removes some of the bodily sickness. Then he took a ball of beeswax from his pocket and started fashioning with his fingers two small dolls, each about three inches high. He knew the shapes by heart, for he finished in about five minutes. These represented Don Avelín Caballero Sombrerón, the chief of the soul-snatching evil spirits, and his wife. The little figure of the woman held a needle in her hands, and Gabriel explained that if his appeal to Avelín for the return of the soul went unheeded, he would speak to the wife, who might prod her devilish spouse with a "lance."

"We now go to The Place," Gabriel announced.

4

We went out of the house in single file, with Gabriel in the lead as before, followed by the *Principal* swinging a handmade clay censer smoking with copal, the sacred incense of the Mayas. Behind him came Francisco, Alicia's son, and another young man bearing digging sticks and gourd plates.

The night was dark with an overcast sky, and it had rained a short time before. We threaded our way to the riverside and followed a path upstream through the bushes, avoiding the town and the outlying houses standing dark with sleep. Only a barking dog noticed our passage, and a few fireflies flitted among the overhanging branches.

Suddenly we came to a stop in fairly thick brush on stony ground. One of the boys struck a match to a pine splinter, and in the eerie light I could see that we were on a rocky bank about ten feet above the river.

"Here," said Gabriel in Spanish, "is The Place. Here is where the soul of Alicia Gomez escaped through her mouth to be captured by the devils." With his usual air of quiet confidence he turned to the boys and spoke to them in Pokomám. One of them held the burning pine splinter while the other began to pry with his digging stick in the ground. Gabriel and old Miguel, censer in hand, turned their backs and stood on the lip of the bank, facing west into the darkness over the water. All previous prayers had been in Pokomám, but now, while Miguel swung the bowl of smoking incense, Gabriel began to talk in Spanish, using a familiar tone to call his *compadres*, the "devils" or spirits. Each curer is on familiar terms with a certain number of these powers.

"Compadre Don Avelín, Caballero Sombrerón," said Gabriel. "Forgive me for molesting you. Here" — gesturing toward the prepared gourd plate — "I bring you some good bread, some good food, a dinner, a drink, a fine cigar. In this place has occurred a *susto*, an *espanto*, to our friend and *comadre*, Alicia Gomez. Now she is ill, now she lives with death, because of the *susto* you have brought her at this place. She is without her soul; her body wishes to die for want of her spirit. I have come to recover this lost soul."

Gabriel paused and sighed affectedly. Old Miguel continued swinging the censer in silence.

"Oh, *compadres*," said Gabriel. Raising his voice above the murmur of the river, he called out six names. "You are the ones who have carried away the spirit and who know where it now wanders. I am here as the representative of the aforementioned *señora*. She suffers from pains in the head, her body is in bad shape, her bones ache, and her bowels are loose because in this place long ago she lost her soul. In these two eggs are evidence of the evil which has entered her body, that you may examine it.

"Avelín! With you I speak and with your distinguished lady spouse. I call the name of the sick one — Alicia, Alicia! In what rock is the spirit of the sick one? In what river is her spirit? And now we await the return of this soul as we go back to her house to cleanse the body of the sick one."

A roll of thunder rumbled through the mountains as the storm moved off toward the west, and the reflection of a flash of lightning behind a pine-topped ridge silhouetted the slope across the river. "It is a sign," said Gabriel, "a good sign." Overhead one could see snatches of stars among the scudding clouds. The sky was clearing.

Gabriel turned away from the river and toward the hole the boys had dug. The two wax images he stood side by side on a large rock beside it. By the flickering light of the pine splinter he placed the gourd plate with its delicacies in the hole. The two eggs he laid in a second plate beside the other. Then he covered it all with earth. Gabriel poured liquor from a bottle into a china cup. His voice was warm and familiar now. "Here you have your drink, *compadres*," he said as he poured the liquor from the cup over the top of the rock. He made a cross over the offering with the censer. The two young men cut saplings from the bushes and

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whipped the ground and near-by foliage, "so that evil spirits would depart." Gabriel scooped up a handful of earth and pebbles into one of the empty gourd bowls we had brought. "That the soul may follow," he said. With it in his hand he started off and we filed down the path along which we had come.

5

Alicia met us at the door of her hut as we approached through the corn patch. Her face showed an intense desire to know if we had been successful in our mission. Gabriel spoke comforting but noncommittal words. He sat down and smoked a cigarette, wiping the weariness from his eyes. This man, I thought, earns his two-dollar fee.

From the native point of view he had cleared matters with the Christian powers and had established contact with his particular friends among the malevolent spirits and had besought the occult crew to work with him rather than against him. Now had come the time to cleanse the body of the patient so that the soul might return.

The curer took off his jacket and his shirt. Alicia, her mumbling complaints silent for once, went to the bed. She removed her blouse and her skirt. All present had a long drink from a single bottle of liquor. Alicia cried and whimpered, standing naked before us. She and Gabriel stood before the house altar for a minute while he prayed.

Gabriel led her out of the door some distance into the corn patch and placed her upright, facing the north. The others in the party were instructed to form a hollow square about her. Gabriel faced Alicia and offered her a gourd bowl containing the magic mixture. She drank it in a series of loud gulps, whining with complaint. Gabriel raised another bowl and took a large mouthful himself, stepping back about three feet from the patient. Suddenly and without warning, a blast of fine spray burst from the mouth of the witch doctor.

The shock of the liquid in the cold air rocked the naked woman. The strong-smelling stuff ran down her trembling body in little rivulets; gobs of the macerated herbs clung wetly to her skin. Blast after blast of the spray struck her face, and with each gust the "evil winds" that had infested her were blown further away.

A stool was brought and the patient was made to crouch upon it. She shook violently with one uncontrollable paroxysm of ague after another. Then Gabriel raised a bottle of liquor to his lips and drank about half of it and gave the other half to Alicia to drink. Choking and gasping, she swallowed it. He gave her a cigarette and she smoked. We all smoked. Finally the doctor moved toward the house and all followed.

Who says that psychiatric "shock treatment" is a modern invention? I asked myself.

A mat was laid on the damp earth floor before the house altar. Alicia, still naked and shaken by successive waves of ague, stretched out upon it. Gabriel took up a gourd plate with eight eggs in it. Using them four at a time, he proceeded to massage her body thoroughly with the eggs. He started with her scalp, then the back of her neck. It was not a superficial rubdown, but a systematic and thorough rubbing of skin and muscle. Gradually the shivering and complaining ceased and the patient relaxed, enjoying the treatment. From the native point of view the remaining "evil" was being drawn from her body into the eggs. Objectively, the technique seemed to be induced relaxation following shock treatment.

When Gabriel was finished, Alicia drank another potion, then went to the bed and covered herself with blankets. One of the assistants brought a broken pot full of red coals which he placed under the bed, while Gabriel threw into it a handful of copal gum incense. The sweetish-acrid smoke swirled upward, enveloping the patient and filling the room. Crawling through the smoke, Gabriel placed the gourdful of earth and pebbles brought from The Place of the fright under the bed next to the smoking pot. As he did so, the incense suddenly burst into flame.

"Ha," said Gabriel in a strong, quiet voice. "She has life. The soul is here."

The smoke of the copal gradually cleared and a large gourd half full of water was set on the floor. Gabriel laid the eight eggs he had used in the massage beside it, and broke them one by one into the water. Slowly the whites coagulated, forming weird shapes like drifting clouds. For a long time the witch doctor studied the shapes by the vague light of the candles on the altar behind him. "Yes," he said at length. "I see it now. Here is The Place by the riverside. There is the man who deceived you. Here is your father. . . ." He went through the whole list of Alicia's previous *espantos* and explained in detail the present case. Her troubles would leave her now. Gabriel washed his hands and said simply, "Now the cure is finished."

The whole company sat down to a meal of rice and chicken. The guests chatted gaily and licked their fingers. Suddenly I was aware of a bent figure hovering over the sleeping Alicia, arranging her coverings. It was old Aparicio, her husband. It was the first time I had really noticed him that night. I stood up, shook hands all around, and went out into the early dawn.

I kept in touch with Alicia for three years following the "cure," and during that period she had no further attacks of "fright" and no return of The Fear as she had known it. But she remained an anxious and insecure woman. Let us give credit to Gabriel and his San Carlos methods of psychiatric treatment. In the deeper sense he is unable to touch the roots of The Fear. But he enables his patients to live with it.

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Books and Men

Author and critic, HANSON W. BALDWIN *graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1924, saw service aboard our destroyers and battleships, and after his resignation from the Navy joined the staff of the New York* Times, *where he has been the military editor since 1942, the year in which he won the Pulitzer Prize. His recent* Atlantic *articles on "Our Worst Blunders in the War" provoked wide discussion. In the following paper, he gives us his scrutiny of the most notable volumes about the Navy in action.*

"SAM MORISON AND THE NAVY"

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

1

VOLTAIRE once noted that "history can be well written only in a free country." To those who doubt the validity of this epigram the late George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will present horrible affirmation.

The distortion, perversion, and prostitution of truth in the service of politics is not merely a manifestation of totalitarianism; it is common to hustings and forum, podium and throne — for instance, the exaggerations of a Senator McCarthy. But in a democracy — a "free country" — a lie can be challenged, exposed, and refuted; there are few "kept" historians. In a dictatorship the student, like the serf, is the servant of the state; there is only one "truth" and it is spelled in italics.

Those who think that Orwell's fiction caricatures fact might ponder the historical fate of Vlasov, the renegade Soviet general who deserted to Hitler, with thousands of his men, not long after the Battle of Moscow in 1941–1942. Vlasov had been something of a national hero, though of a minor sort, in Russia; he played a prominent role in the Russian stand that turned the Germans back from the gates of Moscow. Then he deserted to the enemy. In Russia today it is as if he never lived. Just as in the Orwellian fantasy, Vlasov's name is erased from the Soviet history books. The thought is frightening, ominous; if the State can manufacture history like breakfast food, Man is forever slave.

To the student the inherent dangers of government encroachment upon the recording of history have long presented such a distasteful mien that there has been a tendency — until recently — to shy away, even in a "free country," from government-sponsored history. "Official" histories were all very well, but would they present the whole truth, naked and unadorned? The understandable fear of the independent scholar was that his independence would be compromised by government-sponsored history projects; there might be "strings" tied to his objectivity.

For these reasons, the wartime plans of the Army, the Navy, the Air Force — and other branches of government — to produce the most comprehensive history of World War II probably ever attempted by any government were at first greeted with some reserve by many scholars. But this innate conservatism, a natural and healthy reaction against the "State Supreme," was quickly broken down — partially because of the tremendous challenge of recording more fully than ever before in history a war that was the greatest in history; partially because of the fortunate personalities and broad outlook of the officers heading the historical projects; partially because of the full support the projects received from the high command; partially because of the principles of thoroughness, accuracy, truthfulness, and objectivity that governed; and partially because of the high caliber of the historians that were quickly attracted to the projects.

Such men as Henry Steele Commager, Douglas Southall Freeman, James P. Baxter, and Pendleton Herring quickly lent their names and the benefit of their advice to the services, and many of their peers — Wesley Frank Craven, James Lea Cate, Kent Roberts Greenfield, and Samuel Eliot Morison — undertook the prodigious job of administering, editing, gathering, or writing the military history of World War II. Some of them did it perhaps at first with misgivings; all of them enlisted not only in the service of the state but in the service of truth. The results so far published — Army, Navy, and Air Force — support incisively the validity of Voltaire's epigram: that "history can be well written only in a free country."

The service history projects differ widely in concept, organization, scope, and length. The Army's massive 96-volume project is straightforward narrative, written by various authors, edited by many hands but with few interpretations or analytical comments; it is precise and pedantic and detailed, at times to the point of reader exhaustion. It presents a tremendous array of facts but has little virtuosity of style, and I confess to some reserve

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about some of the things left unsaid in the volumes so far published. Published by the Government Printing Office it is a "straight" official history.

The Air Force operational history in seven volumes, of which three will have been published this summer, is also massive and detailed and meticulous; its analyses are more sharply drawn than the Army histories, but it follows much the same pattern. It is published by the University of Chicago Press but it, too, is "straight" official history. These volumes — the Air Force and the Army histories — are plainly not for the general reader; they are prodigious efforts of research and assembly intended primarily to publish the full record and to make that record available for the future student of warfare, the historian and the analyst.

The Navy's operational history is an altogether different kind of cat. Edited and written primarily by one man — who first suggested it to the late President Roosevelt — it represents not only naval history but "Sam" Morison history. There are to be fourteen volumes, of which five — the latest *The Struggle for Guadalcanal* — have been published. But these are normal-length volumes and highly readable, plainly books for the general public as well as for the historian and the student, and into them the author has injected the savor of the salt. The Navy's operational history, in other words, is the only one of the service projects written and intended for general, or "popular," consumption; and it is the only one of the three which deliberately avoids the label — and the advantages and disadvantages inevitably incurred — of "official" history.

The Morison volumes, bearing the generic title of *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*, are published by Atlantic–Little Brown and carry a disclaimer of "official" responsibility; yet the author, as the late Secretary of Defense James Forrestal wrote in the first volume (*The Battle of the Atlantic*), was commissioned in the Naval Reserve with the sole duty of preparing this history. He was promoted during the war to the rank of captain, personally witnessed many operations, and was given full access to all documents and personnel. The opinions and conclusions, however — and let it be added, the inimitable style — are those of Sam Morison alone, and the royalties go back to the government.

This device, which smacks a little bit of Alice in Wonderland confusion (when is an "official" history not an "official" history?), has proved to be, however — judging from the first five volumes — a happy compromise. Morison and his few but extremely able assistants — Henry Salomon, Jr., a former student of Morison's at Harvard, was the most important and productive — have studied nearly all available naval records, and yet there has been ample scope for distinctive style and reasoned analysis. The general result is highly readable, intensely interesting, and dramatic but withal thoroughly documented history, which at its best approaches the brilliant.

2

To understand the virtues and the faults — for there are some grave faults — of this historical project, as so far developed, one must know and understand its principal author, Samuel Eliot Morison, Jonathan Trumbull Professor of American History at Harvard University, author of *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* and numerous other historical works. Sam Morison is a "proper Bostonian" in whom war the instincts of the Calvinist Puritan and the Rabelaisian Cavalier. Generations of Harvard students have warmed their intellects before the dry wit of some of his lectures. His discourse on the advantages and disadvantages of standing armies has titillated many a Cambridge youth, and some of his more formal speeches — notably an occasion lit by the spirit of good fellowship at the Somerset Club in Boston — are a cause for legend. He is a precise small-boat sailorman; a scholar of high integrity, literary skill, and great industry; an urbane host; a person of vast self-assurance, his ego armored by heredity and environment.

To this man in his mature years came, I think, one of the great emotional experiences of his lifetime; his association with the Navy during World War II was, to Sam Morison, far more than an intellectual episode. In a sense, Morison is a frustrated admiral; if you like, a romanticist at heart, in whom the sound of the *Brooklyn's* guns off Casablanca (the first action in which Morison participated) kindled the flame of passion, of excitement, of derring-do and devotion.

This experience is not new to men who go to war; Man lives more highly in danger than in calm, and yet for Morison the transition from academic contemplation of past violence to active participation in present violence was a mighty one.

I saw Morison after he had returned from Casablanca; it was clear he had been emotionally stirred. Volume II of the series — the second chronologically but the first published — *Operations in North African Waters*, betrays this emotion; in certain places it smacks more of a personalized chronicle than of objective history.

It is necessary, I think, to stress this deep feeling of affection, respect, and pride which Sam Morison came to feel for the Navy, for it is the key to much of the magnificence and to some of the faults of the *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*. Morison has written these volumes from the heart as well as from the mind, and they have, therefore, the virtues and the faults of any such approach. Some of the beauty of writing and felicity of phrase stems from the heart, but in cer-

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tain places — sometimes in the North African volume, and occasionally, as a jarring note, in *The Struggle for Guadalcanal* — the heart betrays the pen of the skilled writer, and sticky metaphors, Horatio Alger phrases, or colloquialisms that protrude like a sore thumb emerge from otherwise fine and flowing passages. What, for instance, can one say to the "queenly *Augusta* . . . [with] her 8-inch guns booming a deep 'woof-woof'"? Or to such digressions as: "This may shock you, reader; but it is exactly how we felt. We were fighting no civilized, knightly war. We cheered when the Japs were dying."

Such passages or false metaphors, fortunately rare, are, I think, in part the product of real emotional feeling, in part the unconscious (or perhaps conscious) identification of the author with his history — so strong an identification that from time to time Morison distracts the reader or destroys the effectiveness of a page or a paragraph by inserting the personal pronoun "I" or "we" into a sweeping panorama of Homeric events.

Annoying as these foibles are, they are minor. More serious, I think, is Sam Morison's sometimes gentle treatment of the Navy's gross mistakes, errors, or inefficiencies. I do not mean for a minute that Morison distorts; his intellectual integrity and his high scholarship pull all the bones in the skeleton out of the closet, and in each of his volumes he has recorded all the major pertinent facts that could be dredged up from U.S. or other records. It is with some — but only some — of his post-mortems, his analyses of the actions he has described, that I feel a vague dissatisfaction.

To the average American, for instance, the impact of Morison's recent book, *The Struggle for Guadalcanal*, will come as a shock. Here, night after night and battle after battle, Morison in graphic, epic sequences presents the Navy that we Americans (I among them) proudly considered the best in the world taking a terrible shellacking from Japanese forces that were sometimes inferior in strength.

In torpedoes, gunnery, night battle tactics, fleet handling, communications, and in "battle-mindedness" the Japs time and again proved their superiority. The successive impact of Morison's calm but dramatic narrative of these actions is almost staggering to the American ego, shattering to our self-complacency. The facts are all here; Morison does not conceal them. But it is baffling and disturbing to find no one, or rather everyone, blamed. For the Battle of Savo Island, perhaps the worst American defeat in naval war in our history, the "blame . . . was so evenly distributed" that Morison agrees "it would be unfair to censure any particular officer." Perhaps he is right. And yet Morison's own narrative, buttressed by an important footnote citing a Naval War College analysis, clearly turns a spotlight of major blame on Frank Jack Fletcher who withdrew his carriers at a crucial moment from Guadalcanal-Savo waters for what Morison admits were "flimsy" reasons.

It is easy, of course, to be a Monday morning quarterback, and a good historian like Morison always resists the temptation to play God, and to be omniscient after the event, to expect superhuman deeds from human beings.

But there is still a myth abroad in the land — the myth that one American is as good as five Japs, that one Yankee can lick six Germans. The war proved this was nonsense. We did not win because of better tactics, better techniques, higher morale, more skillful leadership, or better weapons; we won because God, in modern war, is on the side of the big factories and we swamped the enemy with quantity. Today, faced with a potential enemy who has both big factories and big battalions, we cannot afford again to risk inferior tactics, inferior weapons, inferior leadership. This, I hope, is a lesson which Sam Morison will underline and emphasize in future volumes.

My dissatisfaction with the lack of incisiveness in a *few* (and I emphasize the word few) of Morison's analyses in his first volumes is perhaps unreasonable, not only because Morison may be right — the blame for our bitter defeats in "Iron-bottom Sound" may be broadly American, rather than narrowly naval — but also because the author has envisaged this work as a whole, not to be judged solely by any one volume.

It is, indeed, therefore somewhat premature for the publication of this appreciation since the best is still to be. Yet enough has been published of *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* to demonstrate the high quality, marred only by the exceptions noted (none of them sufficiently serious to mangle or mutilate), of a history unique — so soon after the war it describes — for its general thoroughness, accuracy, and drama.

3

Morison opens his 14-volume Iliad with a volume on *The Battle of the Atlantic* from September, 1939, to May, 1943. This describes the strengths of the naval antagonists, the diplomatic and political maneuverings prior to our entry into the war, the neutrality patrol, and the initial phases of the submarine and antisubmarine campaign in the Atlantic. The weaknesses of our Navy in antisubmarine techniques and equipment at the start of war are accurately described, and a concise but fair summary of the behind-the-scenes fight between the Navy and the Air Force for control of antisubmarine aviation is probably the best brief exposition of this intramural conflict — predecessor to even sterner post-war strife — yet published.

Operations in North African Waters is the title of the second volume, and the reader will find in these

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pages, in addition to a narrative of the naval operations, an excellent epitome of the "diplomatic contest over North Africa."

The Rising Sun in the Pacific: 1931–April 1942 is political and diplomatic history as well as naval; some reviewers, indeed, have criticized it as devoting too large a proportion of its space to the political and diplomatic preliminaries leading up to actual shooting war. I cannot join in such comment, for I know that Morison envisaged this political introduction as a preface to all his volumes on the Pacific war — and as such the scope of the political narrative is by no means excessive. Moreover, the author's practiced skill as political historian is so evident in these pages that the dry-as-dust maneuverings which led to the bloody hell of December 7, 1941, assume a viability and reality that make them seem of the present, not the past. The account of the attack on Pearl Harbor is a model of precise and accurate description; and the author minces no words in his stark report of the Wake Island fiasco. He covers much less satisfactorily a great deal of ground in a short space in this volume when he deals with the sprawling series of sea and air actions around the Philippines and in the Western Pacific shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Volume IV of "Sam Morison and the Navy" is devoted to Coral Sea and Midway and to submarine actions between May, 1942, and August, 1942 — a decisive period of the war in the Pacific, when the tide of American defeat started to turn and a handful of U.S. naval pilots off Midway stood between Japan and the empire of the Pacific. Morison has a great facility for (and has had admirable help in) sifting the kernels of wheat from the tons of chaff in research; he possesses an orderly mind, and consequently his gift for making a clear and intelligible, and dramatic, presentation of disorderly and chaotic actions is extraordinary. Student and lover of the classics, Morison works aptly into his descriptions those ringing and redolent phrases of ancient Greece or Rome, so that his battle descriptions — like that of Midway — assume at times an Olympian excitement.

But to my mind *The Struggle for Guadalcanal*, which covers a period of Pacific fighting from August, 1942, to February, 1943, is the best of the volumes yet published despite the reservations I have felt. Perhaps it was because Morison was there, and by this time — unlike his first experiences on the *Brooklyn* — his emotions were tempered. His writing is more controlled; his descriptions are precise; his skill at eliminating the nonessential and weaving a consecutive narrative from complex multi-ship actions is at its best. Volume V holds high promise for the volumes to come, for it seems to me each book has offered in some ways better fare than those that have gone before.

Ultimately, *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* can be judged only in its entirety. It is not the definitive history of the Navy — though it is the most definitive the public is ever likely to see; Morison deliberately chose to publish now rather than to await the time which for so many pedants never comes, when every item can be completely checked, every paper ransacked. It does not possess — save in spots — the Biblical grandeur of the Churchillian phrases; Morison has deliberately sacrificed this for the common phrase, the active verb, the argot and the vernacular, and he speaks, therefore, not to the literati alone but to the man in the street. The first five volumes are not great history; but despite, or perhaps because of, Sam Morison's emotional attachment to the Navy and his occasional "Reader, I was there," they are good history, very good history; good reading, very good reading. They will be, I venture to think, good reading for many years to come, and they are a proud monument to Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard and the Navy — historian and seaman.

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Books and Men

As a girl, Mary Appleton Wood spent her winters in New York and her summers at the famous old Appleton Farms in Ipswich, Massachusetts. She married Louis Bromfield in 1921, and shortly after the success of his first novel, The Green Bay Tree, *they moved to France, where for fourteen years they had their delightful and much visited home in Senlis. With their three daughters they returned to the United States in the autumn of 1938, and they live today on their fertile and still more visited farm in Ohio, which has been described by Mr. Bromfield in his two books* Pleasant Valley *and* Malabar Farm.

THE WRITER I LIVE WITH

by MARY BROMFIELD

1

If you did not know who he was, the first time you saw him on a street corner in New York or Washington or Houston or Chicago, you would have a hard time trying to figure out from his appearance just where he belonged or what was his history. At the top of his six-foot-two you would find a GI haircut of a mousey color and with the soft and furry texture of a mouse, which adds to, rather than detracts from, the great charm and incongruity of his personality.

His ears are large and stick out on either side of a weather-beaten face covered by lines — particularly around the gray-blue eyes — which come from squinting at the sun, from being in the sun as much as possible, from never wearing a hat except in the city (the hat is a gesture to convention). The gray-blue eyes are deep set and not large. They can be at various times alight with laughter, gleaming with mockery (when he is winning a point in an argument, for instance, and waiting for the kill), and quite suddenly, like gray pebbles, almost blank with what seems a helpless baffl'ement imprisoned within him, from which he cannot escape. His grin is both engaging and disarming.

In his buttonhole would be a ribbon of the Legion of Honor or the Croix de Guerre, and he would be wearing a tie given him either by his friend Max Krindler of Twenty One, or Sherman Billingsly of the Stork Club. His personal taste in ties is conservative (as is theirs), and the loud hand-painted variety is a wasted gift. When he buys for himself, he usually selects a dozen little dark blue bow ties with polka dots, rather too small for his face and stature.

His suit would probably be blue flannel and pin-striped, the shoes conventional and black, with faint traces of barnyard manure along the soles. The blue pin-striped suit would be one of six or seven all alike, which he purchases miserably in lots of half a dozen every five or six years, not because the suits on hand have worn out, but because of changes in his silhouette. He has some favorites for which he has a singular tenderness and which he will never throw away. He will suddenly appear at an Occasion in one of them — many sizes too small and shiny at the elbows — which he has inadvertently pulled from his closet and packed in his valise without so much as glancing at its condition. Because these pin stripes are all alike, he is saved the necessity of making up his mind when he goes to the closet. All he has to do is grab. He detests shopping and does it all in one horrid morning, outfitting himself in quantity, so that a long time will elapse before he has to go through the mean business of selecting again. He buys his clothes ready-made, as the very thought of a fitting would put him into a strait jacket and his entire family with him.

If you went through his pockets you would find an assortment of articles worthy of the pockets of Huckleberry Finn. First an expensive and tired wallet, filled with checks he has forgotten to cash, and stuffed with cards and addresses picked up all over the United States from new friends and acquaintances. This he cleans out only when the wallet gets so thick it won't go into his outside pocket. Besides the wallet there would be a trick pocketknife, a cigarette holder, a cigarette lighter (he is a match addict, so this has never been used), part of a package of fruit drops, a pair of Stork Club dice, carried for luck or sometimes for use in a crap game, and an immense quantity of loose silver. (As a veteran traveler he has a wild fear of being caught without enough silver for tips and taxis.) There would also be lots of clippings from the ten or twenty magazines and newspapers he reads every day, as well as a collection of crumpled and soiled memoranda.

He has written some twenty-five books in as many years, some of them fiction, some on economics and

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politics, some on agriculture, some reminiscences. Most of them have been translated into fifteen or twenty different languages, including Chinese and Hindustani. And he is the author of countless articles for magazines and newspapers in the United States, dealing with economics, painting, politics, the ballet, geography, music, the theater, agriculture, the movies, books, and writing. He is the author of three unsuccessful plays and one partly successful adaptation from the French.

His vision is first and last that of a novelist, seeing things, people, and events in terms slightly outsize of reality, colored and expanded by what some may call imagination and some call genius. This quality gives both to his writing and to his talk, even on potentially dull subjects, a tremendous intensity and excitement.

Dullness is an agony to him, and when a person or an entertainment is suddenly reduced to dullness in some place where he cannot escape, he becomes literally sick, with brown blotches under his eyes and the look on his face of a cornered and desperate bloodhound.

He speaks good French and passable German, and has a definite talent for the pigeon English of any country. This, with his faculty for immediately gathering a motley group about him wherever he may be, makes him find himself at home anywhere — surrounded by every imaginable type of person of every race, creed, color, situation in life, and point of view, and all at the same time. He loves to mix his gang, and is no "respecter of persons." He prefers to be with those who entertain and interest him, rather than with those who could advance him.

2

His fiction deals with any subject ranging from humble farm life to what he refers to as "international white trash." He writes of what he wants, when he wants and the way he wants, thus making him the despair of critics and, no doubt, of his publishers, who have never been able to place him in any category.

He writes a weekly newspaper column mostly on politics, agriculture, and economics, which appears in over sixty papers in the United States. Never once in the six years of its existence has he missed a week or been late in delivering his copy, for he is a madman for punctuality.

Having a vivid pen and tongue, he is the white hope of both big political parties. He is also the source of deepest puzzlement to them, for his opinions have nothing to do with party lines or affiliations. He was born a Democrat, so the Democrats claim him for their own; but when he soured on some of that party's more prominent protagonists, the Republicans surged forward with many a hope and much inner satisfaction, only to find that he was far from being one of them either in word or in deed. He is a persuasive and convincing speaker, but has no truck with saying what is expected of him, if he does not believe it. I fancy that psychologically the Democratic Party appeals to the scamp, the gaiety, and the progressive in him, while the Republicans mildly satisfy the conservative, puritanical side of his nature.

He is a very active speechmaker. Lately, his 150 to 200 speeches a year have dealt with conservation more than anything else; but the theater, literature, the ballet, music, and politics come in for their bit of attention too. If he made all the speeches that he is asked to make, he would never stop talking. I imagine that there are some people who think that he never does stop talking, but they are fantastically wrong; for like so many who are talkative, argumentative, or floor-holders in a group, he can be almost taciturn when left alone with one other person. There are times, under such circumstances, when his silences are impenetrable; vast mountains of resistance. He can scarcely abide a tête-à-tête, and at a dinner party, when trapped into one, will often go to the expedient of calling across the table to his wife, in order to make the conversation general.

He is an inveterate reader, pouring over and digesting newspapers of all varieties from the highest in thought to the lowest, and magazines of all kinds which deal with his favorite subjects. He does not confine himself, however, to the reading of newspapers and magazines, as though there were something unmanly in the reading of a book, particularly fiction. Far from that, he absorbs every book of interest to him that he can lay his hands upon, enjoying particularly memoirs, biography, and novels, which, if good or great, give him the thrill and excitement of any great work of art. He reads books on farming, medicine, eating, and politics as well, and never forgets anything. He can always pull a fact out of the bag in the midst of the most heated arguments, a weapon far more formidable than the most clever and brilliant of rebuttals. Indignation, facts, fury, and derision pour out of him when discussion becomes a heated argument and he really warms to his subject. The opponent in the fray is often obliged to gather his forces and leap in fearlessly when he can find a moment or place. On the other hand, I have known him to discuss quietly and logically, listen and ask questions, even when the person or subject under discussion was the object of his particular abhorrence.

He is a lover of all beauty in nature or in art, the ballet being of the arts his favorite, probably because of its combination of music, motion, color, and theatrical quality. He loves to dance himself, and can execute many of the steps of his favorite ballets with a good deal of grace, gusto, and accuracy. His happiest evenings at home are those in which he, his three daughters, and his visitors act out bits of various ballets with a violence which

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has nearly sent some of the feminine members of the party to bed with broken ribs. He looks but fleetingly at Causes (when he does, it is usually out of indignation at the opposition), and turns his back on nearly every form of sport.

3

TWICE in the fifty-odd years of his life, he has conceived and organized two establishments which acquired considerable fame. The first was the house, garden, and small farm in France where he carried on hybridizing of dahlias and the introduction of American vegetables. He received recognition from the French government for his work, and his proudest possessions are a diploma and medal from the Workingmen's Gardens Association of France, for the excellence of his truck and garden vegetables. The farm, some thirty miles from Paris, was the gathering place on week-ends for people of all kinds from Gertrude Stein to the Maharajah of Baroda. There were times on these long-ago week-ends (which became at the end a trifle too popular) when there were as many as eighty for lunch on a Sunday, and the host and hostess were rather at a loss to know who some of the guests were. It was nevertheless a time which they look back upon with great nostalgia.

Later, in the United States, he set up a farm which is visited each year by some twenty thousand farmers, specialists, and research men from all over the United States as well as India, China, Russia, Palestine, and other African, Asiatic, and European countries. He takes an active part in the farming of this thousand-acre grass and livestock farm, and in the wide range of agricultural and nutritional experiments conducted there. He is at heart and in action a "dirt farmer," working during the summer many hours a day in the field, on the plow, harrow, hay baler, and manure spreader, and knowing every head of livestock down to the newest calf, and every square foot of the thousand acres, the condition it is in, and what it needs.

He has a big house on his place which is filled most of the time with visitors of even more varied sorts and conditions than those who came to his house in France. During and after the war he took in three half-French, half-American boys and one Swedish lad who, he feels, are members of his family, which in itself is not small. One small wing of the house is given over to offices, library, and two ground-floor bedrooms which he shares with six dogs and his wife. "The dogs don't sleep with me," he says, "I sleep with the dogs."

Now that this farm is reaching its zenith and is very nearly in complete working order, he has other projects in other states under way; but I believe that the original farm and the big house will always be the center of his life, for it has a peculiar quality and beauty of its own, a certain spell and magic which could not be recaptured anywhere else.

His frequent comings and goings are always fraught with great excitement. There is a wild sense of hurry and busyness about the house all the day of his going away. Ten minutes before it is time for him to leave, he changes his clothes and begins packing.

He invariably takes with him two valises, one large and one small. At the bottom of both he piles magazines, books, unanswered letters, cartons of cigarettes, a pack or so of playing cards, writing paper, a pair of extra shoes, and occasionally a box of candy. On top of these are laid the inevitable pin-striped suit, some underclothes, too many shirts (some of which are never unpacked from one trip to another), one or two ties, and a very ancient toilet case. This toilet case has seen much life and travel in all parts of the globe and is filled with a few things which he does need, and with many which he might need, even to very old cold pills and dusty bottles of witch hazel and other liniments picked up here and there. On top of the case is sometimes thrown a dinner jacket with trousers which may or may not match it.

This medley of packing accomplished, he rushes through the house, grabbing hat and overcoat on the way, and throws himself into the car. Those traveling with him should be ready and waiting, and very much on the lookout, for more than likely he will forget about them and will plunge by, leaving them breathless with shouting and running after him. His hurrying is induced by terror of losing the train and by the fact that he must stop at a newsstand on the way to the station and buy some dozen or more magazines and newspapers to add to the mass already piled up in his valises. If it is possible to avoid it, there is never a good-bye said on these exits — which often bewilders guests who have not gone through one before and who stand around with outstretched hands and polite words of farewell dying on their lips. His departures are not supposed to be noticed or commented upon.

No matter how long or how short a time he has been away, the return is equally momentous. All of the day before he comes back, scrubbing, readying up, and extra cooking are going on although he never seems to notice whether there is dirt or dust about and will very likely take a bowl of crackers and milk at a meal in lieu of other food however delicious. The family, the household, and even the dogs are agog with anticipation and excitement. They all appear to have put on a new set of clothes and made up their faces afresh. For a few days, and indeed until he goes away again, there is an extra tinge of zest and color to everything that happens, for near him drabness never sets in.

There is much more to be told of this story, but I feel that enough has been said to give an idea of the breathless feeling that sometimes overtakes those who live and work with my husband.

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Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

ABINGDON lies seven miles south of Oxford, and the last time that I had taken this road was in July of 1943. On that sunny afternoon, I remember that the air had been heavy with the sound of bombers being tuned up by the mechanics for the evening take-off. The farms I passed had been converted into an endless relay of airfields. The metal strips ran through the standing wheat; and the control tower commanded, among other things, the geese and chickens of the near-by farmyard. As our bus passed the entrance to the fields, we were waved at by the ground crews, and the two robin-breasted farm girls at the window in front of me got the familiar American wolf call.

On that summer's day in the war, I had come from Air Marshal Harris's headquarters, where I had been one of a party of three editors to whom the Bull, as he was nicknamed, had shown the results of the recent raids. Here were the huge photographs, before and after, brought back by the reconnaissance planes; we heard the persuasive British argument for area bombing, and we also heard for the first time the tribute to Lord Trenchard. "It was he who saw further than any of us," said the Bull. "He got us our appropriations, small though they were, and it was he, more than any other man, who was responsible for having our Hurricanes and Spitfires in production in that desperate year after Munich." Those were the thoughts I had in mind as I took the bus from Oxford to see John Masefield.

That was seven years ago, and now my hired car was taking me past the same farms on my way to Abingdon. I noticed a landing field that had gone back to seed. The Nissen huts had been taken over by a squatter colony — married veterans, many of them, who couldn't find houses in overcrowded Oxford; the washing was out and the children were playing where the ground crews used to sweat it out. Further along I saw a hangar which had been converted into a showroom for McCormick tractors. But the biggest field of all, closest to Abingdon, was still in the possession of the Fleet Air Arm; the planes with their wings folded like grasshoppers were parked in the hangars as they would be on a carrier, and others were being tuned up. It was a big installation and the jet planes here would have made Bull Harris's mouth water, I thought, could he have had them in 1943.

Again I walked down the flint driveway with the rooks circling and scoffing at me overhead. Again, now as then, it was the poet himself who came to greet me at the door. As Mrs. Masefield poured us tea, our talk turned to the Spanish galleon — one of the Armada — which had been sunk off the island of Mull and which divers from the Admiralty were now trying to salvage from the mud, the fierce currents, and the depths. "They have got her free of the mud," said Masefield, "and if they can manage that tricky current, I think they will have her up. Here is a piece of her they sent me."

We examined the chunk, the size of a man's palm, and with my finger I traced the fan of the grain. "Oak?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I think more likely Spanish walnut. They might have had us, you know," he continued reflectively. "With that strong wind at their back the Armada was actually at the gates of Plymouth before we could do anything about it. The wind was so strong and so dead against us that our ships could not get out of harbor. They really had us at their mercy, and had they come in then as some of the younger captains wanted, there'd have been more Spanish blood in the South of England today.

"But the Spanish Admiral had none of Nelson's audacity. He had no heart for this command, he didn't really want it. Also, he was under orders to pick up the Duke of Parma and load aboard his army, which was waiting on the French coast. Those Spanish ships were huge floating forts, and they were fought by soldiers. While he was doing this the wind began to shift in our favor and so our ships got out. People forget what a daring innovator Hawkins was. When it was known that the Spanish were building the Armada, Hawkins went to the Queen with plans for smaller, swifter ships. Oh, he checked with Raleigh and the other great captains, he knew what he was doing, and here was the big innovation: this big British fleet

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was to be manned and fought entirely by sailors. He believed that they could work the guns faster and make an allowance for the roll, and would be much more deadly in their broadsides. And so it worked out.

"As the Spanish came lumbering on, beating up against the wind, it was the British ships that had the speed and the wind at their back. The Spanish ships, towering and pitching, fired right over us, and so Hawkins drove them away or sunk them just as the Hurricanes and Spitfires were to drive away those bombers of Göring's. The Spaniards had not come provisioned for adversity; and as they were driven off course by our ships and the mounting storm, they ran out of food, they suffered from thirst, and they went down on the rocky coast."

"How many did they lose?" I asked.

"About a hundred and fifty ships, I seem to remember — a hundred and fifty out of the two hundred that started. About fifty of them to our gunfire, and a hundred to shipwreck and disaster.

"When they brought the news to Philip he was shocked with grief, for one of his dearest friends — and he hadn't many — had gone down with his ship. Then, as he recovered, he said slowly, 'It is a proof of God's favor that I have the power to build a second Armada.' But of course he didn't. And of those few who straggled back, many never recovered. It was humiliation quite as much as their long exposure. One of the Admirals who returned went straight to bed, would neither eat nor drink, but turned his face to the wall, and there he died."

Such was the story that little chunk of walnut called out of the poet. His cheeks flushed as he told it. Listening, I forgot that only shortly before he had been in a nursing home. He gave me to see it as if he had been there on the deck.

The taming of Ohio

With ***The Town*** (Knopf, $3.50) **Conrad Richter** brings to a triumphant conclusion the story of an American pioneer family and of what happened to it in its transition from a lonely, fearful outpost in the deep Ohio woods of the 1780s to the relative security of the civilization in a sunlit town in the first half of the nineteenth century. "My purpose," he wrote me early in his research, "was to start with an early American woods character who knows only a rude hunter's cabin, and to take her, together with the great region in which she lives, from wilderness to cultivated fields to town, where in the end she dies, a leading citizen, and one who has seen all the historic changes." This story he has brought to us in a trilogy; *The Trees* (1940), *The Fields* (1946), and now *The Town* can be enjoyed singly, still more if read in sequence. Together they compose a novel which in style, character, and authenticity ranks beside *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

Sayward Luckett is the leading woman of the story. We see her first in the gloom of the hunter's cabin, the oldest daughter and most dependable child of Worth, the pioneer, and his ailing wife. Because her mother is so ill Sayward has to do for the young ones, and after Worth's desertion it was she alone who held the family together. So she was old before her time, but not unattractive, and in a mood of rebellion she reaches out for the man she wants, Portius Wheeler, an intelligent, not very well adjusted young lawyer from the Bay State, who was trying to bach it alone in a near-by clearing. They are a good team — Portius longheaded and knowledgeable, Sayward instinctive, resourceful, and so wise in her handling of people. It is the tale of their life as the trees come down and the land opens up, and of the doings of their children, which fills *The Town*.

The story is told in an idiom in keeping with the past. The words have a primitive strength and an imagery that come from the direct contact with nature. Much of the story comes to us through Sayward's eyes, and in the last half — in *The Town* — what she doesn't see is relayed to us by her youngest son, Chancey, puny, held back by his rheumatic heart, imaginative and hypersensitive in his guarded interior life. Together they are the well-contrasted interpreters of the great changes that were taking place: Sayward, the hardy rooted mother, the early settler who held on to her acres, who used her blood and determination to build the town, and Chancey, slow to find his strength, sage and intuitive in his judgment of his elders, the petted peacemaker in his family and, when grown, the editor who struggled to keep the peace and to moderate the violence of the abolitionists. It is these two who give us the sense of real participation in the past. When we see Sayward calm down Portius who has come home drunk and bitter over losing the judgeship; or ride with Chancey, a helpless stray, on the great muscle of the bridge as it sweeps before the flood, or share his delight in the "long blue sea wave of the pigeons" he saw in Fowler's Grove — in scenes such as these our imagination makes us young again and we feel that we are seeing the American countryside and people as Audubon saw them.

Just knocking around town

The Circle of the Day (Simon and Schuster, $3.00) is **Helen Howe's** third novel and by my score her cleverest and best thus far. In design it has the tidiness of a one-act play; the setting is Manhattan, and the story opens at the sunny breakfast table in the Millets' apartment on East 57th Street. This is Faith's and Eric's tenth wedding anniversary, and after the presents have been unwrapped and Fay, their eight-year-old daughter, reluctantly packed off to school, Eric, the thirty-six-year-old president of one of the most important

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concert managements in the city, leaves for his office, and Faith settles back in bed to skim the *Times* and to plan what she shall do within the circle of her day, making ready for their theater party in the evening. But the hours are more eventful than usual.

A gossip tips her off to a new danger that has come to town in the person of Cherry, the English actress who was Eric's mistress before their marriage. The gossip admits to having seen Eric in Gramercy Park playing with a golden-haired four-year-old, "and, my dear, the resemblance between them was out of this world." While still rocking from this punch, Faith, now at the manicurist's, is advised by the worldly Mona Stevens what her counterattack should be. Still staggering she attends a meeting of a women's club where the lecturer is a worm, and from there it is just a short step to Cartier's, where she is having her anniversary present, a gold cigarette case, initialed and where, on what now must be proving to be a thirsty day, she bumps into her old flame Freddy, the lover she might have married instead of Eric, who promptly takes her out to the most appropriate bar, where they exchange autobiographies over a quart of champagne. From this point on the reader must go it alone.

Miss Howe is a skilled monologuist and her gift of satire and mimicry show to good effect in the descriptions of the women she does not like. But in this story she has made a genuine, and at times successful, effort to get inside those characters whom she wants you to like. Faith's emotional upset comes too early in the day and too early in the book for us to feel it with anything more than a superficial response. We simply accept it as the first of a series of complications involving two nice people who will, we hope, go to bed happily when the story is over. I think they do.

I am making ready for my annual trip to the North woods and shall take with me ***The Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), the fourth volume of essays to be published after **Virginia Woolf's** death. Here is her exquisite blend of biography, interpretation, and criticism; here is the appraisal which refreshes your understanding of Oliver Goldsmith, of White's Selborne, of the novels of Hardy, Turgenev, and Conrad; here is the portrait of her father, Leslie Stephen — so charged with affection, yet so clear and objective in its line. Here is the calling back to life of the little governess Selina Trimmer, and of Parson Woodforde who kept his diary for forty-three years. "As we read — if reading is the word for it — we seem to be listening to someone who is murmuring over the events of the day to himself in the quiet space which precedes sleep." Here are longer essays — one on reading, one on reviewing — which are tonic for the tired mind.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

To SPARE the impatient reader the rigors of music criticism, **Jacques Barzun** has organized his two-volume ***Berlioz and the Romantic Century*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.50) in such a way that the nonspecialist can, without break in continuity, skip the twenty-five essays on the composer's major scores which flank the biographical chapters. Even in these essays, and more conspicuously elsewhere, Mr. Barzun seeks to transpose the discussion of music, insofar as is possible, from the hermetic jargon of the musicologist to the universal language of general ideas (an altogether different enterprise from the oversimplifications of the "popularizer").

Berlioz and the Romantic Century is not, Barzun points out, so much a "musical life" as a work of cultural history in which there are, so to speak, several different books: "The life of a man who was at once artist, thinker and doer; a concert or record guide to twelve great works increasingly valued by connoisseurs; an essay on esthetics; an account of nineteenth century culture; and, I dare say, a tract for our times as well."

Barzun's *Berlioz* is a splendid achievement, whose failings are those of a labor of great love. In his fervor to rebut the welter of misrepresentation and to give impetus to the Berlioz "revival" now well under way, Barzun tends to overstate his claims for his hero; and I suspect that he could, without lowering his sights, have exercised slightly more selectivity. His study runs to 874 pages plus 210 of supplements and bibliographies; for the reader to "take only so much as meets his needs" is easier said than done. These considerations, though, are dimmed by the book's shining merits — monumental scholarship; elegant and eloquent writing; the pervasive imprint of a deeply civilized mind; and a wealth of insights into the life of art. Biographical work of this stature and stylishness appears only a few times in a decade.

Stretching from 1803 to almost the close of the Second Empire, the life story of Hector Berlioz — the first truly modern mind in music — is the story of one of the world's few complete artists. Endowed with stunning native gifts, Berlioz was master of his style and his intention at twenty-four; at twenty-six he had composed his Symphonie Fantastique, and the daemon that possessed him remained

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infinitely prodigal. He enjoyed historic triumphs, but throughout his career he had to struggle, exhaustingly, to earn a living. In his public life, he ranged over the whole domain of music, as composer, theorist, critic, conductor, and producer; his private life had its intense dramas of passion. For forty years he was a strenuously embattled leader in the fight for the modern art of his time, and he carried his standard to most of the great capitals of Europe. "It would be difficult," Mr. Barzun observes, "to find any other [contemporary] European whose activity spread over wider territory or engaged the attention of more, and more diverse, minds than Berlioz."

The "life and times" of this protean genius make a fascinating text and one that provides the cultural historian with wide scope for readings pertinent to the present. There is, to cite a single instance, a fine "tract for our times" in Barzun's chapter on "The Artist in Society" — a telling answer to the prattling about "the divorce" of the artist from society, and the accompanying litany that art, to be truly great, must be palatable to "the great audience" which democracy has brought into being. The great artist, says Mr. Barzun, is by very nature a revolutionary ("a civilizing revolutionary"), and so inevitably "divorced" from society, whose interests — ease, stability, and peace of mind — are all threatened by innovation. It is the natural fate of "modern" art, whether of Beethoven or Berlioz, Delacroix or Blake, to be greeted with incomprehension and distaste; and it never conquers by compromise but by militantly going its way until there comes a time of understanding.

As for the relation between the artist and political "progress," we see very vividly in Berlioz's era that, with the beginnings of the populist trend in politics, there arose a growing hostility to the highest art. "It is not," as Barzun says, "that reactionaries love art more than radicals," but simply that art and politics serve divergent ends: "From the point of view of politics, art is always irresponsible; from the point of view of art, politics is always irrelevant."

Cold war à la Milanese

Politics and religion are the two adversaries in ***The Little World of Don Camillo*** (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $2.75), a book of short stories which cheerfully depict the *opéra bouffe* happenings in a minute sector of the cold war — a village in the Valley of the Po. The author of this entertaining item, an August Book-of-the-Month Club selection (generally available in mid-August), is **Giovanni Guareschi,** editor of a magazine of humor in Milan.

Guareschi's tales have three main protagonists: a lovable and bellicose priest, Don Camillo; a bellicose and not unlovable Communist, Mayor Peppone; and the author's conscience, represented by Christ, who from a big cross in the village church keeps an eye on the proceedings and dispenses counsel and reprimand to Camillo.

A zealot in the service of the Lord and the possessor of a deadly pair of fists, Camillo cannot bring himself to turn the other cheek — he even tries reminding Christ that there are more congenial precepts in the Old Testament. When Comrade Peppone, in a rare appearance in the confessional, discloses it was his stick which knocked Camillo unconscious one dark night, the priest beseechingly asks Christ if, then and there, he may at least hit Peppone with a candlestick. Told that his hands were made for blessing, he cannily replies, "But not my feet" — and Christ concedes the point. Camillo, however, is sternly overruled when he refuses to baptize Peppone's son; he fails to make Christ see that to give an infant called Lenin an entree to heaven would endanger heaven's reputation.

A former Partisan, Don Camillo has quite an arsenal stashed away in his church, and happily adds to it a Tommy gun stolen from Communist headquarters. This same Tommy gun causes the Mayor to divert 3 million lire from the Party's fund for a workers' recreation center to the Church's fund for a children's recreation center; and he is denied the solace of knowing that Christ, too, calls it unconscionable blackmail. Peppone, though, has his occasional triumphs. When a soccer match is staged between the Church's Knights and the Party's Dynamos, Peppone waits till Camillo has bribed the referee and then outbids him by 500 lire.

However uninhibited the war of harassment between Communist and priest, a devious code of sportsmanship prevails. Having induced the bishop to banish Camillo (temporarily) from the village, Peppone forbids a farewell demonstration — and stages one himself at the next stop on the line. These two enemies, the author says, "agree about essentials" (including the delights of poaching). Peppone, for all his ferocious bluster, is quite as distraught as the priest when an unidentified Communist kills one of the villagers. This, by the way, is the only somber episode in the book; elsewhere everything turns out for the best.

Guareschi strikes me as being an Italian approximation to Saroyan (with the advantage of novelty). His people, clearly, are heavily sentimentalized and his plot-twists are often on the "cute" side. Even so, *The Little World* is an engaging collection with a great deal of charm.

Accent on youth

Also from Italy comes **Alberto Moravia's *Two Adolescents*** (Farrar, Straus, $2.75), a pair of novelettes, *Agostino* and *Disobedience*, which deal with the emotional turmoil of adolescence. The author, widely considered by Italian critics to be

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their country's foremost novelist, last year attracted a good deal of attention here with his ruthlessly candid close-up of a prostitute, *The Woman of Rome.*

Moravia is well endowed with two qualities which do not often come together in equal proportions: he is both an extremely vigorous, sharply realistic storyteller and a shrewd, searching psychologist. Though written in colloquial and rather graceless prose, his work has a strongly distinctive individuality — harsh, energetic, and supercharged with sexuality; and more often than not it achieves a pretty powerful impact.

It certainly does in *Agostino*, a brilliantly realized portrayal of the sexual awakening of a thirteen-year-old boy, a sheltered member of the wealthy bourgeoisie. Agostino, vacationing at the seaside with his mother — a widow, still youthful and splendidly beautiful — is bitterly resentful when she allows a young man to come boating and swimming with them, and he hates the "strange" way she behaves toward the intruder. To punish her, Agostino goes off on his own and falls in with a gang of low-class adolescent toughs, who, among other things, jeeringly instruct him in the facts of life. Now he discovers in himself horrifying feelings about his mother's beauty, and, desperate to dispel them, he plucks up enough courage to visit a brothel, where he is laughingly patted on the head and told to run back home.

Disobedience, a rather disagreeable story, perceptively explores a different crisis of adolescence, a sudden leaden inertia and consuming hatred of life itself. Moravia's fifteen-year-old Luca masochistically sets out to deprive himself of everything he likes, of everything which still attaches him to living. Eventually he works up to a total physical breakdown, and, while convalescing, is seduced by his nurse, which more or less dispels his neurasthenia.

Of books and places

"Collections . . . are the severest test a writer can face," says **Elizabeth Bowen** in her own ***Collected Impressions*** (Knopf, $3.50). "Too many collections are scrapheaps. . . . Too few writers are right in throwing nothing away." Miss Bowen might have done well to throw away some of the short book reviews in this volume, but by and large her miscellany — critical prefaces, essays on places, a broadcast on Trollope, "Notes on Writing a Novel," and other literary journalism — emerges from the severe test of collection pretty handsomely.

One item — a report on an opening of the Royal Academy — is a masterpiece of comedy. The pictures "beam with a mediocre sincerity," and the august, dowdily overdressed assemblage prompts the devastating comment, "It was inconceivable that beings, all human, should vary so much in shape and style, and so few be quite right." The essays on places — London at the height of the Blitz, Dover in 1944, Folkestone in the first months of peace — show none of the tarnish that almost inevitably blights this kind of topical reportage. A sense of the importance of place, of the individual's need for moorings, is strong in whatever Miss Bowen is writing; it is the foundation and buttress of an outlook acutely sensitive to our time's disintegration but resistant to its neuroses and despair.

Miss Bowen's reviewing, as she herself points out, is apt to be "morbidly over-clement"; she is distinctly lavish with the strong "plug." At its best, though, her criticism has a similar quality to that of Virginia Woolf. Impressionistic rather than analytic, its distinction is a brilliant precision of feeling and aptness of expression. Confronted with a congenial talent — E. M. Forster's, say, or Virginia Woolf's — Miss Bowen brings her subject vividly to life and warmly illuminates it. Here, for instance, are a couple of sentences which convey the special quality of D. H. Lawrence more effectively than a chapterful of studious dissection: "In writing, now, a sensuous concreteness is demanded. We want the form of naturalism, with at the same time a kind of internal burning — in Lawrence every bush burns."

Miss Bowen's method has its limitations. There are meanings it is not well suited to explore and authors who respond poorly to the impressionistic approach. The results are meager, for example, when Miss Bowen is dealing with a coldly cerebral, nastily brilliant novelist such as Montherlant.

As a critic, Elizabeth Bowen has a virtue that is rather rare nowadays in this field of operations, which, like everything else, has become enormously specialized. The bulk of contemporary criticism of any seriousness is distinctly forbidding to the layman, and even to the reader fortified by professional interest it is often

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flavorless fare. Miss Bowen's critical writing, always graceful and lucid, is a pleasure to read.

"The greatest living writers"

The World's Best (Dial, $5.00), an ambitious anthology edited by **Whit Burnett,** claims to represent the hundred and five "greatest living writers in the world" and does so with selections of their own choosing — essays, history, biography, drama, poetry, short stories, and more or less self-contained extracts from novels. This is a sumptuous package of fine reading, but the claim in the title is another matter.

The writers included were chosen by polling 643 selected readers (about a hundred of them authors) — a procedure which, the editor stresses, gives a unique authority to the nominations. Here, it seems to me, he is bowing to the Lord God of Statistics in a province where that bumptious idol has least claim to respect. Polls on the subject of literary greatness are an intriguing parlor game, but the collective verdict of 643 is not necessarily more discerning than the individual choice of a single widely read anthologist of really exacting taste.

This particular poll has turned in some highly dubious nominations — the listing occasionally makes one wonder whether a number of the voters were not thinking of sales figures rather than of talent. Among the first-rate talents omitted from the chosen hundred and five are Robert Penn Warren, Katherine Anne Porter, E. E. Cummings, Sir Osbert Sitwell, and Evelyn Waugh, to mention just a few. Then, too, the great majority of the voters being American or English, the literature of other countries is decidedly underrepresented for a volume which calls itself *The World's Best.*

At any rate, here are one hundred and five prominent writers — novelists, poets, philosophers, essayists, and journalists — all graded by vote, like race horses by their earnings or baseball players by their batting average. There, for instance, is Arnold Toynbee in twenty-seventh place, three lengths behind Pearl Buck and one behind Van Wyck Brooks; there is Faulkner, a poor thirty-sixth at the finishing post, just a head in front of Lin Yutang. Steinbeck (eleventh) is six places above André Gide, ten above Dos Passos, fourteen above E. M. Forster; Auden is bunched with Noel Coward and Upton Sinclair.

The most interesting aspect of this anthology is that the authors have made their own selections. The main point about it, however questionable its claims, is that it assembles a large and highly diversified amount of memorable writing.

Potpourri

THE LITTLE BLUE LIGHT *by Edmund Wilson.* Farrar, Straus, $2.75.

Hecate County, for all its wickedness, was a suburb of heaven compared with the U.S. circa 1960, as satirically pictured in Mr. Wilson's three-act play — a gruesomely intriguing fantasy. The two-party system has broken down and the citizenry is bullied by giant pressure groups, one communist, one fascist, and one clerical. Spying and blackmail are almost universal and murder has been simplified by the invention of a self-operating gadget which causes the victim to incinerate himself. The characters include a magazine editor who is making a last stand for independent thought; his restless, attractive wife and well-bred young aide; a neurotic writer of horror stories centering on the monster god Shidnats Slyme; and a moralizing gardener, who starts out as an Italian, develops a marked Irish brogue, and ends up as Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew.

OUT OF MY LATER YEARS *by Albert Einstein.* Philosophical Library, $4.75.

Sixty excerpts (averaging four to five pages) from Einstein's articles, addresses, and letters of the past fifteen years. Grouped according to subject matter, these pieces deal with ethics, science, religion, world government, control of atomic energy, socialism, the Jews and Zionism, and "personalities" (Mme. Curie, Gandhi, and others). The most striking thing about Einstein's thought in the nonscientific essays is the ever present and intense concern with moral values: the book's cumulative impression is of a quality which can only be described as saintliness.

THE STEVENS AMERICA *by Marion and Alden Stevens.* Little, Brown, $5.00.

A first-rate handbook for travelers on the highways of the U.S.A. — clearly organized (into twenty-eight TransAmerica Tours) and encyclopedically informative. Unlike a good many travel writers, the authors steer pretty clear of press-agentry; and the text, without over-straining for liveliness, is briskly readable. There are thirty-five maps and a fifty-page "route finder," which tells the motorist the best way to get from wherever he is to wherever he wants to go.

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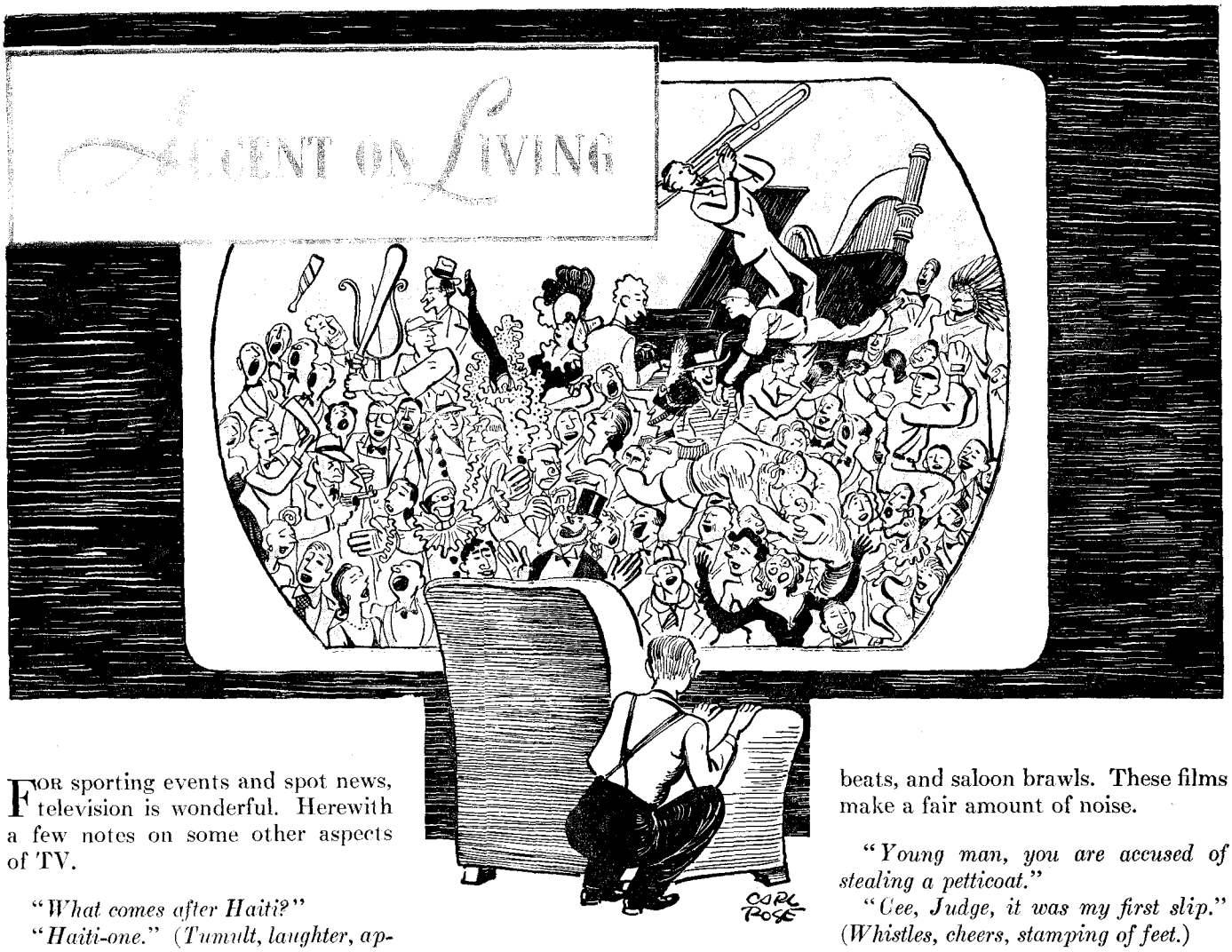

THIS MONTH

FOR sporting events and spot news, television is wonderful. Herewith a few notes on some other aspects of TV.

"*What comes after Haiti?*"

"*Haiti-one.*" (*Tumult, laughter, applause by studio audience.*)

TV is not for the eye alone. Whereas radio spared us the sight of its performers, we have to hear them as well as see them on TV. But many TV sets seem to have a sound unit of dime-store quality. Thus television shows us what we suspected all along — that an operatic soprano is not hired for pulchritude; but it also makes her sound like the goings-on in a haunted house. As for orchestras, the TV customer, presumed never before to have seen one in the act of making music, is astonished to hear what meager tootlings are being produced by the hard-working musicians on his screen.

The studio audience likes television better than radio, and its frantic endorsement of an old joke or a solo constantly smites the receiving set in great echoing gusts. (The TV camera peers out over this audience at short intervals to prove to the listener that their brayings are not the figment of his disordered mind.)

Only the velvety, flavor-sealed, creaming voice of the commercial announcers comes through as heretofore. But the announcer is now tossing his marcel and fixing you with a hypnotic eye and forefinger when he commands the sprint to your nabor-hood druggist for the arthritis pills. It's all one can do — even the lame and the halt — not to run out on the show, quarter in hand.

Because about a third of all television seems to be low-budget puppets and marionettes, about a third of its sound output is the caterwauling and gobbling of these little creatures.

Roughly another third of TV is old movies — not vintage films but just worn-out quickies that no audience would lay down money to see even in a Penny Arcade. Intended for the children in TV households, the films are usually Westerns or he-man schemes abounding in gunfire, hoof-beats, and saloon brawls. These films make a fair amount of noise.

"*Young man, you are accused of stealing a petticoat.*"

"*Cee, Judge, it was my first slip.*" (*Whistles, cheers, stamping of feet.*)

At this stage, pending coloration by the Federal Communications Commission, TV is mostly gray. Black things look black, everything else gray. The plush curtains from which emerge the roller skaters, tap dancers, jugglers, and other old-time vaudeville acts are probably in the best color tradition of Balaban & Katz, but they look slate gray on all the shows.

The people look gray without exception. Athletes, matinee idols, doddlerers, or the most blooming young trollops from a floor-show line — all these seem to be made of putty or modeling clay; and another of TV's queer new impressions comes from the sight of so many gray-faced people appearing so abruptly in one's living room and cutting assorted capers.

Television is also the domain of the gray dinner jacket, but we may be sure that this garment will be worn in tartans and magenta once the FCC permits color. (The maroon feather-carnation with matching tie and

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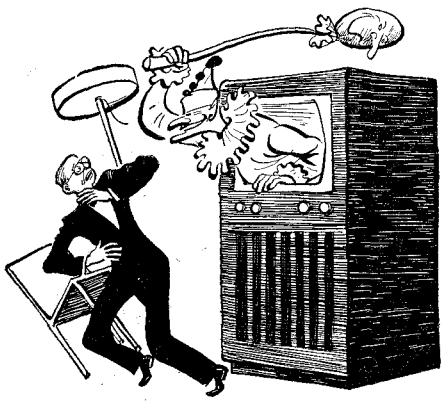
handkerchief gets absolutely nowhere under present conditions.)

The gray curtains are TV's principal scenery. Some shows will venture boldly with a street-corner drop reminiscent of the Orpheum circuit in 1910, but TV is mainly a plush curtain job. A battered dais, with the plush



curtains as background, is the basic piece of studio furniture. At forums and quizzes, the panel of experts sit behind rather high desks, so that they may read their spontaneous witticisms by furtive glances — which the studio audience can't see half so clearly as they show up on the screen in one's living room — at concealed script. Because television spends so much money on "talent," most of its other props are rudimentary and in constant use; they take a frightful beating and look, on the whole, like the handiwork of toddlers in a progressive school.

Television's greatest problem is how to show one or more human beings on a "giant life-size" 10 or 12 inch screen — a life-size screen in the sense that a $10 Kodak takes life-size pictures. Awkward fact: the only life-size reality that will fit into such a dimension is a life-size face. The more the lens takes in, the smaller the performers have to be, and a ballet number becomes a troupe of midgets willy-nilly. Aware of this failing, TV resorts to close-ups. At this point, out the window goes any sense of illusion that the home audience might have enjoyed in a theater, insulated by kindly distance from so minute a view of Adam's apples, back teeth, ears, and other distracting details of the entertainers. Example: —

A noted diva is announced by the ecstatic master of ceremonies to the delirious studio audience. The TV camera discloses her, midget-size, languorously reclining on a chaise longue. She is wearing a frilly negligee — gray — and in her state of intimate dishevelment she looks to be, midget-size, quite a babe. Apropos of nothing in particular, she begins to warble a naughty little song in French.

But relentlessly the television lens closes in to show us what she really looks like: an astonishingly massive chin; little pig-eyes; considerable deviation of the septum — nothing that a good plastic man couldn't straighten out but such as to show up a nose slightly off center; large ears; a bit long in the tooth; probably around forty. Having thus wrecked any possible enchantment which the diva might have exercised at longer range, the camera puts her back on the chaise longue, but by that time we know too much about her.

"*Did you see the old ruins in Europe?*"

"*Yeah, I was out with one of them every night.*" (*Ovation, pandemonium.*)

There are three kinds, generally speaking, of TV performers: the worried, the gauche, and the brassy.

The most worried people on TV are the non-professionals who have been drafted to make a speech, sing, or be interviewed. Their hands shake, their voices quaver; coached against scratching themselves and twisting their handkerchiefs, they take refuge in a desperate immobility, and the customer at his home TV outfit is bound to share their tension. The other great worrier is the small-time professional, who hopes that his act with an acrobatic fox terrier will give him about the same Broadway status as *South Pacific* but who is afraid the dog is going to muff their great chance.

The gauche performers are those who are not at all worried how they look and sound but who ought to be.

The brassy — who represent about half of television — are case-hardened mid-Manhattan personalities in various stages of repair. Tough, self-assured, they are thoroughly at ease in the half-world atmosphere they create by one's fireside.

"*Do you know what a race track is? A race track is where windows clean people.*" (*Screams, hysteria, guffaws; studio audience pummel one another in delight.*)

In its present state, TV tries to cram the greatest possible number of acts into a half-hour show, lest the audience become bored by seeing too much of any one thing. The result is a hectic, lickety-split succession of offerings. The customer in his own home is given no time for accommodating himself to TV's fantastic changes of pace and mood.

Just as he is trying to size up the effect of a cellist, the musician is hustled off, the master of ceremonies bounces out with a new old-joke, and three men in tights emerge from the gray curtains on unicycles. A minute and a half of brisk wheeling ends, and a ballet offering begins, only to be cut short by the appearance of a male quartet, dressed as filling station attendants, to sing an interminable commercial. A famous ball player is introduced, takes a bow, and bolts. Three genuine midgets in evening dress — two men and a woman — dance a lilting waltz, and the woman then waltzes with a full-size man so that the audience can see that she really is a midget and not merely one of those little figures on the TV screen. At this point, an expert demonstrates some extraordinary trick shots on a pool table. The show winds up with a comedy bagpipe act, a commercial, grins and applause for himself by the master of ceremonies, and a final commercial.

In its great haste, TV today is much like the early Hollywood "features" in which the principals met, wooed, married, misunderstood, and reunited — all in about twenty minutes. On this basis, TV is eating up scripts and performers so rapidly that any old turn — by decree of the master of ceremonies — looks like a lifesaver to its producers. This is true of filler intervals as well as variety shows.

In less than fifteen minutes one evening, a single station offered a British travelogue, a vocalist, and part of a Navy documentary of the assault on Okinawa.

CHARLES W. MORTON

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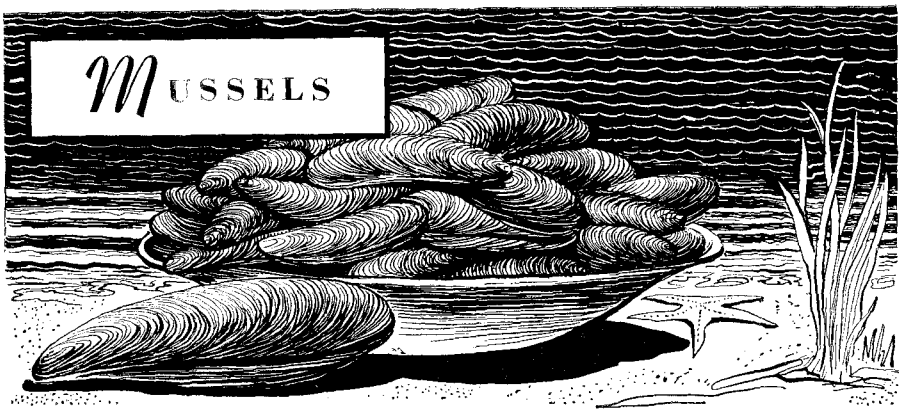

by FELICIA LAMPORT

FELICIA LAMPORT *is a Vassar graduate and a former New York newspaperwoman, who was also engaged in editing American films for audiences overseas. She is the author of* Mink on Weekdays, *a recently published nonfiction book.*

I CAME face to face with live mussels for the first time last summer when we were living at Buzzards Bay. A favorable concatenation of memories prompted me to fill a child's large sand pail with the shellfish: the distant memory of an epicurean dish I had eaten many years before in France, and the immediate remembrance that it was time for lunch, that our larder was empty, and that I had been lollygagging along the beach instead of going to town for provisions.

The members of my household were cold in the face of my triumph. "How are you going to cook them?" my husband asked, holding an especially large black specimen between the extreme tips of his thumb and index finger, at arm's length.

I took it from his hand, added it to the collection in the pail, and bustled off to the kitchen with a confident "Ha!"

The word "Marinière" bubbled up from the depths of my memory, and I searched through the two cookbooks on the kitchen shelf: not a word about "Marinière," or indeed about mussels or even *moules*. I looked reproachfully at my prey and went to work on the shells with a vegetable brush.

Two indistinct whistles reached my ears, both so faint and high-pitched that they seemed like supersonic jeers. "I will not be jeered at by my lunch," I muttered, and faced the first problem before me: opening the mussels. I attacked them delicately with oyster knife, paring knife, carving knife, and screwdriver. Result: cutlery and hardware damaged, mussels intact. I renewed the attack with a hammer, winning a purely technical victory.

Strategy seemed to be in order. I discarded the mussels that had been under the hammer and flung the others into a pot with a little water, thoughtfully adding some butter, garlic, white wine, and a short prayer, on the theory that none of them was likely to hurt a dish. In no time the steam escaping from the pot began to take on the characteristics of an aroma.

"Are we supposed to eat *this* part?" someone said a few moments later, holding up a long, delicate, lustrous, and silky bunch of filaments.

I took a stealthy nibble and covered my reaction with a trill of laughter. "That is the handle," I said. "It is simply used to hold the mussel."

The dish was a vast success; even my husband, who is not a man for panegyrics, pronounced it no worse than steamed clams. It was a week before I learned from a French friend that I had approximated the Marinière treatment — except that the bunch of filaments, which is known as the beard, should have been removed early in the proceedings.

Spurred on by this happy chance and the inexhaustible supply on our shore, I experimented further, turning up in due course a number of recipes that produced avid approval and a few that had to be passed off as "caviar to the general." I append the former in the hope that Americans, like the French, will come to honor this bivalve with *haute cuisine*.

"MUSSELS MARINIÈRE (MORE OR LESS)"

Scrub two quarts of mussels with a stiff brush and remove their beards with a sharp knife. Put the mussels in a large pot with a cup of water, a generous tablespoon of butter, two cloves of garlic, and a jigger or two of white wine. Cover tightly and steam over a quick flame until the shells open — about seven or eight minutes.

"MUSSELINE DE SOIE"

Proceed as in the above recipe, omitting the wine and butter. Remove the shells and put the mussel meat through a grinder. Add a tablespoon of lemon juice, a tablespoon of chopped chives, a pinch of basil, and blend into a three-ounce package of cream cheese with a fork. If you like things reasonably bland, stop there; otherwise add a pinch of dry mustard, a teaspoon of onion juice, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. This is a fine filling for puff shells, and is almost as good spread on crackers.

"MUSSELINE DE SOIE GRAS"

Spread "Musseline de Soie" on squares of toast, top with bacon, and broil until the bacon is crisp.

"MUSSELCHOISE"

Proceed as in the first recipe. Discard the shells and strain the mussel liquid. Blend this liquid with an equal amount of sour cream. Add the juice of one lemon and two teaspoons of finely grated lemon peel. Then add the mussels to this liquid and sprinkle with thyme and chopped chives. Serve ice-cold.

"MOULES À LA REINE"

Proceed as in the first recipe. Then melt two tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, adding an equal amount of flour. Cook and stir until smooth. Add one cup of mussel liquid and one cup of sweet cream. When the mixture is smooth, add it slowly to two beaten egg yolks and cook a minute longer, stirring constantly. Now add the mussels plus ¼ cup of chopped almonds, ¼ cup of currants, ¼ cup of sherry, and a pinch of marjoram. Garnish with chopped chives or parsley and serve hot on toast.

Mussels also lend themselves admirably to baking, especially in a sauce of canned mushroom soup, chopped stuffed olives, and capers. They are delicious fried or made into chowder, following the clam recipes for these dishes. Used in lieu of oysters they make a wonderful bisque as well.

So the next time a mussel shell bites into your bare foot on a beach, it may be consoling to remember how many ways you have of biting back.

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GROCK THE GREAT

by HENRY CASSIDY

HENRY CASSIDY *was for thirteen years a reporter and foreign correspondent for the Associated Press. Since 1945 he has been European news director for the National Broadcasting Company.*

ASK anyone in Europe over the age of twenty about Grock, and you are likely to be told: He was very funny and he is dead. Both of these statements are false. Actually, in real life, Grock is quite sad, and at the age of seventy he is very much alive.

Grock is not a modest man. He would be the first to concede this. He makes many startling claims for himself: that no less an authority than Charlie Chaplin called him the best comic on the stage; that a Queen of Spain laughed so hard at him she gave early birth to an Infanta; that no acrobat has ever been able to imitate his famous leap from a chair; that he once knocked out Battling Siki in an amateur boxing match; and that his home on the Italian Riviera is the finest private property in all of Europe. The astonishing thing is that most of his claims are true.

A Swiss by birth, he began his career as a clown in Hungary and became a national figure in England, France, and Germany. He was truly an international idol, doing his act in fourteen languages. The one place he failed to conquer was New York.

Grock invaded the New World in 1920, going to New York that year to play the Palace. The trip was a series of misfortunes. The sea was rough, his wife fell sick, his ship collided with a freighter and they landed in Halifax. His train to New York caught fire and he was late for his opening.

When he finally went on, the act had moderate success, but not the triumph he was accustomed to in Europe. He had an unusual explanation: since he and Max, his partner, spoke with a British accent, they were taken for Englishmen although they were billed carefully as "French clowns"; and the British being unpopular in America, the pair were not accorded the reception they expected. They topped the bill at the Palace for two weeks, and did several more weeks' work in New York, but then they all came down with grippe and returned to London.

The idea that Grock is dead stems from the fact that, during the war, being Swiss, he disappeared under the cloak of neutrality of his own country. The combatants on both sides, who had laughed at and loved him for so long, heard of him no more and assumed he was gone. He has now begun his comeback, and intends to go back to most of the countries he played before — except the United States.

I have recently worked with and come to know Grock in a film entitled *Au Revoir, Monsieur Grock*, designed as the climax of his career. The scenario called for Grock to play his own life, and for an American radio reporter to convey his times, in the modern European method of presenting real people in their own roles.

Toward the close of our first evening at the studio, photographers came in to take pictures of him. They asked him if he could do his act on a chair. Immediately he jumped up on his chair, sat on the back, extended his legs and crossed them.

As the flash bulbs popped, the chair leaned back dangerously. I thought the old man was going to break his neck. Being seated closest to him, I leaped up to save him. Everyone else around the table roared with laughter. For now the chair was leaning forward. The old rascal was teetering back and forth, doing his act.

Grock was born Adrien Wettach, son of a watchmaker. He made his first public appearances — at the age of fourteen — by accident. A tightrope walker, Louis Bourquin, had permission to give a performance over the cobblestoned Place du Marché Neuf, on a wire strung from the third floor of the local hotel to the roof of the café on the opposite side of the square. But the wire was rusty and worn, and Bourquin refused to go through with the show. Adrien volunteered to take his place. Midway through the performance, the wire snapped and sagged. But Adrien made his way back to the window of the hotel, and his career had begun.

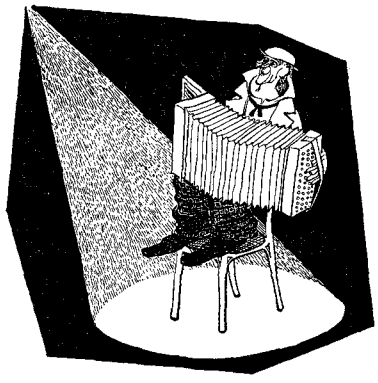
The character of Grock was created in 1903, in the team of Brick and Grock the musical clowns. They played the famous Cirque Médrano in Paris and then did the classic tour of successful acts of the time, all over France, Belgium, Italy, North Africa, and South America.

In Buenos Aires, Grock met Antonet, the greatest clown of that period. Antonet was impressed by Grock's musical talent, and Grock was having trouble with Brick; so Antonet and Grock formed a new team, considered the best clown combination ever known until then.

In Berlin they made the significant change from circus to stage. Invited to appear at the celebrated Wintergarten, they went into the music hall. It was the first time a couple of clowns had tried to drag their big feet out of the sawdust up to the rarefied atmosphere of the boards. The act, created for the circus, was at first a flop. But by speeding it up to the requirements of the stage, they became once more a hit.

During his stay in Berlin, Grock had a wart removed from his hand. The job was bungled; the hand was burned and he lost the use of one finger. It was that mishap which made him start wearing his famous white gloves. It also exempted him from military service.

He spent most of the First World War and post-war years in England, staying there so long, he said, that



Winston Churchill cited him as evidence that English comedians were the best in the world. In England, Grock married Ines, Italian friend of his sister Jeanne. A devoted wife, she traveled with him wherever he went, and produced offstage the few sound effects of his act. It was in England, too, that he found his favorite part-

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ner, Max, a young Dutchman, an excellent violinist and the perfect straight man for Grock, the clown.

These two Continentals reached their peak of popularity and their peak pay — 300 pounds sterling a week, then about $1500 and a lot of money — in England, but they grew tired of London. They were bothered by rheumatism. They were depressed by the fog. They began to quarrel. Worst of all, the Coliseum manager refused to give Grock the still higher pay and the bigger billing he demanded. In the midst of a Coliseum contract in 1924, he skipped out to Paris, and never returned.

Back on the Continent, Grock organized his own troupe, with an orchestra conducted by his friend René Chapon. They played for King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, King Albert of Belgium, Goebbels and Hitler.

The act in its final form contained the elements Grock had perfected in half a century of hard work. He entered — wearing his rimless felt hat, baggy checked jacket and pants, and flapping shoes — carrying a tremendous suitcase. From it he extracted a tiny violin. The first part of the act centered on the violin.

Retiring behind a screen, Grock returned in a tattered dress suit with a large safety pin holding the jacket together. This, he explained, was practical when it rained. He demonstrated by bending over and pinning his trouser legs to the jacket, so that when he stood erect, the pants came up above his bony knees.

The middle part of the act centered on the piano. The idea was that Grock should accompany his partner, who would do a violin solo. But the solo never came off. Grock tried to push the piano up to the chair instead of moving the chair to the piano. He cranked the piano (one of his wife's sound effects) to make it play. He got his fingers caught in the keyboard cover. He drew a length of rope from inside the piano. He removed and juggled his white gloves. His top hat slid down the tilted top of the piano. He slid after it. Finally he fell through the seat of the chair.

Grock had a wealth of other material that he used according to his whim. There was a singing solo, in which he danced and yodeled; a bass drum and bell routine, ending with him falling into the drum; a clarinet conversation with his partner, during which the instrument wept because

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the partner was standing on his toe; and an accordion-saxophone conversation, Grock pleading eloquently on the accordion for the partner to join him in the music.

The standard close to the act was Grock's famous leap from the chair.

Grock, standing on the chair and playing the accordion, crashed through the seat to the floor. His huge shoes trapped inside the rim of the chair, accordion in hand, face contorted and heart pounding (another of his wife's sound effects), he gave a single seemingly effortless spring and landed seated on the back of the chair, balanced precariously, legs crossed, and still playing the accordion.

The dialogue accompanying the act was elementary, but as delivered on the stage, with his rich voice, his rubbery face, and his perfect timing, it represented the summit of clowning. There was deep human pathos when the partner hit him over the head with the violin bow, benevolent good humor when he beamed over the accordion, and malevolent ill will when he pursued his partner with the piano top.

During the Second World War, Grock retired to his home at Oneglia, near San Remo in northern Italy. He expended his energy on his great stone and marble mansion and his estate, producing olive oil, wine, fruit, and vegetables. He made musical instruments and cigarette holders, and designed flower beds in the image of his clown's mask. At the approach of the war to northern Italy, he withdrew to Switzerland to await the end.

His comeback, after the war, began slowly. Forgotten for five years, he found difficulty in obtaining new contracts. And he needed a new partner. The film provided him with both. He was once more in demand, and he took on Maiss, a clever clown and an accomplished straight man.

The work on the film was characteristic of Grock's act and his life. He performed with the firm assurance of a great artist. And he quarreled with the ruthless intensity of an ambitious man. He was not acting when he did his last scene, walking alone out of the circus, across the deserted sidewalk, and into his car, slamming the door angrily.

The last I heard of him was from a friend of mine, who said her maid was going that night to see Grock, playing a one-night stand in a theater no one ever heard of, in the Paris suburb of Passy. Then he went off to play the Saar. He drove back from Saarbrücken all through one night, to see the presentation of the film the next morning to the French cinema industry. He wept over its success, and made up with the producers. Then he went off to Germany. Grock, again, was on the road.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The light, refracted from the silver windows,
Crosses the street, pours through the single leaf
Left on the little maple, purest yellow,
Is focused there, alchemical and brief.

The golden bird is a common English sparrow,
But under that leaf, and in that light, he burns
All fire, within, without, his eye a jewel,
His feathers metal, flashing when he turns.

A common bird. He will be here all winter;
You will see him, any morning, in the snow,
The color and shape of a lump of mud, or horse-dung,
And he has no song. You would not believe it, though,

Seeing him now, illumined, almost music,
So that what the eye beholds, the slower ear
Expects, at any moment — golden color
Made sound, the melody double, rich and clear.

YACHT FOR SALE

by CHARLES H. DOEBLER

CHARLES H. DOEBLER *is the somewhat undecided proprietor of a 24-foot sloop whose home port is Providence, Rhode Island. This is his first appearance in the* Atlantic.

SAILING is an art which I had watched from an ignorant distance until I became abruptly and damply sophisticated. As a guest at a beach house, I suddenly found myself on a Sunday afternoon the unwilling skipper of a small boat on Narragansett Bay. The wind, I am convinced to this day, was rapidly approaching hurricane force, and the bay was a mass of enormous waves. The boat developed an alarming tendency to turn upside down.

The rudder, an ingenious folding affair, unfolded and hung tantalizingly just out of the water where it did no good at all, but somehow I managed to beach the monster, all seven feet of it; and with the sail flapping cheerfully overhead, I pushed the damn thing a rocky half mile back to the cottage. My hosts looked startled, but tactfully refused to laugh themselves sick.

That day, the virus was planted, sturdily reinforced by the realization that, in New England, yachting is a social asset, a conversational gold mine, and an acceptable reason for not listening to the ball games on Saturday afternoon. But I was really sold when I saw how easily I could build a reputation as a yachtsman with nothing more tangible to offer than subscriptions to several impressive salt spray magazines.

First I learned to talk boats, casually sprinkling magic names like *Bolero*, *Baruna*, and *Katuna* through my conversation. I found that rattling off the names of the Bermuda Race winners from 1928 on had a

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wonderful effect. Then, to cap the effect, I would idly take a strand of well-tarred marline from my pocket and tie bowlines around the stems of the cocktail glasses. As a result, it was no time at all before I was asked to join a yacht club. I began spending Saturday afternoons in the better boatyards, looking over likely craft. I was sure to be in uniform: baggy flannels, a knife for poking rotten timbers, and in spring a very battered pair of canvas shoes.

The actual technique of looking for a boat boils down to a standard protocol divisible into two sections: outdoor and indoor. I found indoor boat hunting the easier. It would start the day the postman delivered my copy of *Sail Ho!* I turned to the brokers' listings immediately. Very likely the first one that struck my eye was suitable for a four-year cruise in the Antarctic, complete with a hold full of dynamite for blasting ice packs, and with spare black ties for the penguins. I am sure that my enthusiastic letter of inquiry was joined by three hundred others just like it, all from people who had no more intention of buying than I did.

After posting a number of these letters, however, I would have a generous pile of snapshots covering every conceivable type of boat. These made a powerful impression on guests who came in for cocktails. I generally swept the whole mess to the floor with a carefully modulated chuckle.

"I've been trying to find the *right* boat, but these brokers can't seem to find what I want." And I sighed as I reached for another round. Whether my guests chose to believe this or not did not matter. I knew my future as a yachtsman depended on giving the impression that I would buy the *Baruna* tomorrow if Henry Taylor offered it at the right price.

The outdoor search for just the right boat is a more energetic undertaking, but the same principles hold. The uniform and a car are operating essentials. At the boatyards, I learned to slant a critical eye at a boat's lines and murmur with scornful decision, "Hogged." I learned to say it before I quite knew what it meant. Any owner within earshot shuddered at the word, looked on me as an expert, and wondered if it was possible that his boat sagged at both ends.

My complete repertoire included diving under the boat and examining the hull with myopic scrutiny. As I jabbed viciously with my knife, I would whisper hoarsely, "Notice how the garboard is pulling away there."

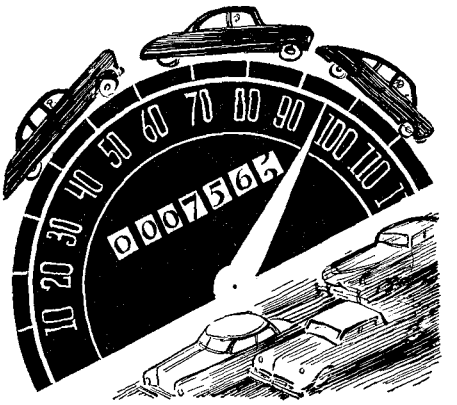
This was sure-fire. In nine boats out of ten it probably had happened. Even if I was challenged, I could quiet the owner with a superior, knowing look that made him worry for the rest of the season.

But at this point in my program, serious drawbacks began to develop. As a nautical expert, I was beginning to get a flood of invitations from people with boats. Not wanting to wreck my new reputation after lavishing so much hard work on it, I studied nights, lashing down radiators, securing coffee tables against the danger of high seas, and soaking my white ducks in a heavy salt solution. I learned whole passages of Joshua Slocum by heart and baffled the neighbors by hoarsely shouting "Back the jib!" "Hard alee!" and "Stand by for a line!" As a final touch, I dribbled paint on a pair of carefully bleached dungarees. The whole process, I might add, was a tremendous success.

It couldn't last. I had become so nautical that everyone wanted to see my boat. I held them off for a while, but the concerted effort was too great; I was forced to buy a boat. There followed struggles with the brokers I had fooled for years, struggles with the owner with thinly veiled intimations of theft being the order of the day. There is more haggling over the sale of a boat in New England than of a Bokhara carpet in Baghdad.

Then, when I had finally bought my own boat, I suddenly discovered I was being victimized by my alter ego. Young men in baggy flannels and disreputable sneakers would pour out of convertibles to stick knives in the hull. They would exchange glances and make sympathetic clucking noises. Usually I could just make out their remarks, tactfully uttered in a stage whisper: my boat was hogged and the garboard was pulling away!

I finally did get my own boat in the water and ready to go. She is lying at the mooring right now, and if you're willing to make me a decent offer, she's yours. You see, I'm still crazy about yachting, but I want to regain my amateur standing.



STOCK CAR SPEEDS

by SMITH HEMPSTONE OLIVER

SMITH HEMPSTONE OLIVER *is Associate Curator, Section of Land Transportation, at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.*

WHEN a motorist relates that his unaltered stock sedan or convertible coupé has hit 114 miles an hour, or some other fantastic speed, there is no use in arguing to the contrary. He cannot be persuaded otherwise. To tell him about the horsepower requirements for a vehicle with a certain frontal area, and that the modern American-built automobile does not meet the requirements for the speeds claimed by him, is to meet the stern resistance of an insulted man whose speedometer is as honest and reliable as a government time-signal.

Recent speed trials held at Daytona Beach, Florida, revealed some hard facts which ought to interest drivers who have implicit faith in the speedometer's version. Under the auspices of the National Stock Car Racing Commission, whose National Commissioner is the well-known racing driver of former years, E. G. "Cannonball" Baker, the trials were held on the hard-packed sands where many a world's land speed record was set in former years. An electric timing device was utilized at an accurately measured half-mile stretch. North- and south-bound runs were made for each competing car, after flying starts, and the average of the two runs was the official speed for that car.

The best average speed attained by a strictly stock sedan, as delivered by the factory, was 100.28 miles an hour — reached by Joe Littlejohn of Spartanburg, South Carolina, driving a 1950 Oldsmobile 88 equipped with a standard hand-shift transmission. His

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best one-way run was northbound at 105.88 miles an hour.

A 1949 Cadillac driven by Frank Mundy of Atlanta, Georgia, managed to average 99.83, with a maximum one-way speed of 100.45 as timed by the electric eye. Lee Petty sent a 1949 Plymouth through the trap at an average of 89.75 miles an hour, the fastest time recorded by any of the smaller cars.

Practically every contestant found that his speedometer had indicated a speed considerably in excess of the actual figure.

William C. Spear of Manchester, New Hampshire, drove his standard British Jaguar open sports model over the northbound half mile at a speed of 115.53 miles an hour. Spear's average speed for the two directions was 110.7 miles an hour. This particular make and model recently set up a new world's record for stock cars at Jabbeke, Belgium, when a speed of 132.6 miles an hour was reached by the 160-horsepower, lightweight, streamlined roadster, but this car has a decided advantage over the domestic automobile because of its power-to-weight ratio and genuine streamlining, even though its engine is only about three-quarters the size of the Oldsmobile's.

To prove that greater speeds can be attained by altering a standard automobile — by modifying the engine or the body design, or by a combination of both — several non-stock cars were allowed the use of the timing facilities at the beach. Al White, another Atlantan, drove a much modified 1932 Ford roadster over the northbound half mile at 122.03 miles an hour, and attained an average speed of 117.72 for the two directions.

Modifications to cars such as White's usually consist of decreasing the wind resistance by the removal of fenders, running boards, lamps, and windshield, and by increasing markedly — sometimes even doubling — the horsepower through the medium of high-compression cylinder heads, multiple carburetion, reworked camshafts, and increased piston displacement.

Another Daytona event, designed to show what the stock American car can do over a considerable distance incorporating turns, thereby approaching actual road conditions, was the 200-mile race held several days after the sprints. The course was over a combination beach-and-highway circuit of 4.2 miles to the lap, with the northbound section of the course on the beach, and the southbound section on the adjacent parallel macadam highway.

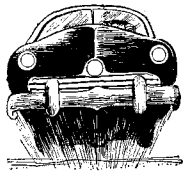
An unusually high tide on the morning of the race packed the beach sand down well, but a stiff wind kept the water from receding as far as usual, and the cars were occasionally in the water while on the beach stretch. This undoubtedly lowered speeds slightly, and also tested the waterproof quality of the engines and accessories.

All forty-one of the entries were strictly stock, and included Littlejohn's Oldsmobile and Mundy's Cadillac — neither of which, it turned out, finished the race.

The winning car was a 1949 Lincoln driven by Harold Kite of East Point, Georgia. Kite's time for the 200 miles was 2 hours, 26 minutes, and 30 seconds, for an average speed of 81.75 miles an hour. Kite, a National Guard captain and wartime Army combat tank driver, raised by over 3 miles an hour the record set a year earlier by Red Byron in a 1949 Oldsmobile 88.

Byron took a hard-earned second place in a 1950 Oldsmobile 88, after holding first place for many laps, but he lost valuable ground because of stops for mechanical adjustments. Despite this loss of time, and driving with only the use of his parking brake, he was right behind Kite at the finish and probably would have won if the race had been of a few more laps duration.

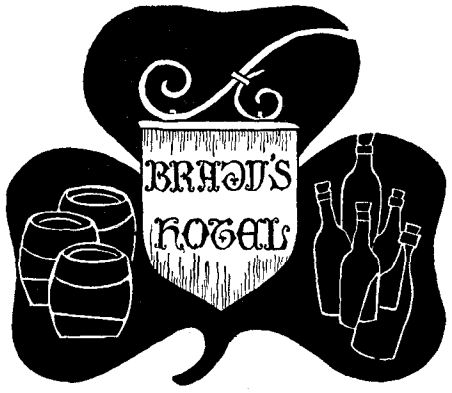
Third and fourth places went to Lloyd Moore's 1949 Lincoln and Al Gross's 1950 Oldsmobile 88, Moore being passed by Byron only in the last mile. A 1950 Buick took fifth place, while the first Ford to finish was eleventh, about 8 miles behind the winner.



EPITAPH

by ROBERT McBLAIR

HERE beneath a cube of stone
He who loved you lies alone,
Resting after many years
From the weight of little fears.



A ROYAL SWAN

by LORD DUNSANY

The Atlantic *has published many stories and poems by* LORD DUNSANY, *one of Ireland's most celebrated literary figures.*

IT WAS a cold November night in the village of Gurtnaloe, a village rarely heard of over ten miles away, though spoken of by the few that live there, as it always has been, by the name of the Pride of Munster. Well, some of the pick of its citizens were sitting there in the barroom of Brady's Hotel, when there came in a stranger out of the wind and the cold a little while after sunset.

"God save all here," he said.

"God save you," they answered.

"Sure, it's a terrible night," said the stranger.

"It is that," said one or two of the Boys of Gurtnaloe.

"It's a night for a drink of porter," said the stranger.

"It is surely," said one of the Boys, a man named Floodihy.

"Only I haven't the price of it," said the stranger, sitting down wearily.

"Ah, don't let that be troubling you," said Floodihy. "You only have to ask Patrick Geraghty. He'll be in in a few moments. And he has all the money he wants in the world."

"Is that so?" said the stranger.

"Aye," said they all. "It is, sure."

"Did he get it from cattle?" the stranger asked.

"Ah, he did not," said Floodihy. "It's just that he's one of those lads that only have to reach out a hand, if he wants money, and pick it up the way you or I might pick blackberries off a bush."

"Is that so?" said the stranger.

"Sure, it is," said Floodihy. "And he always looks in about this hour. He'll give you the price of a drink. You have only to ask him."

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And even as he spoke, the door opened. And a tall thin figure that was Patrick Geraghty appeared in it and said, "Good evening, all."

"Good evening to you, Pat," they all said. And Floodihy added, "There's a man here looking for a drink. And it's a bitter night outside. Won't you give him one for the love of God?"

"Sure, I will," said Geraghty. "What will he have?"

"A bottle of porter, if it's the same to you," said the stranger. "For it's a cold night."

"It is surely," said Pat. "Sure, I'll order it for you, and go out and get the money for it, for I have none on me. Sure, we'll have a bottle all round, for it's a cold night as he said."

"Ah, Pat," said they all. "You're the great lad."

Well, out went Patrick Geraghty, and Brady brought in the drinks, for an order for drinks from Pat was honored in Gurtnaloe as a Bank of England note is honored in London. And the men sat over their porter in that room in Brady's Hotel for some hours before he came back, and many a tale was told there. And though they wondered what kept him so late, no fear for his money troubled the head of Brady. And sure enough, somewhere between nine and ten, Patrick Geraghty walked in out of the night with the money to pay for ten bottles of porter.

"How did you get it, Pat?" asked

one of the Boys of Gurtnaloe.

"Ah, easy enough," said Pat.

"Won't you tell us how?" said Floodihy.

"Ah, sure, it just dropped into my hand," said Pat.

"Won't you tell us how?" asked Floodihy.

"Ah, sure, it just dropped into my hand," said Pat. "There was an Englishman had gone out on Gool bog, and they'd told him there were wild swans on it. Likely it was Mick Murragher told him. And I found out where he would be sitting for them. And I went round to the far side of the bog, and came to him through the deep part of it, by that causeway there is, that he wouldn't know of. And I found him while there was still a glow in the west, and I came up to him and said, 'Is it swans you are looking for?'

"And he says, 'Why? Are they preserved?'

"And I says, 'They are not. It's only that I am your swan.'

"And he says 'What?' rather puzzled.

"And I says, 'Sure, I'm the only swan that ever comes here. Sure, I was enchanted. Only, tonight the enchantment wore off, the time being up, which was a thousand years. And I am a man again.'

"And he looks very astonished. And I says, 'What is surprising you? And where are you from? Did you never hear tell of the prince that was enchanted and turned into a swan?'

"And he said that he came from England, and that he never had.

"'Sure, you must be very ignorant,' I said, 'if you will excuse my saying so.'

"'But who are you?' he asked.

"'Sure, I'm a prince of the Kingdom of Ireland,' I said. 'Did you never hear of Tara?'"

"Good for you," said the Boys of Gurtnaloe.

"He said he'd heard of Tara, but didn't know things like that happened there.

"'Sure, they do,' says I.

"'Do they really?' he says.

"'Frequently,' says I. 'Did you never have time to read?'

"'I've read a great deal,' he says.

"'Then you never read the right stuff,' says I.

"I took a quick look at him then, and something told me that he was learning. So I had nothing to do but let it sink in. And I said little more. And he asked me how the enchantment happened. And I asked, 'Did you never hear of a witch?' And luckily he had. And I says to him, 'She did it out of malice.'

"And he wanted to ask more. But I said to him that we princes were not accustomed to being questioned. And then he said it would be no use my going back to Tara, because he believed there was no palace there now.

"And I said it wasn't that that was troubling me, but that the currency would be all different from what it was when my father reigned at Tara, and before that witch got the better of me; and that even if it wasn't, I had no money at all in my pockets, and was likely to starve, and the witch would triumph over me in the end. That was all that was troubling me, I said.

"And he said he might lend me a little.

"And I says to him, 'Look now. I will be honest with you. I no longer have a hand in the exchequer of this kingdom, or whatever it may be now, and I wouldn't be able to repay you; so that you could only make me a present out of the grandeur of your heart, and to show to all Ireland the wealth and magnificence of the land from which you have come, but you couldn't make me a loan, for I would not deceive you by accepting it.'

"And he says to me, 'Would a pound be any good to you?'

"And I says to him, 'It would not. I wouldn't tell you a lie. And it's better to tell you straight, that it's not what a prince of the Kingdom of Ireland could ever accept.'

"'I'm afraid I've very little on me,' he says.

"And I says, 'I wouldn't like to make your poverty hard to bear. And I wouldn't say that double that sum might not be accepted. Aye, I might take two pounds. But one pound would be an insult to Ireland's royal house, and to all the kings that ever reigned at Tara.'

"And he brought out two pound notes. And here they are."

"You're a great lad, Pat," said the Boys of Gurtnaloe.

"Ah, it was nothing," said Pat.

"And thank God," said the stranger, "that the wealth of the world is not all shut up in miserly hearts, but that some still comes to great and generous men."

"Ah, thank you," said Patrick Geraghty.

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What's your score on these questions about

D. H. Lawrence

considered by many to be one of the most important writers of our time

Question 1. In what period did Lawrence write his much-discussed novel, "Women in Love?"

Question 2. What one long story (or novella) illustrates Lawrence's compulsive preoccupation with sex, nature, and the importance of "maleness?"

Question 3. Where does some of Lawrence's most beautifully written prose appear?

Question 4. Why is "The Snake" considered such a revealing example of Lawrence as a poet?

Question 5. In what famous essay does Lawrence quote one of his own critics as saying, "If Lawrence's attitude to sex were adopted, then two things would disappear, the love lyric and the smoking-room story!"

Question 6. What one (and only one) volume contains complete versions or substantial selections of all these Lawrence writings plus seven other complete novelettes or stories, intimate letters to friends, critical writing and notes on travel?

Answer 1. At the height of his powers, but in a period of darkening emotion, as he faced both emotional and intellectual crises during World War I. Lawrence said of this novel, "The book frightens me. It is so end-of-the-world."

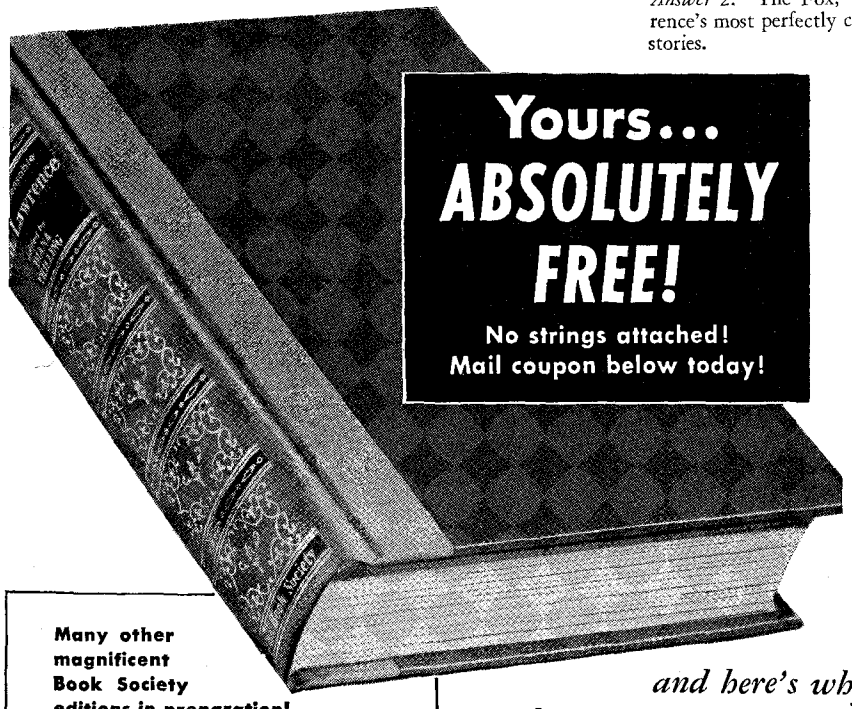
Answer 2. "The Fox," one of Lawrence's most perfectly conceived long stories.

Answer 3. In "The Rainbow," his fourth novel.

Answer 4. Because it epitomizes his love for the sensual, the mystic and the phallic.

Answer 5. In his essay entitled, "Pornography and Obscenity."

Answer 6. The "Diana Trilling" edition of Lawrence — yours absolutely free — when you mail coupon.



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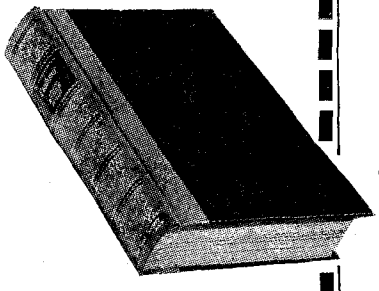

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